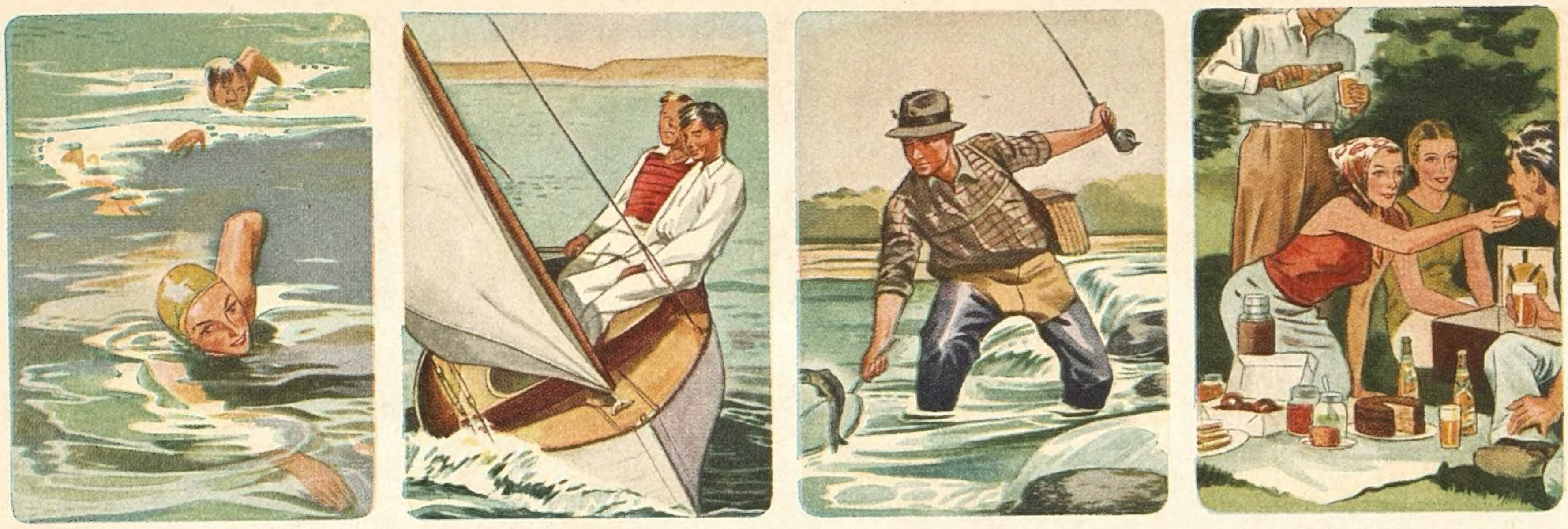
JUNE 10,
1939

★ Liberty 5¢

THIS DEMOCRACY

by H. G. WELLS

ly Husband Was Rejuvenated ★ Are Colleges Any Good



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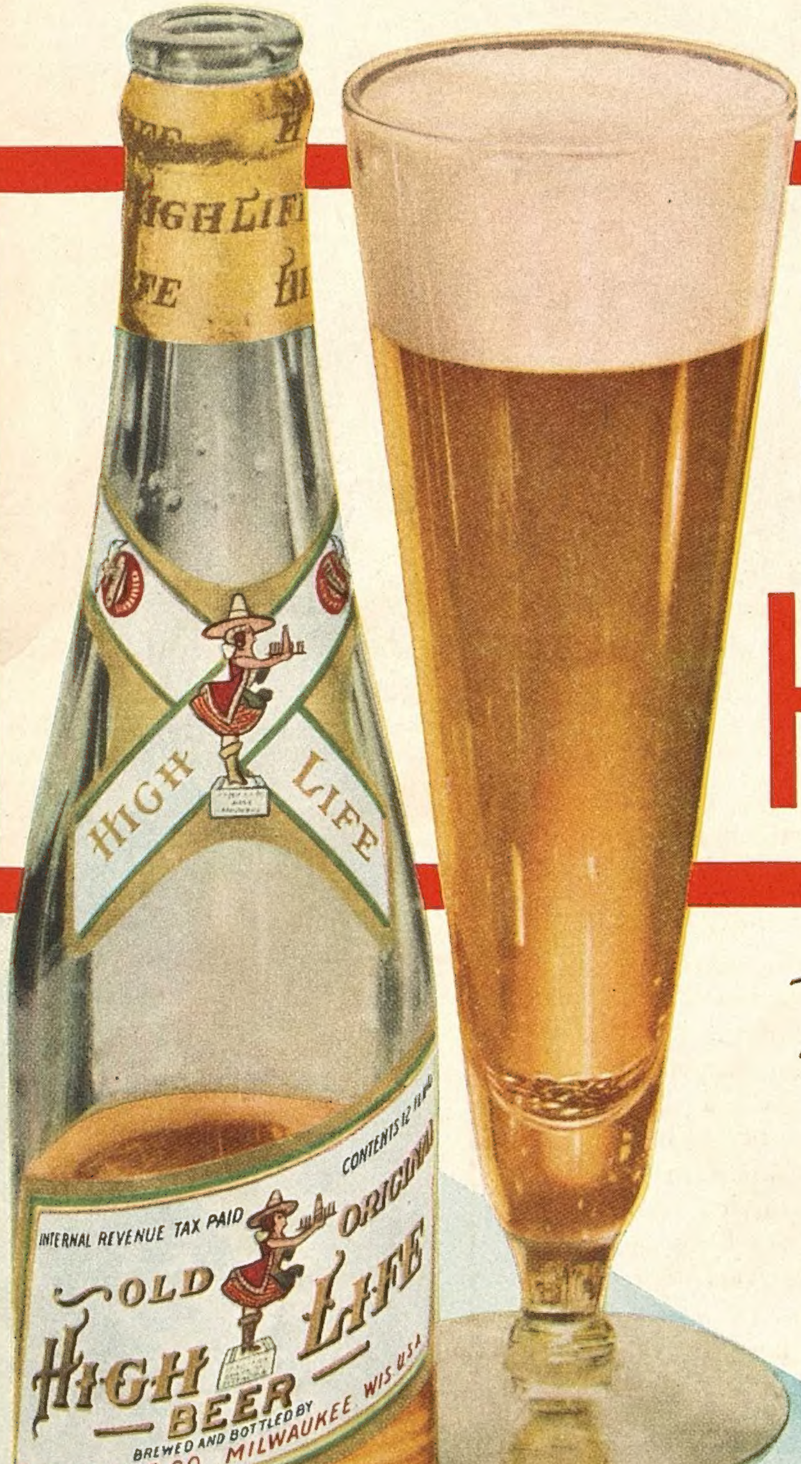
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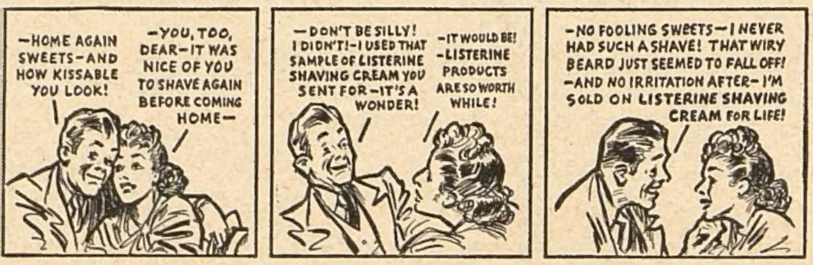
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JUNE 10, 1939 **Liberty** VOL. 16, NO. 23

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

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ART EDITOR

THERE WILL BE NO WAR—FOR A YEAR—MAYBE FIVE YEARS

BERNARR MACFADDEN

President Roosevelt's letter to Hitler was a bombshell in European affairs, and its peaceful objective may have been an outstanding influence. Anyway it enforced world-wide publicity upon the controversy, which is always desirable.

The spark that ignited the feverish madness that began with the World War was the murder of a single individual, but at that time Germany was looking for an excuse to start a war. The members of the military clique were drunk with power. They had acquired the impression they could defeat the combined nations of the world, and that the war would be over with the victory on their side within a few weeks.

It has been stated from many sources that the Kaiser did not want a war then, and that he was forced to accede to the views of his military advisers.

But today the situation is far different. The people of Germany have not forgotten the last war. The memory of that long-drawn-out affair, and the bitter hardships associated with it, lingers with them in a big way. They can recall the prolonged periods when many of their people were famishing for food and when a full meal of potatoes or other nutritious food would have seemed a luxury.

Now, it is a bold statement to make that there will be no great European war for at least a year; but my reason for believing it to be true is that the German people do not want war and they do not believe that a war is imminent.

I recently had a long conversation with a young German. He came to New York a short time after the Munich conference. He was fully informed . . . he knew his own people; and he said there wasn't the faintest idea among the German people that the Munich conference could possibly end in a war. He added, furthermore, that if war had been declared at that time there would have been a revolution in Germany . . . they were so much opposed to such a conflict.

If this is true, we will have to compliment Hitler on his technique. Our own people are supposed to have a monopoly on what we slangily call bluffing, but Hitler is apparently a past master. He frightened all Europe with his mobilization orders.

A story was published here that a German soldier wrote to a brother of his in this country a letter in which he stated they had orders, if France or England gave instructions to mobilize while the German army was on the way to Austria, that they were to return immediately to Germany.

Doubtless this is a fabrication; but the fact remains, the German people do not want war. Hitler must be thoroughly aware of their sentiments and his own authority would undoubtedly be endangered if an unwelcome conflict was thrust upon them. Furthermore, it has been maintained that once war is declared, much of Hitler's authority in Germany will pass to the army—that Hitler will no longer be the big shot. He will have to take a back seat and give way to the generals.

Hindenburg and Ludendorff were the outstanding leaders during the World War, and naturally new army leaders will spring into being if another clash begins.

The lust for the bloody shambles of war is neither natural nor human, but ambitious leaders have to maintain their authority. They must be continuously in the limelight . . . they recognize the need for laudable activity. They must be praised . . . commended . . . even glorified by their own people. This is a requirement that they cannot ignore.

The citizens of many European countries are fatalists. They believe the carnage that faces them through war cannot be avoided; that they must expect it and prepare for it, and if the integrity of their nation is to be maintained they must be ready to take their place on the battlefield.

Bernarr Macfadden

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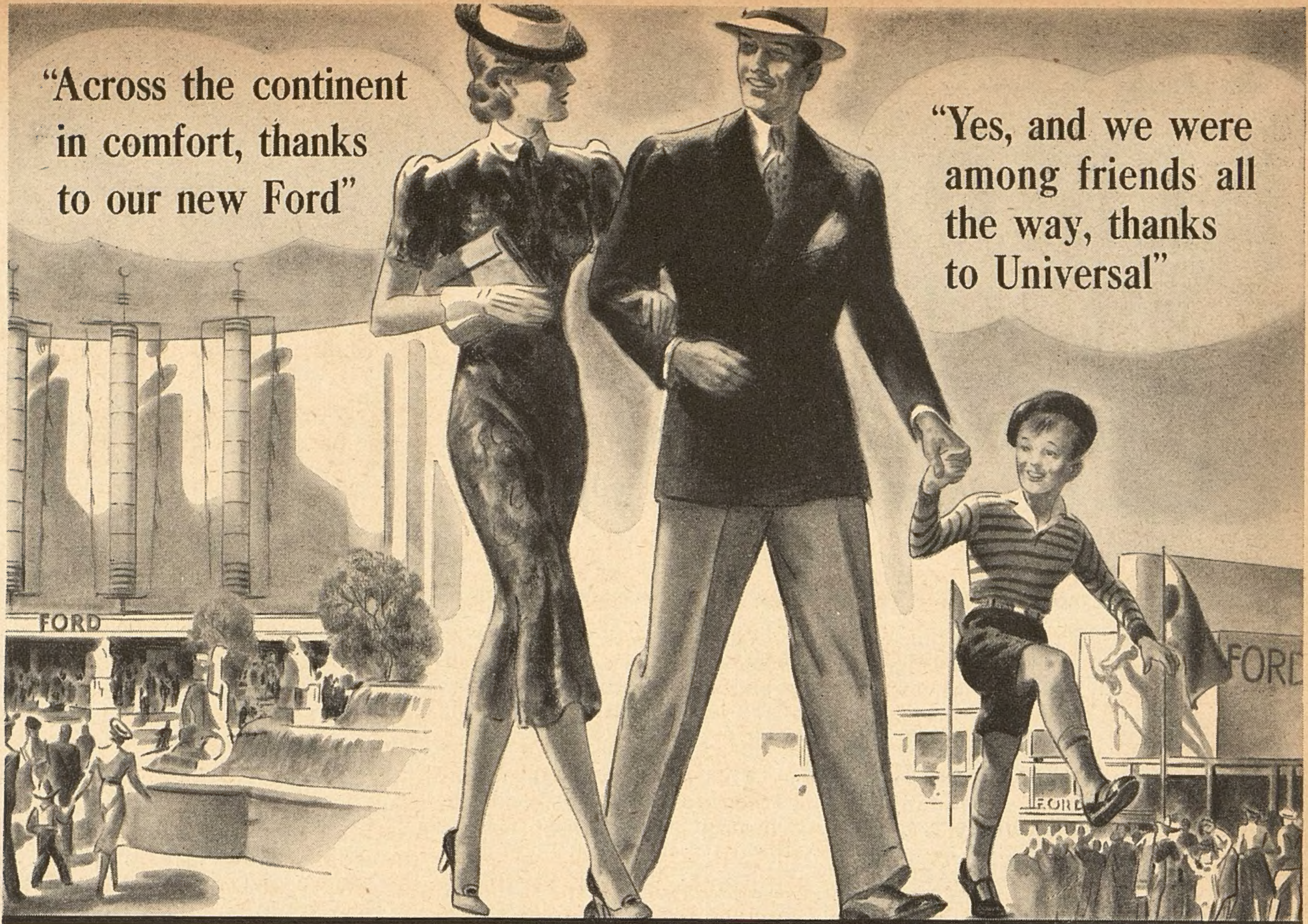
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THIS DEMOCRACY

BY H. G. WELLS

A famous liberal asks: Will any real peace come to us out of the next war?

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

THE world seems to be drifting to war. Probably we shall be in that war quite soon, whether we come into it with zeal and excitement or whether we come into it with angry reluctance. We can be sure at least of an immense destruction of life and material, and almost as sure of an inconclusive end. Is an inconclusive end inevitable?

The leaders in the conflict that menaces us, partly to hold their combatant forces and nations together but partly also to hold their own minds together upon the course along which they find themselves impelled, will have to adopt some simple slogan, some alleged objective, as expressive of the realities of the case as a zinc dustbin is of the bottles, cigarette ends, and so forth inside. But the more orderly and consistent the statement of our objective is, the more probable is some outcome better than a deadlock at the end.

This time it seems it is to be a fight between the "dictator state" or the "corporate state" or "National Socialism" or "Aryo-Japan" or "anti-Comintern" on the one hand—and something even less definitely defined, called "democracy," on the other; and whatever the price we shall pay in effort, blood, tears, freedom, welfare, and human honor, there is little probability of the outcome being anything but nonsensical. But there are still a stouthearted few who can persuade themselves, and even attempt to persuade others, that out of the risk and pain and debasement ahead there may emerge some sort of better life for man. There is something sustaining in the thought that a germ of rationality may after all lurk in this prevailing human dementia—which we all share.

Something of the sort was apparent even in the milder chaos of the first World War. When that storm broke, a certain small number of people in the English-speaking world tried to rationalize it with the formula, the War to End War. They set about—admittedly in a feeble and inadequate way—to create an imagination in people's minds of a world liberated from war. They even formed small groups and societies to study the nature of the reorganizations and world services a World Pax implied.

In those days the idea of a World League of Nations was not the sham, the now hopelessly tarnished and tattered sham, diplomacy made of it at Versailles. We tried to embody that idea as the primary war objective. Some day maybe some curious student may study our efforts to evoke a new conception of human life and give us credit for the breadth of our vision in spite of the flimsiness and futility of our attack upon the general scrimmage. I remember the ineffective rage with which I realized that, for all my squeaks and scribblings, the English people about me were under the impression they were fighting for "king and country," including "our possessions overseas," and for no other end at all. Personally, it seemed to me idiotic beyond excuse to see the war in that fashion. I blamed the Hohenzollern system as the immediate primary cause of the war (I still think that was about three quarters just) and said that the militant nationalist order of the world was out of date and had to be replaced. It was not replaced.

The attempt to get a World Pax out of the last World War was a failure. There was a tremendous sacrifice of young lives, of human hope and happiness, of natural resources, and what good came of it is still a matter for the earnest speculation of optimistic intelligences. Maybe the League of Nations was a necessary first experiment in the world of reorganization. But need it have failed so hideously and so meanly, ending at last in a dislocated world, tearing and bleeding at a dozen points even before the approaching storm bursts in its full fury?

Through a decade and a half Liberalism, in a state of brainfag, clung to the League of Nations as a woman who has had a stillborn child will cling to a rag doll, and the young divided themselves between elegant skepticism and aunt-shocking Communism, until at last the accumulating restlessness in the air carried them off to fight for a noble incoherence against Franco in Spain.

What is manifest is that a new convulsion is close upon us, and that the only sane course for civilized men throughout the world is to try once more to rationalize the claptrap, the jumble of half-truths, fears, detestations, misshapen loyalties, and good intentions which will carry men into the conflict. It will be much more difficult this time to be "above the battle."

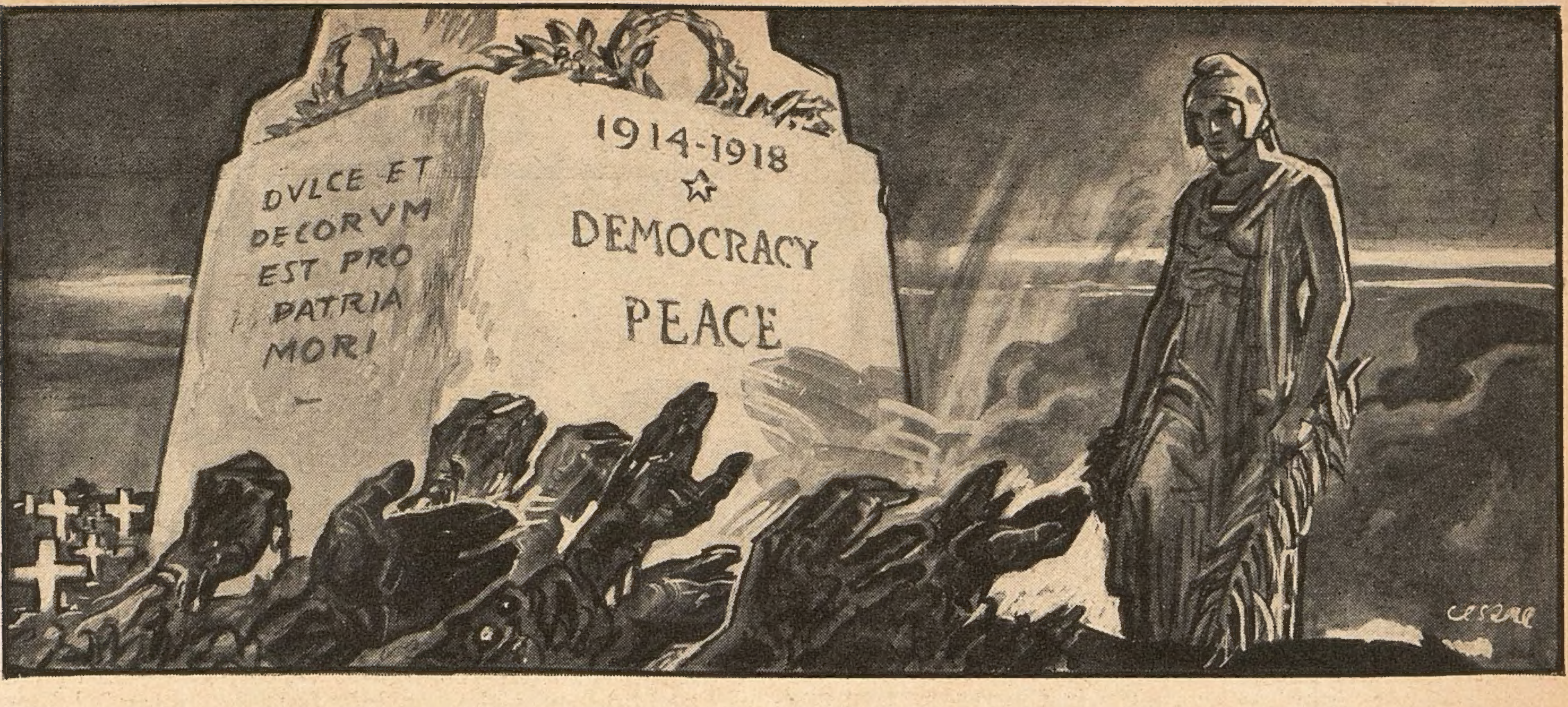
Today once more we face the unsolved problem of 1914-18. Probably there has been a quite considerable accumulation of ideas and will power since the disastrous mess of 1918-19. Is it an impossible dream that this time men—a considerable number of men—should not only fight for something called democracy but also that they should have a sufficiently clear idea of what they intend by democracy to insist that they get not merely the shadow but the substance of it, when at long last the second World War that seems so unavoidable blunders through blood and exhaustion to a more or less formal conclusion?

So far as the general idea, the general idea of democracy, goes, there seems to be a certain agreement. It is when we go on from general sentiments and declarations that the paralyzing diversity, fogginess, and featurelessness begin. When you question people closely in the matter, you will indeed get a considerable miscellany of phrases; but you will find that they do tend to converge and point in a common direction.

Toward what are they converging? What is the future reality, implicit and potential, in the present struggle for democracy?

Two words that will come out very frequently are "freedom" and "liberty." Not quite so frequent are such phrases as the "right" of individuals and communities to "self-government." A few people will make a vote the symbol of democracy. But all of them can be brought into agreement that democracy means the subordination of the state to the ends and welfare of the common individual. Very prevalent is an attitude of negation. Democracy, it is declared, is an anti movement. It is anti-Fascist, anti-Nazi, anti-Communist, anti-war—since there is no liberty in a state of siege—it is the denial of the right of the state organization to interfere in the life of the common individual except for the common convenience and with the common consent.

There is no such thing as absolute freedom or absolute servitude. Limitless freedom, anarchy, would be a world of chaotic conduct ruled only by impulse—a jungle life. All freedom in a society is conditional; it is a compromise; it implies "rules of the game," that is to say, law. Behind all actual social behavior there is the



suggestion of a defined give-and-take, a "social contract." The social contract may vary between a contract of blind obedience, and a contract to undertake no collective action whatever without a plebiscite—an entirely impracticable subordination of the law to mob law. Between these extremes, and with a declared bias for conscious, free, individual action whenever it is practicable, comes this "democracy" of ours.

Now, the desire for conscious, free, individual action is innate in the normal human being. But it can be inhibited by fear of known or unknown consequences, by indolence and following the drift, and by a complex of infantile dispositions to imitate and obey. The preference of democracy for the practical maximum of conscious, free, individual action requires a justification beyond the mere faltering desire in our hearts to "stand up, look heaven in the face and be a man."

For normal men, practical democracy is something exacting. In a thousand situations even a wise or able man may find himself unable to decide upon the line of action best for himself and the general good, and in ten thousand he will find a fatal delay in his decisions. For that reason, a detailed, comprehensive, agreed upon, accessible, and understandable system of laws, which are really rules for behavior in predigested situations, is a necessary preliminary condition for a modern democracy. Our modern democratic community would frustrate its own declared aims without a complete detailed legal framework enforced by a judiciary and a police acting strictly under the law. The man who in a breath will say "I am a democrat and a rebel," is simply a fool.

The contrast between democracy and the forms of community with which it is generally contrasted lies essentially in this reliance upon law. In a democracy a man does or should know or should be easily able to ascertain exactly "where he stands," what he must do, what he may do, what cannot be done, and he should be able to say with the utmost confidence "You be damned" to any illegal order or request. He has a reasonable right to attempt to alter the laws if he finds them uncongenial; but until they are altered the President or ruling assembly is as much bound by them as the meanest citizen. On the other hand, the dictatorships and undemocratic social organizations generally, subject a large part of his activities to uncovenanted restraints, interference, and compulsion. From the point of view of democracy all absolutisms are illegal, and resistance to their commands is as justifiable as resistance to any less general hold-up or act of violence.

BEFORE flood, fire, pestilence, earthquake, war, and especially in war, men have had to relinquish their liberty of individual action more or less completely to a higher command of some sort with unqualified immediate powers. The original "dictators" of the Roman system were essentially legal officials, and one of the primary riddles of human society has been the resumption of power by the community at the end of a period of crisis. A democracy needs to be in a state of perpetual vigilance against the specialist. From Caesar to Stalin, democracy has been trapped into one-man tyrannies by crises.

But modern crises become more and more elaborate affairs and less and less controllable by single individuals. None of these modern dictatorships have yet been tried out in an acute struggle. It is at least highly doubtful whether the vast communities of today, if they are able to develop a class of competent public servants with a co-operative morale and a sense of public criticism, may not attain an efficiency and a toughness far beyond that of a system subjected to the freaks and inspirations of a single individual. But they must work in the light.

From its practical outset of the first French Revolution, modern democracy has had to struggle with the problem of the accumulation of power in the form of private property. It has found the satisfaction of the need for education and information enormously hampered by the financial control of the press and of industrial processes. With these obstructive powers the dictators are able to deal far more vigorously than the under-educated, ill-informed, and suggestible democratic masses. While the industrial exploiter or the rich man struggles to keep his grip on the recalcitrant worker below, the dictator takes him by the collar. The whole mechanism of modern life demands organized collective control.

Mankind will not suffer the world scramble of exploitation that wasted so much human possibility in the nineteenth century. Dictatorships mean an enforced collectivism, and the only effective response for democracy is a scientifically planned socialism. From the economic viewpoint, the whole difference between dictatorship and democracy is the difference between socialism in the dark, with all the corruption, appropriation, and inefficiency that spring up in the dark, and socialism in the light.

But from the wider point of view the difference is one between a deadening servitude and a continual enlargement of life. If democracy means economic justice and the attainment of that universal sufficiency that science assures us is possible today; if democracy means the intensest possible fullness of knowledge for every one who desires to know and the intensest possible freedom of criticism and individual self-expression for any one who desires to object; if democracy means a complete and unified police control throughout the world, to repress the economic robbery and gangster violence which constitute the closing phase of the nationalist system—then we have in democracy a conception of life for which every intelligent man and woman on earth may well be prepared to live, fight, or die, as circumstances may require.

THE END

OLD DAN AND THE HIGHFALUTIN LADY

The story of an exciting night, one man's courage — and a girl

BY SAMUEL W. TAYLOR

READING TIME ● 26 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

IT didn't seem to matter to George Fall or Dan Beebe that throughout life George Fall got the things they both wanted, even to the girl they both loved. In time George Fall was one of the biggest sheepmen in the Deep Creek Valley, running two herds in the reservation and three on the open greasewood-and-sage desert range. In time Dan Beebe became Old Dan, a sheepherder for George Fall. But they remained great friends, and after Dolly died they grew even closer together. And then George Fall got his young wife.

Old Dan quit going in to the ranch for an evening when the camp mover relieved him twice a month. Instead, he'd go through the mountains to Gold Hill and get drunk. He hadn't been in to the ranch for going on three months when the camp mover came with the news about the rams. Old Dan heard the buckboard crushing over the curly sage, and he looked out the end of the sheep wagon, saw who was driving, and then examined the calendar pinned to the canvas wall, wondering if he'd forgotten to mark off two days. He decided he hadn't, and continued eating.

Presently the camp mover's lank torso came in view at the open top half of the door as he stepped up on the wagon tongue. " How's coffee? " he asked.

" Lost, Jiggs? It ain't Saturday."

Jiggs came in, hunching his loose-jointed frame, and eased on to the seat at the opposite side of the hinged table. He got a tin cup overhead, picked the coffeepot from the stove, and filled his cup to the brim, emptying the pot.

" I didn't want no more," Old Dan said acidly.

Jiggs said, " I'm moving you today, over to the big holler. George Fall is sending out the rams in the morning."

Old Dan made a dutiful grin. This no doubt was another of those jokes about the old man and his young wife.

" I'm not being comical," Jiggs said. " Wisht I was. George Fall is sending out the rams in the morning."

" That's crazy. It's a good two months early."

" Sure it's crazy. But that's the way they do it up in Oregon." Jiggs rolled the last word into three syllables.

Old Dan was a mild man, thin, below medium height, with soft blue eyes. He wasn't aroused easily and he didn't swear often.

Jiggs heard him out. " That's what they're making that lambing shed for, to lamb early in," he said.

" What lambing shed? "

" You ought to get in to the ranch more often."

Old Dan snorted. " Lambing shed—in this country! The kind of spring storms we have in this country! "

" They have lambing sheds in Oregon." Jiggs said the word, " Auer-ree-gone."

OLD DAN sighted the ranch, late in the afternoon, from the table-topped hills on the west of the Deep Creek Valley. A mild man, he had cooled somewhat in the dozen-odd bumpy miles, but sight of the big remodeled house brought fire to his face again. The fields made a checkerboard along the twisting row of willows edging Deep Creek. The Hudson place was some three miles to the north, Erickson's two to the south; each ranch had its little clump of trees. By the tall row of poplars stood the big place George Fall had fixed for his young wife.

" Remodeled "—the original modest place swallowed in additions and improvements. Nine rooms and two baths. A windmill tank for running water. Motor-and-battery contraption for electric lights. Oil furnace—with plenty of good juniper on the sage hills for the snaking in! Lawn and flower garden with a sunken concrete wall to keep out gophers, a tight mesh fence to keep out jack rabbits. A walled patio paved with red brick and sporting a fake well in the middle. Winding down the thin road with the buckboard, Old Dan muttered to himself. There, behind the big house, was a little dirt-roofed cabin. That was where George Fall had brought Dolly as a bride years ago.

As he drove up, Old Dan hoped he'd be too late for supper. Maybe it was Oregon style, on the great ranches, for the owner's family to eat in the big house and the hands to take their grub by themselves out in the bunkhouse; but it didn't set with Old Dan, who remembered Dolly serving her hot mince pies with her own hands to the boys in the kitchen.

Old Dan left the buckboard team at the rack, went through the mesh gate and around the patio to the kitchen door, and knocked. Yes, he knocked.

" Yessir, how to do, please." Tokio smiling and hissing in the doorway. White coat and black pants. A servant.

" I wanta see George," Old Dan said a bit hoarsely. Of course George Fall had seen him come in. Probably wasn't elegant, any more, for a guy to run out of his house yelling curses to greet a newcomer.

" Yessir, please. Mist' Fall in office, please. This way, thank you."

Old Dan went in, and then saw the young wife in the kitchen. She had on a dress like women go to dances in, with a little bitty apron with a frilly edge, and she was mixing a wad of dough the size of a man's fist.

" Oh, hello, Beebe. Mr. Fall is in his office." She smiled deprecatingly at the dough. " I putter around the kitchen once in a while. One does become bored."

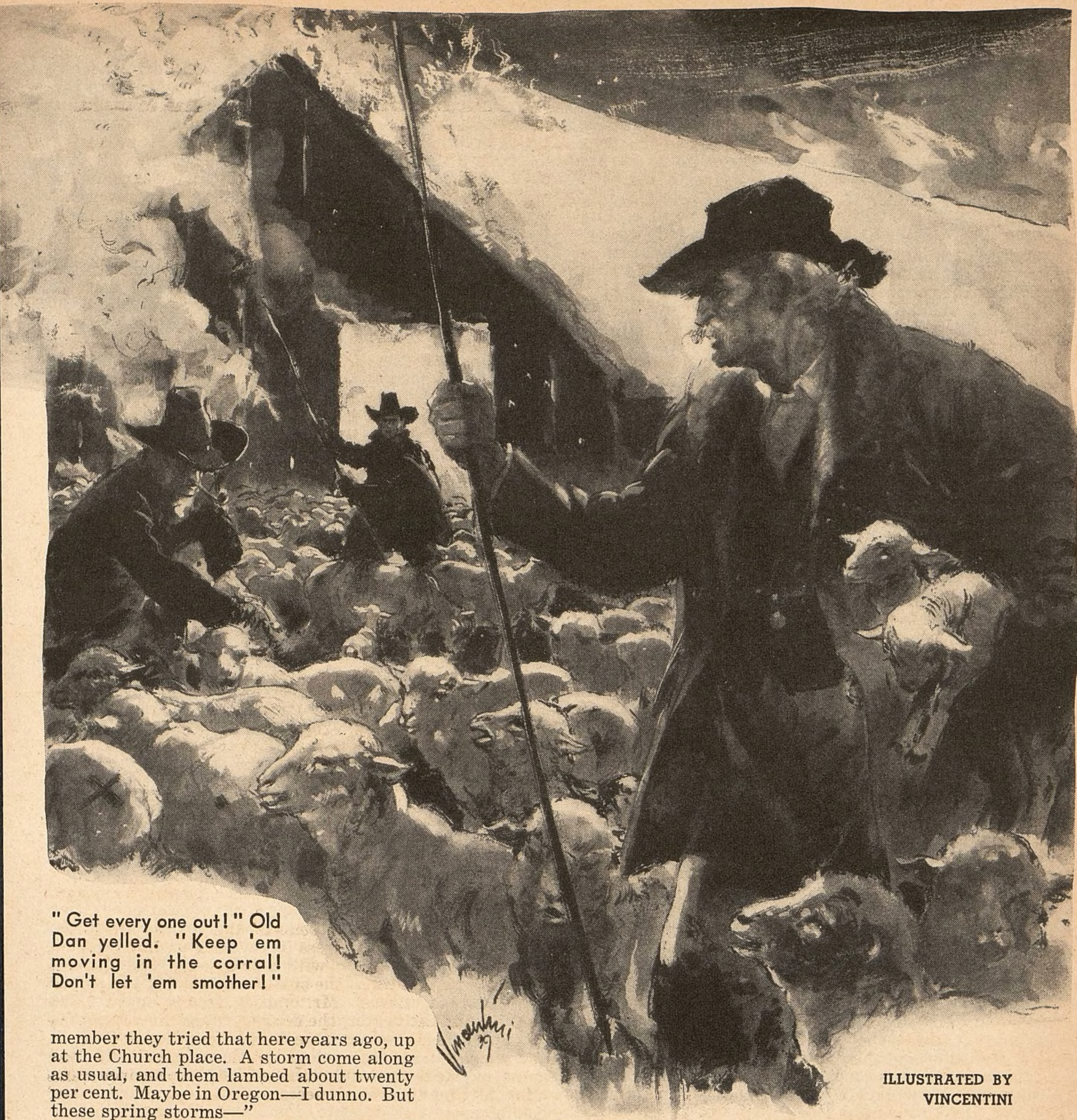
" Ain't nothing to apologize about, ma'm," Old Dan rumbled. He went through the hall and into George Fall's office, hitting his heels unnecessarily hard on the polished oak floor.

George Fall had a big new saddle-colored desk with wastebasket, chairs, and file case to match. Before he got his young wife he carried his accounts under his hat and his papers in a couple of saddlebags. He was sitting at the desk, with a cigar in his mouth. Old Dan knew he liked a pipe.

" If you can spare a few minutes, Mr. Fall," Old Dan said.

" Oh, hell, Dan! " Then George Fall got up and closed the door. He continued in a half whisper: " You know how it is. She was raised up there on a big outfit with highfalutin notions— Gosh, I can't measure up to what she's used to at all. But she's got the notions, and it don't hurt nothing. She's really a nice girl, and anyhow she don't feel too good right now. Her raised on that big outfit, it's only natural she—"

" It's about them rams I come about," Old Dan broke in. " You can't put the rams with my herd this early. Them new lambs will catch a spring storm sure as shooting. And lambing sheds won't work, neither. You re-



" Get every one out! " Old Dan yelled. " Keep 'em moving in the corral! Don't let 'em smother! "

ILLUSTRATED BY VINCENTINI

member they tried that here years ago, up at the Church place. A storm come along as usual, and them lambed about twenty per cent. Maybe in Oregon—I dunno. But these spring storms—"

" But I'm having stoves," George Fall said, getting up. " Come along, Dan, let me show you."

The long pole framework was in the north field by the willow-bordered creek. It was getting dark and there was a hint of chill in the air.

" A straw roof, and native slabs for the sides," George Fall said. " It won't cost no more than labor to put it up. And that won't be anything, because there's a lull now, and I'd keep the boys on anyhow. The teams might as well haul slabs from the mill as eat their heads off."

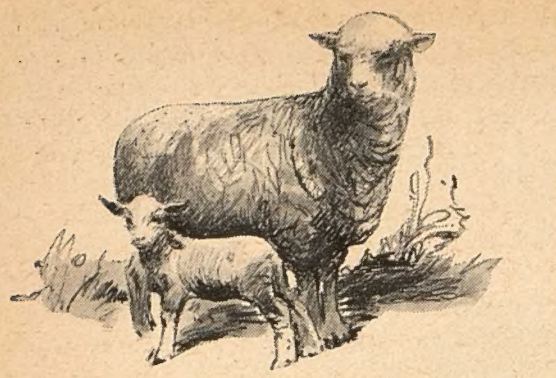
" It'll be cheap. Maybe too cheap," Old Dan said. " Maybe you'd ought to spend a little, if you're bound to go through with it."

George Fall shrugged. He was about Dan's height, with small dark eyes and cheekbones burned cherry red by sun and wind. " Money's tight, what with the new house and— But look here, Dan. I get a two-month jump on the lamb market. I'm trying only your herd this year. If everything goes well, next year— Sure, it'll go all right. I'm getting two stoves for the lambing shed. One at each end. The trouble with the Church outfit, when they tried to lamb early, was, the shed wasn't heated. You've got to get your lambs dry and on their feet and sucking—"

" It won't work. Not in this country," Old Dan said. " They do it in Oregon—"

OLD DAN would have quit, when George Fall stood pat, except that—well, he was a good man with sheep, and he guessed these sheep, lambing two months early, would *need* a good man. His herd was composed of twelve hundred merino ewes, sound-mouthed—twenty-six black markers—and if he didn't know every individual sheep, he at least knew the stragglers, strayers, ornery ones, and all with distinctive markings.

The snow came early, and stayed on. " Going to get deep," Old Dan would mutter. " Them ewes won't be in no condition—" He stayed with the herd, refusing to take his semimonthly holiday. These sheep needed a



good man, now, to get them in shape.

"OH, it was elegant," Jiggs reported after Christmas. "The lord and lady had us common folks in the house to eat with 'em Christmas Day. Then the Jap brought out some spotted neckties, and the lady give us one apiece with her own queenly hands, and us common folks went out to the bunkhouse and got a bottle from under the mattress. It sure was elegant!"

Jiggs spat out the top of the sheep-camp door. "D'you remember Christmas when Dolly was alive?"

"You talk too much," Old Dan growled.

The next time Jiggs came out, he said, "George Fall and his young wife went to Salt Lake. He sent back a letter. It's a boy."

"Couldn't of had her baby here at home like ordinary folks," Old Dan said. "Think I'll drop down to the ranch and look at that lambing shed."

He found it finished, the stoves installed. The thick straw roof met his approval, but he shook his head at the cracks between the slab walls. "And there ought to be four stoves, not two," he grumbled. "If we get one of them cold snaps—"

But the air turned soft and the snow went away but for a little patch in the shade of each sage clump. George Fall came back from Salt Lake telling about his son and exultant about prospects for the lamb crop.

"Sorry I didn't have all my herds early," he told Old Dan, on a visit to the wagon. "I'll make money, getting a two-month jump on the other outfits—"

Old Dan hazed the herd slowly toward the ranch, and brought them to quarters in the big north field a week before the drop was due. He helped fork hay to them from a rack. George Fall got a letter from his young wife saying she would arrive at Wendover Monday afternoon. The ewes began dropping their lambs Friday. The lambing shed worked like clockwork. There was plenty to do, but no hitches. Old Dan had the ewes in good condition. The two stoves took the chill off the air for that first crucial few hours of a lamb's life.

"I'll lamb a hundred and ten per cent easy," George Fall said Monday morning before starting for Wendover to meet the train. It was only sixty-odd miles, but the road was none too good, with the grades slippery with mud.

"Smells like a storm," Old Dan said.

"I'll be back tomorrow."

It was a warm gray morning. George Fall had been gone maybe two hours when the wind began. Then there was rain that turned to sleet and finally snow. The wind died in the night and the snow came steadily. It was too late for snow to stay long. That's what Old Dan said Tuesday morning while Tokio served coffee in the lambing shed.

"But how long is long?" Hebe asked, wiping coffee from his white mustache. Hebe had seen a lot of early spring storms in the valley. He, Jiggs, and Old Dan were sitting around a stove with the coffee. The other two hands, young brothers named Jensen, were grabbing a nap on the near-by cots.

Jiggs edged his steaming shoes to better advantage near the red stove. "Wisht George Fall was here. He won't bring that baby through the snow. I wisht he was here. It's his sheep. And this is his idea. When it gets cold—"

"Get some more cedar for these stoves," Old Dan said harshly. "We can do ever'thing he could do if he was here."

The snow began tapering off as daylight strengthened, and as Old Dan twisted off the gasoline lanterns hanging in the long straw-roofed shed there began the low swishing sound of wind over snow. The lamb drop was coming heavy this day. The stoves glowed with red bellies in either end of the long shed. The wind moaned and whistled outside, and threw thin cold knives through the cracks of the slab walls. The five men worked steadily. Jiggs chopped wood for those hungry stoves. The Jensen brothers brought racks of hay for the ewes in the big pasture, combed the herd, and took the due ewes to the corral alongside the lambing shed. Old Dan worked this drop bunch in the corral, bringing the restless ones gently inside to the small stalls. He and Hebe gave hot milk with a bit of whisky to the newborn weak lambs, saw to it that each ewe claimed its offspring, foisted orphans on to ewes whose lambs had been stillborn, helped delivery of wrong presentations, watched that critical period until the lamb got on to its wobbly legs and nuzzled its mother for food.

It was hard steady going, but the men could keep up. If Tokio kept those buckets of coffee full on the stove, plenty of hot grub on hand, they'd keep up. The drop would be heavy this next week, and a man might be walking into things without seeing them, but he could get along all right.

As night came on the blizzard subsided. It was white and quiet in the long sage valley, with a white halfmoon and the occasional bark and howl of a coyote drifting from the table-topped hills to the west. And it was cold. The cold settled silently and solidly.

"More wood for them stoves!" Old Dan bawled at Jiggs. Old Dan was out of character. He wasn't the executive type. He was everywhere, bossing and coaxing and working, swearing at the creeping iron cold and swearing at George Fall. "I told him! I told that fool! Money! He's got to make more money! I told him you couldn't lamb this time of year in this country! . . . Jiggs! Keep them stoves going! . . . It always happens. There's always these storms in this country. . . ."

The cold kept edging in through the flimsy slab walls, past the cracks, and the new lambs didn't want to make that struggle to get on their feet. They felt that bitterness as they entered this world, and they didn't want to stay. The two stoves were cherry red all over, and the chimneys also were red; but the long shed was too big, and there were too many cracks, for this weather.

"It can't last," Old Dan muttered. He had a tub of hot water and was dousing a chilled lamb. "Two-three days; it'll break in two-three days. . . . Jiggs! Pour that wood in!"

Tokio brought fresh coffee around midnight. They were at the east stove, drinking the fuzz from their heads, when they noticed the fire.

NOBODY smelled smoke above the reek of sheep, nor saw it for a while, with the steam of water and moist lambs, the fog of bitter air creeping through the slab cracks. They were around the red stove, blowing over their tin coffeecups, when lank Jiggs noticed the smoke spreading out under the straw roof from around the red stovepipe of the heater at the other end of the long shed. Jiggs had been saying something; his voice trailed off and his mouth sagged open. Then the others saw it. For a few moments they didn't react. Old Dan's cup was on a box and he was rolling a cigarette. He actually licked and crimped it, and began fumbling for a match, before he broke into action.

They could smell the smoke, all right, by the time they ran down to the west end. There was a dull expanding red ring showing through the black smoke. The stovepipe was in the center, and the red ring was growing around it as the hungry fire chewed at the straw ceiling. Maybe the insulating collar wasn't adequate, or perhaps a few straws had worked through during the day and on to the pipe as the structure creaked in the wind. Above that red ring the straw would be soggy wet, with snow on top. But plenty of air was coming through the slab cracks to feed the dry bottom.

"I'll get water!" Jiggs started running. With a curse, Old Dan shoved him sprawling over a low stall.

"What water—a bucketful at a time from the water trough? We can't stop that fire! Get these sheep out of here! Take 'em from this end first!" Old Dan kicked one of the Jensen brothers. "Get going! Get them sheep out before the roof falls in! Them poles are sagging now with the snow atop the straw! Get these sheep out of here!" He started jerking the stall gates open. "Hebe! You go on out in the corral and keep them ewes from smothering! They'll get scared and smother when they see the fire! Go out and keep 'em circulating!"

It was fast work—hurried and brutal, the way rush is. The smoke was the worst, rolling in a heavy layer that got deeper and deeper. When the burning roof poles gave way at the west end the fire really began roaring, but the smoke was less.

"Get every one out!" Old Dan yelled above the fire. "Keep 'em moving in the corral! Don't let 'em smother!"

They got them out, and walked mechanically among them to keep them moving and prevent huddles. Old Dan swore softly as he picked a trampled young lamb from the frozen ground. The young lambs were bleating and the ewes bawling, and the snow was pink from the fire.

"We'll never match up ewes with lambs," Jiggs said, coming alongside Old Dan. "They're all balled up here in a wad. A ewe has got to learn the smell of her lamb. Take 'em away an hour when they're newborn, and the ewe won't never recognize—"

"I was lambing sheep when you was in didies," Old Dan snarled.

"I'm just telling you, you old fool!" the lank man flared. "We'll never match up ewes with lambs in this ball-up. And new lambs dropping in the snow—"

"Go on and bust up that huddle before there's a smother!" Old Dan yelled. He added some adjectives.

THE men plodded around among the sheep, and the fire made their faces copper. The silent cold waited just beyond the fire.

"Must be zero or better," Hebe said to Old Dan.

"No; it ain't that cold. Can't be, this time of year."

"I'll bet it's zero. Ever since I froze my ears up in the Basin in '21, I can tell—"

"Don't be a damned old fool!" Old Dan snarled. "It ain't very cold!"

Hebe turned away, shrugging. Then he turned back. "No cause to get hostile. There ain't nothing we can do about it. In this tangle there ain't half the lambs will find mothers—even the ones able to suck. Kiss the others good-by, and that goes for the new ones dropping from now on. There ain't a chance at all—"

"Don't try telling me about sheep!"

Hebe spat tobacco juice, wiped his white mustache with the back of his hand in two deft motions. "I ain't telling you nothing. I ain't telling George Fall nothing. Everything's fine and dandy. This is how they do it in Auer-ree-gone."

Old Dan began cursing. Hebe moved away through the sheep. Old Dan continued cursing. He was a mild man, but now his fury was gigantic. The fire from the burning shed was hot and red, but it wouldn't last long. The cold was sitting outside the red circles, waiting. There was no way to pen off ewes and lambs until mother knew offspring; there was no way to save the lambs that would be born. Get them dry and on their feet, sucking, and they're tough. But you've got to get them warm and up first. You've got to nurse that small flame within them until it can replenish itself. There was no way—

Old Dan ceased swearing in his hoarse voice.

No way?

These were *his* sheep. He'd lived with them, slept lightly through the nights of years because of them, shot a hundred coyotes and walked a hundred hundred miles, and they were his, despite some piece of paper George Fall might have in his new big desk. "Too bad," George Fall would say. "Have to take a loss on the one herd this year. Tch, tch. Oh, well, profits from the other herds will make up for it." Then the young wife would say, "I suppose we'll have to run the car another year. It's going to be terrible if my people in Oregon find we're running a car almost three years old."

To hell with George Fall! Him and his new airs and his young wife. He'd got where he was by Dolly's help. He and Dolly had saved and scrimped and schemed in that little dirt-roofed house those early years. And now he was spending the money for a fancy big house and a big car and a young wife, and he didn't care much if one of his herds lambed in zero weather.

Old Dan began to yell, waving his arms. Jiggs, Hebe, and the two Jensen brothers advanced through the sheep and stood with faces apathetic and copper red in the firelight.

"We're not letting them lambs die!" Old Dan yelled. "We ain't going to let them lambs die! Get moving! Hop to it!"

"Hop to what?" Jiggs asked.

The decision had been so real to Old Dan he supposed it must have been apparent to every one. "Why, move these sheep over to the house—what d'you think I mean? We'll get a lamb crop! Jiggs, get a wagon to move the young lambs. . . . You, Hebe, get a jag of straw and toss it around in that patio for the drop bunch. Better throw straw on them oak floors inside, too. That oil furnace will keep the house plenty warm for the new lambs. We'll stick a half dozen new lambs and ewes in the bedrooms while they learn to know each other, then put 'em in the patio. The main drop bunch will do all right on the lawn. That's a good mesh fence, and— All right, let's get to moving!"

They stood looking at him, apathetic faces solid in the red light. Jiggs wiped his nose on his sleeve. The two Jensens exchanged glances. Hebe's toothless jaw telescoped in and out of his white mustache. Tokio had appeared and was balancing a bucket of coffee on the corral fence, his Oriental face inscrutable.

"Go on! What you standing around for!" Old Dan added some adjectives.

"Who's giving orders?" Hebe asked.

"I'm giving orders, you blamed old fool! George Fall left me in charge! I'm giving orders! I'm saving these lambs, and to hell with George Fall!"

"You'll be out of a job and worse," Hebe said. "There won't nobody give you a job after a fool trick like that. You can't rustle like you used to could. Neither can I."

"I'm taking the blame and the risk! I'm giving orders!"

"Not to me," Hebe said. "I had this job here ever since George and Dolly got their first hired man, and I'm keeping it."

"You'll do what I tell you to!" Old Dan screamed. "George Fall left me boss around here!"

"He never give you lief for nothing like that," Hebe said.

"You don't like the new wife or the way George Fall spent money that him and Dolly made together," Jiggs said. "It's spite work and I don't want none of it."

"It's these lambs!" Old Dan yelled desperately. "You can't just let a lamb crop die! You can't!" Then he pulled himself calm with a great effort. "Listen, boys," he said huskily. "Do it under my orders. I don't care what happens to me. I'm lambing my herd, and I'll do it! I'll take every speck of the blame from George Fall—"

"Guess I'd better break up that smother," Hebe said, turning away.

Old Dan turned to Jiggs. "Will you get a wagon for the lambs?"

"You know where the wagon is," Jiggs said, wading through the flock. The two Jensen boys had followed Hebe.

Old Dan stood in the middle of the bleating flock. His face was red in the firelight, and the creeping cold touched the back of his neck. He stood there trying to swallow the lump in his neck, and tears burned paths down

grimy cheeks. His sheep, his flock. There was that muley-faced ewe standing alone, with voice gone but still trying to bleat for her lost lamb. The black marker with the white rump, restless and seeking a dry spot in the snow and the muck as the birth pangs came upon her. A wobbly new lamb tottering through the mud straight for the fire. George Fall toasting his shins in Wendover. . . .

Something touched his elbow. Tokio was there, rubbing hands together, immaculate in white coat and black pants. "I hearing," the Oriental said. "I helping you, yes, thank you?" The almond eyes were bland, the face inscrutable. "We must saving lambs," he said, and softly urgent as Old Dan gaped: "I doing what you tell me, please."

Old Dan's loose jaw tightened. "Good boy, Tokio! We'll show these rabbit-hearted boys how to lamb a herd!"

It was bitter, away from the fire. Tokio got straw over the oak floors and around the patio, and was waiting at the gate of the mesh-fenced yard to head the herd through when Old Dan brought them around the stackyard. It was slow going, with wobbly lambs to be urged, and bleating ewes searching for the scent they rapidly would forget. With the herd started through the gate, the Oriental disappeared. He came back with a wagon box of lambs that had been unable to walk.

"In the house with them," Old Dan ordered. He was putting the last of lambs and ewes that had given birth into the patio. "Heat some milk and put in a little whisky—"

"All ready being fixed, please," Tokio said, passing with the smooth speed of a mouse, three lambs in each arm. The electric lights came on over the patio. Fixed for summer teas. Old Dan had forgotten them. With mothers and lambs in the patio, he could only trust to nature for a while. The ewes were rushing around, bawling, sniffing stray lambs and butting them over, searching for that fading scent. Old Dan went out in the fenced yard and weeded the restless ewes from the bunch. "Open the door!"

SAMUEL W. TAYLOR

a writer since his college days, says his real ambition is to devise gadgets. He hopes some day to ship his tools to the old home in Utah, and hang out a sign, "Tinkering." Before that, however, he wants to do a book about the Mormons.

There was something about the first sound of hard hoofs striking through straw on to the polished oak floor. Then the plunge was taken. But already the kitchen was littered with orphans and the house smelling. Tokio was feeding hot whisky and milk to orphans with an eye dropper. Old Dan made crude lambing stalls for his ewes with overturned chairs, tables, bureau drawers. He went on to the patio to see Tokio taking a half dozen unmatched lambs and ewes into a bedroom through a side door, and followed to see the Oriental squirting a ewe's milk on an orphan to give it the scent.

"You ain't no greenhorn," the old herder admitted.

A flash of teeth. "Thank you, please. I living long time Oregon. Everybody working when lambs come, thank you."

Old Dan went out to look for more restless ewes. A buckboard was rattling into the yard, iron-shod wheels screaking on the bitter snow. It was too cold to start up cars, except for emergencies. Old Dan recognized Erickson's team of bays, and then Erickson. Hebe and Jiggs came in sight from the corner of the patio wall as Erickson pulled in. Erickson ran the store a couple of miles south, and no doubt he had seen the fire. Erickson's voice came clearly as he asked what was wrong. Then it lowered as Hebe replied. Erickson got off his rig and came to the mesh fence and watched. He didn't speak to Old Dan.

Old Dan took a handful of restless ewes inside. Tokio was expertly stripping the bright orange pelt of a newborn lamb. "Being born dead," he said. He had an orphan between his knees, and he tied the pelt of the dead lamb on to the orphan, and put the orphan with the ewe. The ewe butted the lamb over a couple of times, sniffing suspiciously, then allowed it to suckle.

"You're O. K., yellow boy," Old Dan muttered.

The night wore away and the two men worked on. By dawn all but eleven lambs were matched up with ewes somehow. The house was warm with the oil furnace. Four lambs had been stillborn, probably from the excitement; but in the house they didn't lose any of the thirty-nine live ones born before daylight.

The cold snap didn't keep George Fall in Wendover. He came just before sun-up, with his young wife and baby, red-eyed and haggard from fighting the car through drifts all night. The men came out of the bunkhouse as he drove up. They looked at their shoes as he got out of the car and glared their way. Of course he'd seen the smoldering remains of the lambing shed as he came up the road. He could see the sheep inside the mesh fence, bedded around among the shrubs, and hear the bleating beyond the patio wall. In the silence came Old Dan's voice, clear in the early cold: "Tokio, maybe you'd better rake up the floor here and toss in clean straw, while I look at that ornery ewe I put in the bathtub!"

OLD DAN didn't know George Fall was there until he came out of the bathroom and saw George standing in the middle of the big main hall, in the middle of sheep, litter, and reek. His young wife was holding the baby wrapped in a blanket. George Fall was trying to say something, but just then he was like the old ewe with the muley face who had lost its voice.

The young wife shook her head numbly.

"I put the rugs and suchlike away," Old Dan said grimly. "Nothing hurt that scrubbing won't fix up, I reckon. You might as lief finish up here—anyhow until the cold snap is over. You can lamb the herd that way. This place is as messed up now as it'll ever be. What you want to do to me, I don't care. But you've got to lamb that herd."

"My floors!" the young wife said. She shook her blonde head. Old Dan bit at his cracked lip. Her floors! She was a pretty china doll, with the same sense.

". . . but the sheep come first," she was saying. Old Dan wondered if he was hearing things. "The sheep always come first! Oh, my floors, my walls! . . . Is the stove all right in that house in the back, George?"

George Fall nodded, gulping. The young wife said, "I'll get some breakfast as quick as I can. I'll have to fix the baby first." She went out.

"Well, what the hell you standing there with your mouth open for?" George Fall roared at Old Dan. "There's work around here to do. Hebe! Jiggs! You Jensen boys! Tokio!"

As they washed up for breakfast—wiping on ends of the same towel—George Fall cleared his throat and then said quietly to Old Dan: "I guess I've been an old fool, trying to be the country squire. Wouldn't of tried this damfool lambing-shed idea, except I'm awful close pressed at the bank, what with this big house and all."

"What damfool idea?" Old Dan demanded. "It's a good idea, if you'd windproof the walls and have more stoves so's they wouldn't have to be kept red-hot. Even now, we ought to lamb close to ninety per cent. Gives you a two-month jump on the market."

He jerked the towel. "Your wife—she—I was surprised she took it so good."

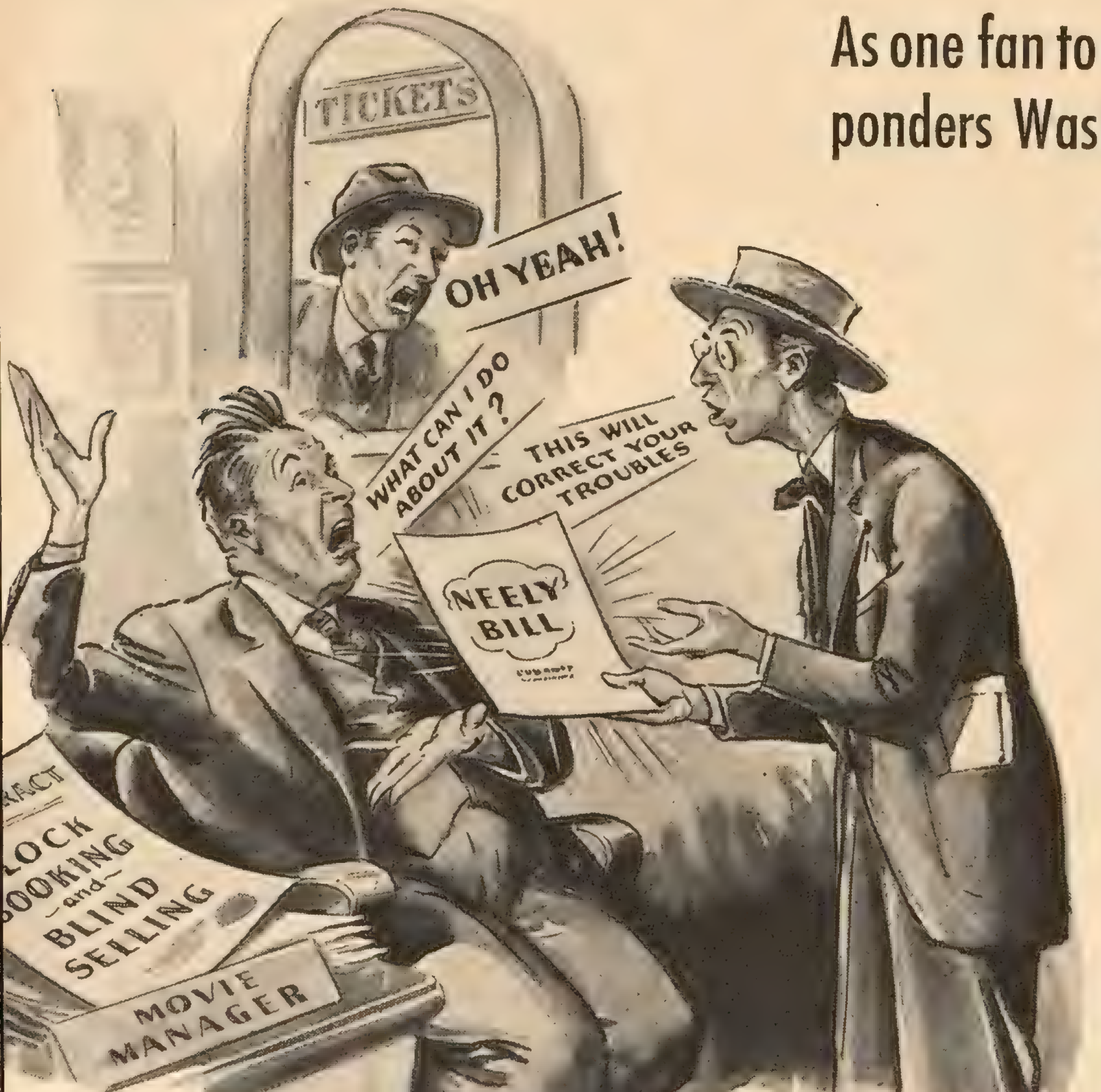
"She's a nice girl," George Fall said. "We had a little talk in Wendover, when I saw it was turning off cold. I guess we both of us have been putting on a little dog. When she understood things, she made me drive through. I guess from now on— Dan, if we've acted highfalutin—"

"Ain't noticed nothing," Old Dan said stoutly.

At breakfast the young wife said, "Sit down with the boys, Tokio; we're too busy for formalities right now, and you've been working." She put the food on in pots and skillets, and the boys helped themselves. This was the old dirt-roofed cabin where Dolly and George Fall had started out together, and many the time Old Dan had eaten at this heavy square table. As the young wife sat down with the men to eat, her face was red from the stove and she wiped a wisp of hair from her face with the back of her hand. That gesture was one Dolly had had. Old Dan chewed a long time and couldn't swallow. It was like being away from home a long time, and then coming back.

THE END

Stop TINKERING with the Movies


TICKETS
OH YEAH!
WHAT CAN I DO ABOUT IT?
THIS WILL CORRECT YOUR TROUBLES
NEELY BILL
RACT
BLOCK BOOKING and BLIND SELLING
MOVIE MANAGER

The block-booking system has become the exhibitors' alibi.

As one fan to another, an innocent bystander ponders Washington's way with Hollywood

BY WILL IRWIN

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

AGAIN Congress is preparing to tinker with the motion picture. It has been making bluffs at doing that ever since the day when the movies meant flickery little one-reel shows exhibited in side streets at five cents a throw. Since every American is interested in the movies and believes that if you pass a law prohibiting anything it stays prohibited—the Eighteenth Amendment, for example—this is a popular act with politicians. In the past, the bills introduced with the object of reforming the movies, and making us all better men and women, have proposed a censorship. Those tactics have gone out of fashion, temporarily at least.

The industry, stirred up by the peril of an unofficial boycott, has begun to enforce its own code. It censors for itself, and does the job from the ground up by applying its standards at every stage of the production instead of taking awkward slashes in a finished film, as do government-appointed censors. So has it got rid of the over-raw sex which caused such a furor a few years ago, and shifted the moral emphasis in gunman pictures from the misunderstood gangster to the stern enforcer of law, like the G-man. It would seem to the observer that the morals of the motion picture at this moment should satisfy every one whose standards are less exalted than those of the Elsie books.

But legislators keep on tinkering, the only difference being that they are now melting the solder to plug a different hole. The current Congress has let up on the producers and turned its attention to the distributors. It is now considering the Neely Bill, drawn to prohibit "those twin evils," block booking and blind selling. The penalties are criminal, not civil. The wretch who even offers to block-book, the caitiff who sells blind, may go to jail for a year, be fined $5,000, or both.

The public has refused to grow very much excited over the Neely Bill. Those of us who think about the matter at all probably regard the whole thing as a trade row. In that we are right. In the organization of the motion-picture business there is one rough area—the no man's land between distributor and exhibitor. And a faction among the exhibitors, instead of fighting out the quarrel within the business itself, is trying to enlist Congress as an ally.

But the public is wrong when it regards the Neely Bill with languid indifference. In revenue and general importance this business ranks among the first four or five American industries. It is one of the greatest items, and it is absolutely the most stable item, in our export trade. It stood up to the depression better than any of the other leaders. And now, when even the administration seems ready to stop trying to frighten business by overregulation, Congress has taken seriously a measure which would cut into revenues by millions of dollars, raise the prices at the ticket window, and bring a period of reorganization amounting to disorganization. And all for the purpose of giving a group of exhibitors a few more weapons in their bickerings with the distributors! That last isn't the professed purpose, incidentally. To such of the public as takes notice, the war on block booking and blind selling has been represented as a crusade to eliminate the last trace of smut from pictures—to purify the already purified.

What, to begin with, are block booking and blind selling?

Block booking is an old trade custom born of intense competition. Ten firms, each allied with a big producer, attend to the great and complex business of getting films to the exhibitor. Five or six other big producers and the most important of the independents use these distributors as outlet. Because any man likes to calculate his course, they sell—or rather lease—their films at least a year in advance of production. However, they do not offer their wares separately, but in blocks of from ten to fifty, the center of each lot being an especially desirable item like Shirley Temple in a "musical," Clark Gable in a promising comedy, a two-million-dollar spectacle, or a feature like Gone with the Wind, whose preliminary ballyhoo makes it a sure shot at the box office. If the exhibitor wants the big feature, or any other especially desirable item, separately, he must pay a higher price for it. In a sense, this amounts to selling wholesale instead of retail.

The average house runs two features to a program and changes programs twice a week, creating a demand for 208 full-length pictures a year. No distributor can furnish so many as that. The manager shops round among them all. Usually he knows, through trade information and reviews, the character and popular merit of his films before they reach him. And a clause in his contract plus certain trade practices enable him to cancel about ten per cent—say twenty features a year—in case he doesn't esteem them as box-office attractions or finds them objectionable to his kind of audience. What the exhibitors behind the Neely Bill want is more liberty to pick and choose, with the idea that if they can buy film by film they may get better paying attractions.

That is one side of the picture. The reformers are the other. The block-booking system has become the universal alibi of the exhibitor. During the period when the films were running wild, outraged parents complaining at the door met the same stereotyped answer—maybe some manager has handed it to you: "Sure, it's a bad one. But how can I help myself? Under this block-booking system I have to take what they send me or close up shop." He never mentions his cancellation privilege. Knowing this for an alibi, elements not yet contented with the morals of the movies are standing behind the block-booking clause of the Neely Bill in order to smoke the exhibitors out. With a free choice from the whole field, they believe, the moral element of the community could hold him absolutely responsible.

The truth is that the exhibitor is in business to draw audiences, not to elevate the public taste. He gives the public what he thinks it wants. Already the distributors are offering tentatively to raise the cancellation privilege to twenty per cent. That should be enough to abate the old alibi, "They forced it on me."

BUT the poison in this bill lies in the other part—the one relating to "blind selling." That term describes the general practice of signing contracts for films long before the studios begin production—often when the scenarists have scarcely gone to work on the story. The agent for the distributor simply informs the exhibitor concerning the general production schedule, with the identity of the stars, the general character of the shows, the sources—like successful plays and popular novels—from which it will draw the plots.

Until recently, few exhibitors have objected to this system. It enables them to chart their course a year or so ahead. If they are taking a chance that the combination of a great star, a strong cast, and a story which has been popular as a novel or a play may turn out a flop, so is the producer. But the gentlemen who are trying to outlaw the block-booking system seem to have introduced the clause making blind selling a crime in order to attract support from the reform element. Section 4 of the Neely Bill provides that any agent of a distributor offering a film for lease must furnish a "complete and true" synopsis of the plot or story, with "a statement describing the manner of treatment of dialogues concerning any scenes depicting vice, crime, or suggestion of sexual passion." Whoever fails to furnish such synopsis or "makes any false statement in it" lays himself open to imprisonment and fine.

This is absurd, of course—perhaps only a professional writer knows how absurd. More than that, it is ignorant. A writer sitting down to begin a novel or short story generally has in front of him a rough synopsis. But, as he writes on, the story takes things into its own hands. Characters change, better episodes and incidents come to mind, even the central idea may give way to something more interesting and artistic. The motion picture is even more complex than this. During that hectic period when they're shooting the scene on the lot, the director, the scenarist, the dialogue writer are constantly changing and rechanging the original continuity as they find that a scene or situation which read well on paper doesn't click when they see and hear it on the set, or actual sight and sound inspire them to the creation of other and better scenes and situations. Requiring them to stick to a synopsis, with a jail sentence for some one as the penalty, would be the most certain way to make our motion pictures unimaginative and flat.

The studios and the distributors believe that if the Neely Bill becomes law, and they try to build films in the same old way, this clause will result only in wide blackmail and troublesome lawsuits over contracts. Almost any expansion of the ideas in the synopsis might be interpreted by a clever lawyer and a muddled judge or jury as a "false statement." They propose to take no risks with a law so dangerous. If the bill passes, they see only one way to avoid its dangers. They will sell not in advance of production but only after the purchaser or his agent has seen the completed film and certified in writing that it agrees with a synopsis drawn up after production, not before.

This would mean an upheaval in the business. Every film produced will be exhibited at a "trade showing" in each of the thirty-one cities where the distributors maintain their film exchanges. They cannot expect the exhibitors to travel as much as five hundred miles to see each film as it is finished. They will have to hold their products for a grand exhibition once or twice a year. These showings will cost them money; and another quirk of the business will cost them much more.

From the moment when a producer accepts or conceives the idea for a film, he must begin to spend; but returns do not come in until the girl at the ticket window begins to collect from the public. While he waits, the producer is carrying interest charges on an outlay of from $75,000 to $2,000,000 on each film. The new arrangement would add six months or a year to this waiting period, with an aggregate increase of millions every month in carrying charges on invested capital or borrowed money.

Here is where you and I, the general public, come into the picture. A serious crimp in any great American industry, be it steel or agriculture or automobiles or these same motion pictures, has sinister importance for all of us just now—fewer jobs, smaller revenues for retail business. A business suddenly confronted with a great increase of costs always tries to pass the burden on to the ultimate consumer. If the Neely Bill becomes law, we may presently find ourselves paying from thirty-five to fifty cents for a seat at our neighborhood theaters where now we pay twenty-five to forty. The producers say that it would probably force them to reduce the number of their films, giving us less variety.

ONE glory and one value of the motion picture is its universal spread. Small remote towns and settlements enjoy the best of our films within a year after New York or Chicago first sees them. The producers have been carrying this class of business at a loss. Forced to reorganize and overhaul in order to meet an unexpected drain on their revenues, they may drop all such unprofitable business.

And all, so far as the public is concerned, in order that people who object to oversexed movies or to the overstressing of gunplay on the screen may kill the old alibi of the local exhibitor and hold him directly responsible—an exceedingly awkward method.

There is a better one. All the eggs of this business are in one basket. It has no source of revenue except the box office. More powerful than any law in bringing the motion picture to time is an organized threat of staying away from them. After thirty years of futile attempts at official censorship the Legion of Decency and other like-minded organizations announced that they proposed to refrain from seeing motion pictures until the producers began to apply their own rather strict code. It worked like a charm. No government censorship could have served so effectively in bringing immediate results. Try the same plan and you will find that the local exhibitor will remember his cancellation privilege. It is as simple as that.

Finally, notice this detail of the business as it goes today. Twenty or thirty films loaded with the intimate details of sex or dealing with cheap horrors like electrocutions are now showing at small houses throughout the country. The producers of these pictures are small independents. They do not belong to the so-called Hays organization and therefore do not come under the motion-picture code. They sell their pictures one at a time, and after production, not before. The agents, approaching exhibitors, either carry along sample films and run them off before they strike a bargain, or stand prepared to describe the picture in detail. In short, these pictures are neither block-booked nor blind-sold. And the Neely Bill, if it becomes a law, could not so much as touch them!

THE END

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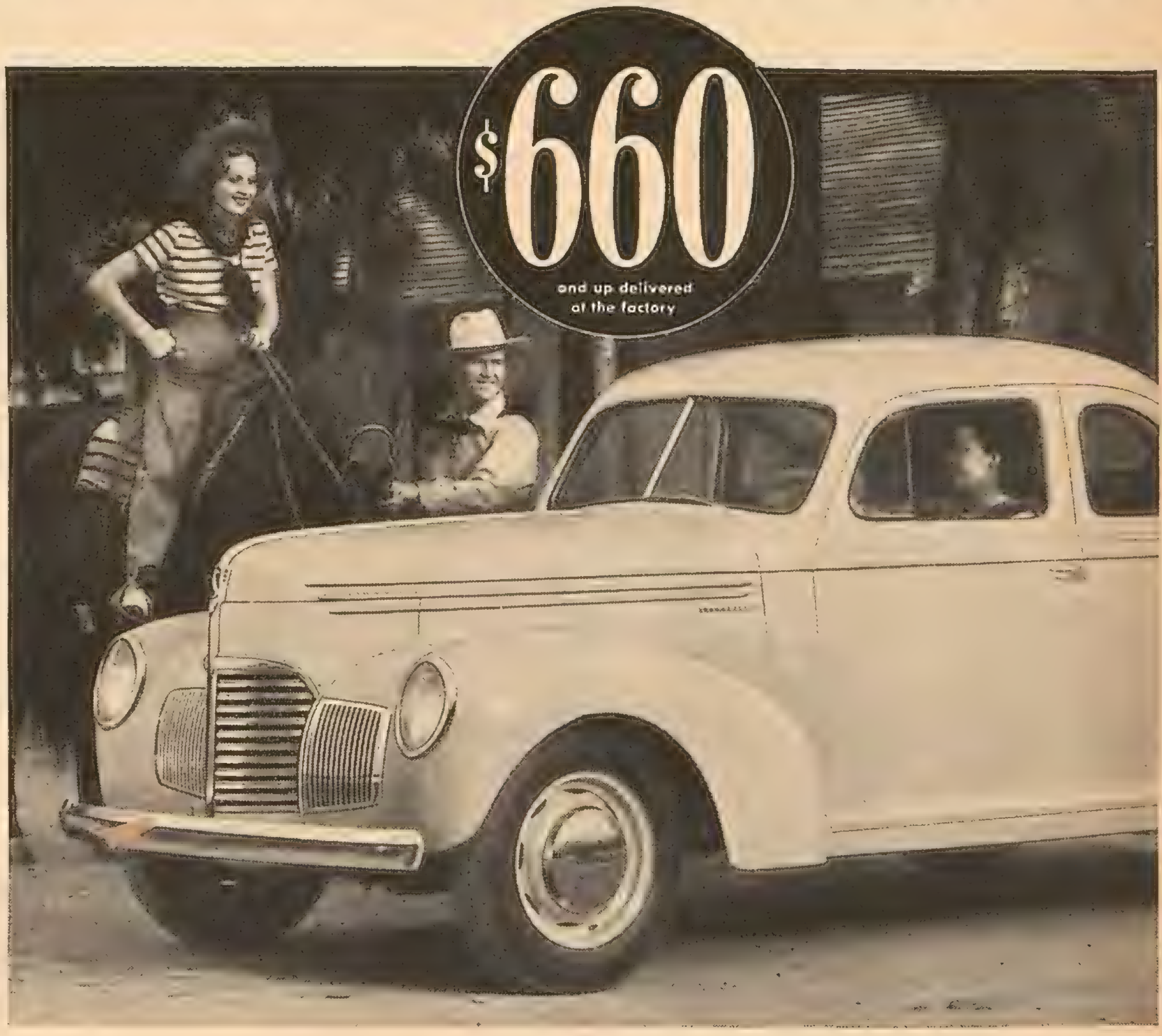

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ARE COLLEGES ANY GOOD?

READING TIME ● 17 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

ARE colleges any good?

It seems almost sacrilege to ask a question like that. For, as I ask it, I am sitting by a small-paned colonial window which opens on one of New England's oldest and loveliest campuses.

Yes, it seems almost sacrilege to ask if Johnny, about to graduate, got anything out of the four years he spent in this lovely spot to justify the time and money they have cost. Yet many informed and experienced people are not only asking that question but answering it with an emphatic No. Johnny's prospective employer, if any, is openly skeptical. Johnny's father, who foots the bills, has his qualms. Some of Johnny's teachers are beginning to doubt their own infallibility. Even Johnny himself is less sure than he was that this college stuff is so hot.

It isn't as if the suspicion of inadequacy rested only on the leafy and mossy type of college here described. Creakings are to be expected in the machinery of so venerable an institution. But the truth seems to be that the new educational motors are stalling quite as often as the old.

We might ask the same ugly questions if we were flattening ourselves against the metal walls of one of those modern youth-crammed elevators which scale the heights of that forty-two-story skyscraper tower of learning which bisects the murky Pittsburgh sky; or if we were basking on Stanford's golden acres, where gay-muraled Maxfield Parrish and Joseph Urban walls, against a flowered cretonne backdrop, rise to greet the California sun.

Old or new, East or West, the American college is suspect. And justly so. Elaborate surveys and tests, some of them extending over ten years and covering the scholastic careers of nearly 50,000 individual boys and girls, would seem to show that many college graduates know less when they finish than they do when they begin.

Perhaps this situation has always existed. Our fact-finding machinery didn't use to be so good as it is today, and the public's interest in finding the facts on this particular subject was not so acute. Twenty-five years ago only one youth in twenty-four went to college; today one youth in seven goes. A single generation, therefore, multiplied by four the number of students, friends and relatives of students, and possible future employers of students, who have a definite stake in knowing what college is like.

Moreover, American education has become big business with a $10,000,000,000 plant, in which all of us, whether or not we have a personal interest in colleges, are involuntary stockholders. It also has a $2,500,000,000 budget, one third of which is paid directly to the colleges through local, state, and federal grants. Moreover, the federal government has given the states in land grants for school purposes an area larger than Italy, all of it exempt from taxation and thus increasing the tax burden of the individual citizen.

All of us have a right, then, to know about colleges and about schools in general. We have a right to a definite answer to the question, Are they any good?

The most recent attempt—and apparently the most successful one—to answer this question once and for all is contained in the report of the Carnegie Foundation on its ten-year study of the educational experiences of 45,000 students in high schools and colleges of Pennsylvania. The facts and figures in the present discussion are based chiefly on this report and on similar studies that have been conducted by the Rockefeller-endowed General Education Board, the New York State Board of Regents, and other authoritative organizations.

The tests used in the Carnegie survey eliminated possible inequalities in marking by asking questions to which there could be only one answer. Nothing was left to the discretion of the student or the examiner. Most questions could be answered by a cross or a check mark, as for example this from the history test:

The Treaty of Westphalia was signed in:

a. 1588 *c.* 1648 *e.* 1861
b. 1517 *d.* 1789

There could be only one answer to such a question.

The first important fact that the investigation disclosed was that there is no such thing as a standardized college education. Sophomores in one college rank with seniors in another, while sophomores in a third college do not rank above the average senior in a high school. In one case, all of the members of the sophomore class of one institution ranked lower in the Carnegie investigation than the dullest student in the sophomore class of a superior institution.

As between the "high" college at the top of the list and the "low" college at the bottom, the difference is as between day and night. Not one of the students of the low college reaches the level of the most stupid sophomore in the high college. Yet both institutions are called colleges and both confer the same degrees.

But great as are the differences between colleges, the differences between the amounts of knowledge absorbed by individual students of the same college are even more striking. One half of our college seniors know less than one third of our college freshmen; one fourth of our college seniors know less than one third of our high-school seniors.

The Carnegie report cites a typical college graduating about 200 seniors, all of whom had completed the same courses and were about to receive the same degree. But if graduation had depended on knowledge acquired instead of time served, three quarters of that class would not have graduated. Instead, 28 per cent of the class would have been juniors, 23 per cent sophomores, and 24 per cent freshmen.

Not all of the blame for this incongruous situation lies with the courses pursued in college. After all, the college must work with "semimanufactured material from the

For truth-seeking parents with common sense: Here's an array of facts and figures that may surprise you

BY FREDERICK L. COLLINS

schools," and it is a notorious fact this material is not always the best available. Based on a survey of 18,000 seniors in high schools and private preparatory schools, it was found that only about half of the youth of outstanding ability are able to go to college, whereas at least one fourth of those who do not go are of higher intelligence and academic achievement than half of those who do.

In other words, it would take the top half of the present college entrants plus the top fourth of those who went directly from high school to work to constitute the cream of the youth crop. The fact that no such selection is possible is no fault of college presidents and professors.

Many of the colleges' current ills are undoubtedly traceable to the schools that get their boys and girls before they do; but it is only recently that college authorities have recognized that fact or paid any attention at all to what President Conant of Harvard calls the "supreme national importance of secondary education." Very properly those who are now studying the college problem are also keeping an eye on the secondary-school problem; and so should we.

The basic trouble with most public schools would seem to be that they are footballs of politics. The most deplorable result of this political control is the low quality of some of the teachers who are permitted to minister to our young. It must be said, too, that colleges undertaking to train students for the teaching profession do little to remedy this situation. An examination of the intelligence and achievement records of college students preparing to be teachers revealed to the Carnegie investigators that the average high-school senior who goes to college and becomes a teacher knows less than the average high-school senior who doesn't go to college and becomes a machinist, and at least one fourth of the prospective teachers know less than do one fourth of the high-school seniors whom they may be called upon to teach.

Pressure groups, sometimes with the worthiest of motives, also contribute to the bad-teacher situation by forcing restrictions which subordinate pedagogical ability to qualifications which have little or nothing to do with teaching. To get a $637.50 job in North Carolina, one teacher had to take the following pledge:

"I promise to take a vital interest in all phases of Sunday-school work. . . . I promise to abstain from all dancing. . . . I promise not to fall in love, to become engaged or secretly married. . . . I promise not to go out with any young man except in so far as it may be necessary to stimulate Sunday-school work."

Another obvious reason for the presence of so many poor teachers in our public-school system is the wholly inadequate salaries most localities are able to offer them. Says ex-Congressman Brooks Fletcher of Ohio: "When the richest nation on earth permits seven million—nearly a third—of its school children to be taught by a quarter of a million teachers who receive less than $750 a year and 30,000 poverty-stricken teachers who receive less than $450 a year, there is need for an awakening of civic pride in the discharge of obligations to children."

Worry over finances has also greatly increased the already lamentably large percentage of teachers emotionally unfit to discharge the arduous duties of their profession. The teachers' own organization, the National Education Association, concludes, as the result of an examination of over five thousand public-school teachers, that the chances are about seven to one that a child in twelve years of school "will get two maladjusted teachers, either emotionally unstable or downright psychopathic."

The money pinch lowers the efficiency of our school system in other ways. Many children are still studying histories that do not mention the World War and geographies that define the boundaries of the Austro-Hungarian Empire!

Most important factor of all, however, is the now well established fact that secondary schools do not teach the right things.

Only ten per cent of public-school children go to college, but in most high schools one hundred per cent are taught only those subjects required by college examination papers. To cure this situation, a plan has been put forward to lengthen the school course from twelve years to fourteen, with the first twelve years devoted to general education and the added two devoted to preparing students who are actually going to college for passing their entrance examinations.

This program would, it is believed, not only give the great bulk of students a better preparation for earning a living, but would produce a crop of college entrants much more widely cultured than college entrants are today.

All of which is good but not good enough, unless the entire course of elementary education is revised to put the average student more in touch with the modern world. For two years now the Board of Regents of New York State has been conducting an exhaustive investigation into the character and cost of public education and has reached these disturbing conclusions:

"The school work for boys and girls has not been redesigned sufficiently to fit them for the new and changing work opportunities which they must face in modern life.

"The schools have not yet adjusted their program to carry the new load created by the coming into the schools, particularly the high schools, of all the children of all the people, with their many new and different needs.

"The school program does not sufficiently recognize the increased difficulties of becoming and being a good citizen.

"The educational system has not caught up with the flood of new scientific knowledge about the natural and social world which has been made part of life in recent years.

"Education has not been replanned to meet the new conditions of modern life and the new ways of living."

For example, the Regents' survey reveals that the first factor in getting young people jobs is personality, and that we spend two and a half billions a year and hire a million teachers to educate thirty million children without paying any attention at all to the development of this vital quality. The report does not suggest that our educational system should be turned over exclusively to Dale Carnegie. It simply uses this glaring instance of neglect to illustrate the inadequacy of the system.

Mr. Rockefeller's General Educa-

tion Board, after interviewing nearly 50,000 parents, teachers, employers, labor leaders, and boys and girls, has reached the equally disturbing conclusion that schools as they are now conducted not only fail to give youth an understanding of our changing world but tend to make the youngsters hard-boiled about democracy and freedom and to leave them "inadequately prepared to do what is required to preserve either." The Regents' report confirms this conclusion, and adds, in the words of the Public Affairs Committee, that "most students will not make any personal effort or sacrifice for the things they say they believe in. Nor will they shoulder any responsibility for civic co-operation. . . .

"Instead of making virile citizens, fit for democracies, the school seems to be giving our young people a type of philosophy that 'lets George do it,' and that shrugs a shoulder at the idea of making the world a better place in which to live."

Now, as to the cure for all these ills of our educational system, both secondary and collegiate, there is very little agreement to be found among educational authorities. President Hutchins of the University of Chicago leads one group who believe in "educating people to live instead of to earn a living," and Henry Ford, who has through his Greenfield Village schools become a national figure in education, is one of the leaders on the other side.

"Education," says Ford, "is not something to prepare you for life. It is a continuous part of life. And since earning a living is part of life, it should be part of education."

"I do not overlook the importance of economic well-being," says Dr. Hutchins, ". . . though I think material goods are somewhat overrated just now. It could easily be shown that in this country, at least, we have such material resources that if we had a few moral and intellectual qualities, such as justice, temperance, and prudence, we should not have to worry very much about the economic well-being of our citizens or our country."

"Colleges," says one of the Hutchinsers, "ought to begin to lay broad emphasis on the fact that a college education is not a road to more money and does not pretend to be; that colleges exist to put into the minds and souls of men and women those spiritual possessions which made Marcus Aurelius on his throne a brother to Thoreau in his hut at Walden Pond. On this platform they stand secure. On the platform of more money they are taking money from three quarters of their students under false pretenses."

"In the ideal state," adds Dr. John Erskine, "the street sweeper, as well as the banker, will be college trained. There will be no division between a 'gentlemanly' job and other jobs. Any honest work will be a gentleman's work if it be performed by a gentleman."

IN between the two extremes represented by Drs. Hutchins and Erskine on the one hand and Dr. Ford on the other come the standpatters who proclaim themselves satisfied with the old-fashioned ideals taught in the old-fashioned way.

"The South used to have its own formula for the ideal man," says Edwin Rogers Embree, president of the Julius Rosenwald Fund: "a scholar, a gentleman, and a good judge of whisky; and this triple ideal is still an admirable goal for education."

Similar differences of opinion exist as to whether our educational efforts should be aimed at the good student or the mediocre one. Dr. Leta Hollingworth is against "investing millions in the moron while the brilliant child is frustrated by an educational system geared to the average mind." Haydn S. Pearson, on the other hand, opines that "we need to be less concerned about the aristocracy of brains and more concerned for the average. The average man determines the way of society. The gifted will make their own places."

Our intellectual leaders are equally at variance as to the methods by which whatever they decide to teach should be taught. Dr. Hutchins, for instance, believes that "the best way to learn to think is to study how great thinkers thought," and he is even now trying out his theory at little St. John's College in Annapolis, Maryland, where for four years students will study nothing but one hundred classics, none of them modern.

All conservative educators and some revolutionary ones disapprove heartily of the Hutchins plan. Says Porter Sargent, who belongs to the latter group: "Hutchins' 'good books' include political documents of no import today, a good deal of myth for the credulous, and some pornography not current. . . . If Hutchins could get time to read some good modern books, he might come out right side up, face forward."

Then, too, there is the old war, which shows no sign of abating, between the progressives and fundamentalists. Recently a parent in Roslyn, Long Island, complained because his son spent an entire school day learning to make nut bread: he was a fundamentalist. The principal retorted that by making nut bread the boy had not only enjoyed a creative activity but had learned to add, subtract, and multiply: he was a progressive.

All this intellectual chaos may seem pretty hopeless; but there are signs on the educational horizon not of one solution but of several to these complicated pedagogical problems.

PERHAPS the most successful effort to fit modern education to modern needs is that of Stephens College in Missouri. Its president, Dr. James Madison Wood, conceived the novel idea of "a college program aimed at the real interests of the students, not at educating girls to pass examinations and take degrees." As a criterion of how well the plan has succeeded, he points to the fact that "within five years after graduation eighty-seven per cent of the girls are married. And only three per cent of these get divorces, as compared with the eight per cent among college-bred couples in general."

But the principal lesson to be drawn from Stephens College's successful experience is not so much moral or social as it is, in the larger sense, pedagogical. By the simple device of fitting its educational garments not to the traditional educational cloth but to the young people who were going to wear them, it has shown that there is a place in this country for many different kinds of colleges.

That the traditional college will continue to exist, at least for another generation or two, is reasonably certain; but it will cater only to those who still think of education in traditional terms, and it will not claim to be the one college by which all others must be judged.

That some modified form of the Hutchins type college will increase in numbers and importance is equally certain, because the idea that a grounding in the classics is the best preparation for life is planted too deep to be suddenly swept aside by the emphasis which a realistic generation places on a practical vocational preparation for the earning life.

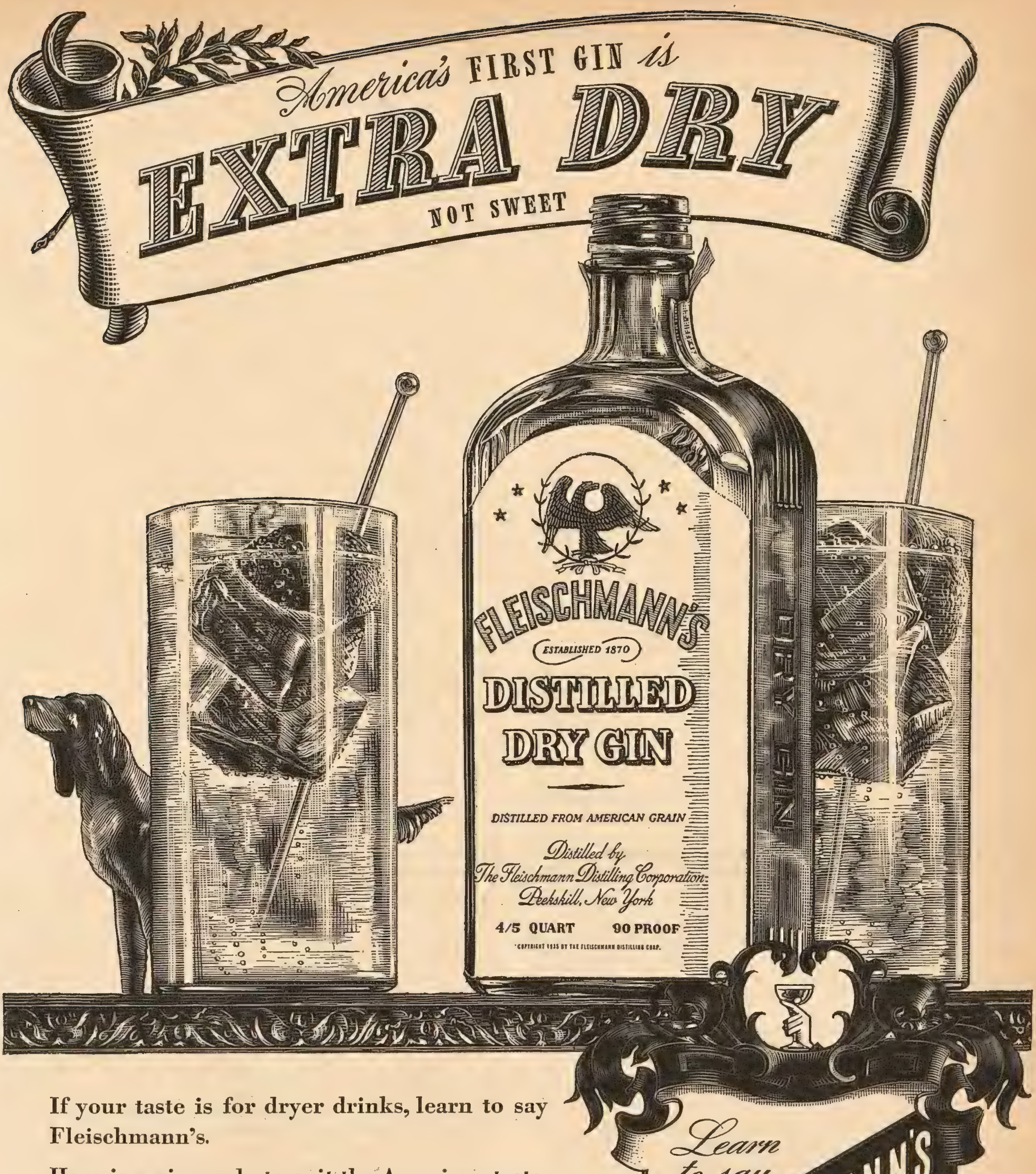
Meanwhile there are signs on every side that the Henry Ford type, the practical and the vocational, will be a dominating influence in American education for many years to come—at least until the effects of the late depression have worn off and man can afford to devote some time again to cultural pursuits which are not immediately related to his chances of continuing to eat.

There is no question about where the immediate demand lies. A canvass of 150,000 parents in Brooklyn, New York, proved conclusively that the present-day student is more interested in vocational than in classical training. The most popular of the commercial courses, the canvass disclosed, were accounting, bookkeeping, business English, calculating machines, stenography, stenotype, switchboard operation, and typewriting. Stress was also placed upon such subjects as beauty culture, trade dressmaking, trade millinery, radio repairs, air conditioning, and mechanics.

Presumably as a tribute to Charlie McCarthy's financial success, there were several requests for courses in ventriloquism. And why shouldn't there be? Isn't it better to study ventriloquism, a comparatively uncrowded field, than to study law when three thousand lawyers in New York City alone are on relief?

In variety, not in regimentation, lies the educational hope!

THE END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READING TIME • 24 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

THE MAN SAYS "YES"

Romance, 1939! . . Don't miss the thrill of reading this vivid short novel of a maid who went a-wooing

BY MARGARET WIDDEMER

ILLUSTRATED BY PHIL BERRY

CLERKING in a New York flower shop, the Greek proprietor of which is in love with her, pretty little Eileen Gardner counterbalances her boredom by dreaming of her ideal man. How, when, and where will he appear?

Out of a snowy night he does, startlingly, coming into the shop to buy a corsage of orchids for a beautiful blonde. Both are socialites: he, Martin Dane, a young playboy millionaire; she, Caroline Dempster, flashily up to the minute. They indulge in a lot of repartee.

Crazily, Eileen determines to thrust herself on her dream hero, especially as he argues with Caroline that a girl has the right to pursue and propose to a man if she wants to without loss of charm or dignity. Martin feels strongly on the equality of the sexes.

When he and Caroline leave the shop, Eileen, on the pretense that they forgot a spray of gladioli, rushes out after them, deliberately turns on her ankle, and falls into Martin's arms. He tells Caroline to motor back to the night club where they had been, while he takes the hurt girl home. In the taxi Eileen confesses her fake fall, her intention to court him, to put his recent declaration to the test. Martin Dane is amused, consents to be wooed by a crazy sweet kid.

Next day she is invited to a skiing party at his Adirondack camp. There Eileen meets some of his gay crowd—Roly and Robina Perrine, newlyweds who are going to have a baby; Bill and Lolly Grant; and Lewis Delevan, who is employed by the Danes and has checked up on the more or less suspected newcomer in their midst.

Caroline proposes a dangerous sleigh ride to a mountaintop. Martin warns them. They all go, however. At a risky spot, Caroline grabs at the reins and the sleigh turns over.

PART TWO—HONEYMOON . . AND A RIVAL

EILEEN was flung off and out into deep wet snow. When she scrambled back to the road, she saw that one of the horses was lying badly injured. Bill knelt by it. The other was being led, limping, to a tree and tied, while Ike swore a steady stream at everything. Caroline was sobbing hysterically, leaning against a boulder. Martin and Lolly and Lewis were scrambling free of the sleigh. Martin straightened himself, limping and wincing. He shouted, "Ike—Bill—quick! The Perrines are pinned underneath."

And then they were all, except the oblivious Caroline, working to right the wrecked sleigh under Martin's direction.

When they dragged it free, Roly stood up, staggering, with a streak of blood on his forehead. Robin did not move. She lay twisted, apparently unconscious, but keeping up a regular rhythmic moaning that rose to a cry and fell again. Roly dropped down and caught her in his arms and shouted, "Harness the horses and drive her down the mountain! I tell you, she's in danger. Drive her down the mountain!" And Eileen remembered that Robin was going to have a baby.

"We got to carry her down, boy," Ike said pityingly. "The horses are out. Harry's lamed, and I guess we got to shoot Lou."

"Carry her five miles?" Roly shouted. "There isn't time!" He clawed out the bundles of skis from under the wrecked sleigh, put his on, and tried to start down. At the first step he was deep through the crumbling snow. He tried twice more.

Martin, white with the pain of his ankle, said, "It's madness to try skiing down to the call box, Roly. We'll make her as comfortable as we can on the sleigh cushions, and walk down for help."

"Then for God's sake hurry!" Lolly Grant said in her deep voice. "I've had first-aid training. I've done what I can. There's no time to lose." She stood up, covering Robin with the robes. Bill Grant was off at the word, running down the slippery road with a long, steady lope. Eileen, too little to help lift, stood aside while they did what they could for Robin. Madness to try to ski. Of course. They were all tall and big-boned. Madness even for a light little half-starved thing. But a light little thing who was good, who was desperate, might have a half chance. She could get down the hill pretty surely.

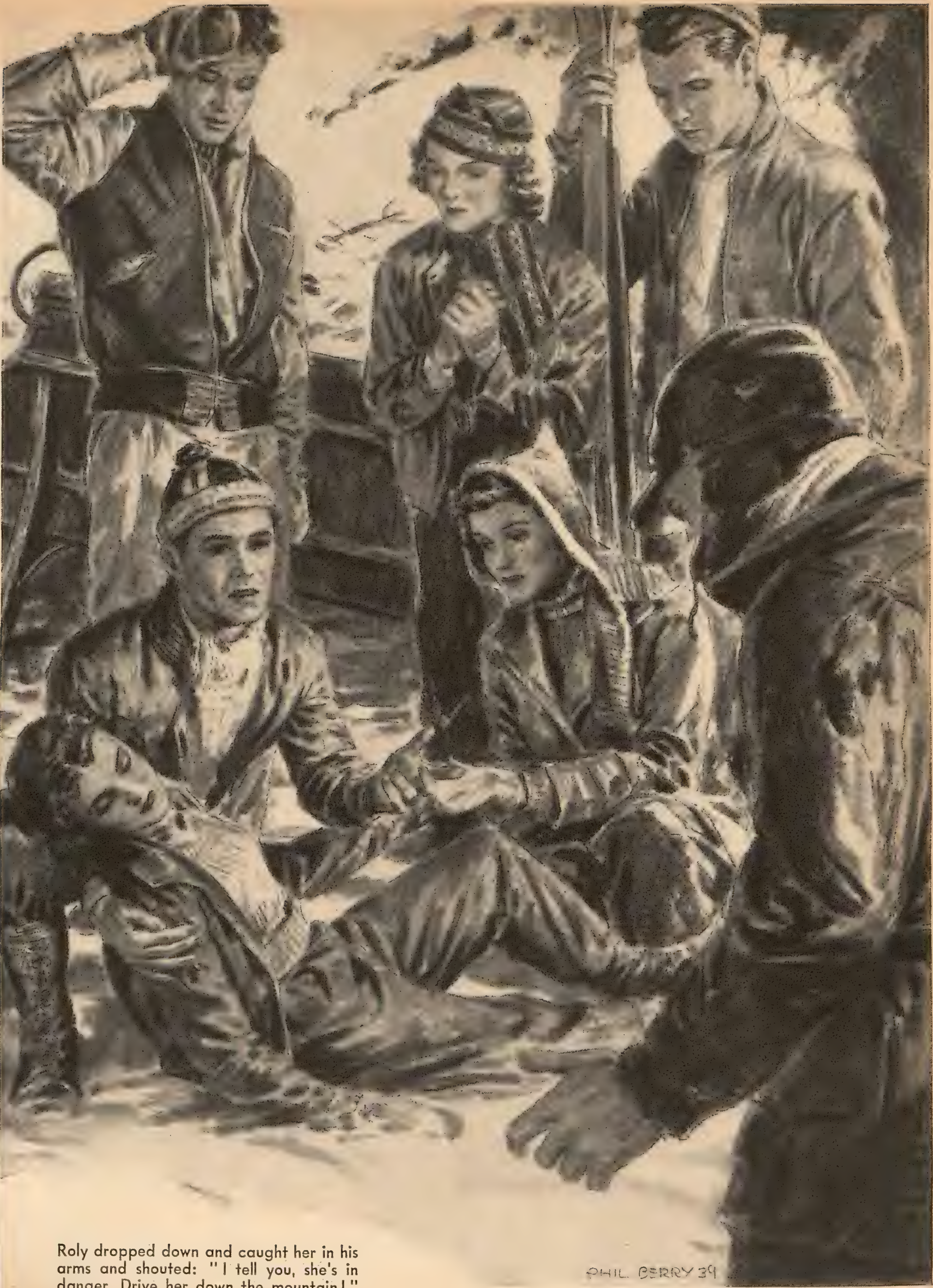
Her skis were on, she was launched over the frail crust and away before they saw. She heard them shout behind her. She glissaded on. If she made it, Robin and the baby that was coming would be saved. She was down the hill—she was out, the impetus carrying her halfway across the sinking, sucking ice before she heard it crack under her. Her heart twisted in her. Not much chance for anybody tied up to skis under that freezing water. . . . . *Don't think!* Long wrenching desperate strokes—there, she was away from that worst, most dangerous sagging area. She avoided other tracks as she made for shore at an angle. She heard herself laugh hysterically at the thought, I'm like Eliza in Uncle Tom's Cabin. And suddenly, as she laughed, she was down. The freezing water came through to her skin. There was an agonized feeling of helplessness as the skis twisted. She went down under, choking and struggling and afraid. The end. . . .

And then one ski hit something hard . . . a pile. The old bridge. She blindly grasped its slimy bigness with a hand nearly too numb to flex, and the impetus shoved her head above. Somehow she stripped off a mitten, somehow she steadied against the sunken pile and got at the knife in her jacket pocket. Somehow, clumsily, after infinite failure, a stiff despairing hand managed to saw through the fastenings. She had time to look, now, and see she was not too far from land. Little and light—yes, but strong; she had always been strong. She heard another shout from the hilltop. She thought it was Martin's voice. . . . Fight to shore . . . grip the piles . . . they were above the water just a short, short way off, if you could make it . . .

She had made it. She was on her face, clinging to the pile beyond the ice's edge, shuddering, breathing in sobs. Presently she made herself stand up on the heavenly solid ground. Shaking with inevitable chill, cat-weak, she yet somehow managed—for she *must*—to crawl to the call box and, leaning against its tree, ring the village, gasp her messages to the livery stable, the Dane lodge servants, the nearest town's doctor.

She was in the doctor's house, in bed, herself, when she became conscious again. She said, "Robin—having baby in summer—top of Loon Mountain—quick!"

"Now—now," said the young tidy smiling nurse. "We heard you the first time. It's all right. Doctor went straight up with the livery-stable sleigh three hours ago. The minute they get back to the lodge he's to call me. You've been saying that at intervals ever since they brought you in." She gave her hot milk and said, "You're



Roly dropped down and caught her in his arms and shouted: "I tell you, she's in danger. Drive her down the mountain!"

a swell girl," and dashed to the tinkle of the telephone.

She came back saying, "Doctor says tell you it's all right. They've checked the pains and everything. But you'll have to wait for the medals and the cheering till day after tomorrow. You won't have pneumonia but you're not out of the woods yet."

Eileen said, "No—I must take train home," as her lids fell.

She knew better next day, of course. She was too limp to do anything but the easiest thing. The fight was all out of her limp body and shocked mind.

It was Lewis Delevan who came for her. At her wincing move back as she saw him, he said, almost apologetically, "I asked to be the one to come . . ." He snatched her hands, where they stood in the little country parlor. He said, his deep voice shaking, "You're a heroine, Eileen. You've the makings of something fine."

She was too tired, still, to answer. She let him lift her into the sleigh. He wrapped her almost as if he was tender of her. She sat quiet. His voice went on, deep through the bells, as they drove. It was cold again; there was hard snow. "Eileen, listen. I've been thinking about you. I've been planning for you. I'm going to find you the work where you belong—my kind of work, serving humanity. It's in you; you've proved it. We'll forget all about that craze of yours for what Martin Dane could give you. From my point of view, it is forgiven and forgotten already . . ." His voice went on. She was tired. She heard herself answering anything at all at intervals, saying probably he was right; maybe she would like that kind of work. She had to have some kind.

They were at the lodge gate. And Martin, bareheaded as usual, in his thick white sweater, was limping swiftly down the path to them. He had her out, he was sending Lewis around with the car in that quick way he'd ordered Ris to sell him orchids for Caroline. He was sweeping Eileen inside to the fire, setting her down on the couch in the long warm empty room. He was talking in a voice that had no easy laughter in it:

"You grand little sport—you sweet kid! You've got about everything it takes, Eileen." He was down by her, close to her, excited and alive as she had never seen him. "You're the sort mother'd have made a protégée of, all right. Listen, Eileen, you were right—and you've put it over."

As she stared at him, the rest clattered in. They were all there except Robina Perrine. They began talking, shouting, coming toward her. Martin stood up, and pulled her up, keeping his arm around her.

"Hey, folks, look what's happened! Eileen and I are about to amble altarwards. Awaiting congratulations—"

The renewed shouts and laughter, the quick congratulations and jokes and surprise sounded far off: Caroline's forced voice, Lolly's deep pleasant politeness, Bill's curt sporting words, Roly Perrine's stammered grateful excitement.

Only two things were sharp in the vagueness.

Lewis' eyes, shocked, reproachful, warning, focusing the whole force of his strong serious personality on her from just outside the group.

And the words Martin had said. Not one of them had promised her any love.

THE latchkey clicked in the door.

Martin and Eileen Dane stood in the living room of his apartment, alone for nearly the first moment since the excited frolicking marriage at the county seat nearest the lodge in the Adirondacks. She clung to him suddenly. "Oh, Martin, I'll try never to make you sorry!" she said. But he only said, kissing her, as you would say to a child, "You're so cute and little, I don't see how you could!"

The manservant, William, soft-footed and properly welcoming, came in to take their things. And Martin was talking about practicalities. Her allowance, the name of a good social secretary, the necessary shopping for their Honolulu trip. The intensity she had seen that once had not shown again.

By the time they were off the transcontinental plane and aboard the luxury cruiser, she accepted the fact that the Martin of that last day at the lodge was not the Martin she was to know. Even his most passionate moments had an overtone, as if he were always watching not to care too much. Not to go too far. Not to give himself away to any one.

But he treated her as if he liked her—as if he wanted her to have as good a time as possible. Indeed, he seemed to get a stimulus from her enjoyment of everything. So she tried to show as much pleasure as she could. Over the new smart clothes, the luxurious stateroom, the good food, the bowing waiters, the gala nights, the dancing, the swimming in the ship's pool, the games. The whole long bright costly playtime. He was not willing that they should stay by themselves, like most honeymoon couples.

"Nonsense. I don't want to coop you up like somebody in a harem," he said. She did not know how to tell him that she'd rather have been cooped. Sometimes she was frightened by the watching eyes, the whispers and excited attention which followed them everywhere they went.

"You ain't seen nothin' yet," Martin said, grinning. "Wait till we hit the cameras at Honolulu. There'll be six reporters under every lei. We played in incredible luck, getting off without them. Come on; there's a little horse race down in the lower lounge."

SHE was learning something about Martin: that, under his deceptively slow easy manner, he was driven by a devil of restlessness. He would have tired out most girls. He nearly tired out strong-bodied small Eileen.

They ran the gantlet of the prophesied reporters as they met the Roly Perrines on the dock at Honolulu. The gossip columns, the picture papers got them. At the hotel the day the mails came, Eileen, unused to the cheerful impertinences of the columnists, cried for an hour on the deep-cushioned chaise longue at the foot of the bed, the papers scattered round her on the floor. Martin's step across the floor stopped her. He looked puzzled at the idea that she minded, but he was kind enough. "It comes with the fixtures, kid," he said. "Don't let it get you down—if that's what it is."

"What else could it be?" she said. But she felt comforted.

She loved Honolulu; she was happy with Martin. Half the people at the big hotel knew him and shouted welcomes to him and his bride. There were the everlasting guitars in the moonlight. There was dancing half the wonderful nights. They lay about on the sands, or swam. They sat with drinks at little tables. They drove to plantations where more people knew Martin and the crowd that drifted with them. There were navy people, shipboard dances. Half the young officers in their whites, of course, knew Martin too. She realized that everywhere she went there would always be people who were Martin's old pals. And, presently, that all his old pals regarded her marriage to him just as Lewis Delevan and Caroline Dempster did—as if she had landed the top prize in a sweepstakes.

She always remembered the moment when this first hit her. They were on one of the battleships, and she and Martin had been dancing together. They had paused, slipping off into a shadowy place by the rail, as if he wanted to be alone with her. He was smiling down and saying, "You know, Caroline was right. You *are* like a gardenia. That sort of skin. And your eyes. I don't know why big brown eyes should make you like a gardenia." . . . He was half laughing, but he had bent to kiss her, like any bridegroom snatching his moment, when a voice spoke from a deeper shadow somewhere behind them:

"Did you see the girl who pulled off marrying Dane?"

The whole thing stood out sharp for the rest of her life. The moon, big and low on the water. The shadowy deck. The whimpering guitars playing Waikiki between the dances. And the sick terrified hurt feeling that shot all through her, who had been as happy before as a child at a party. Martin, as he stood away from her, tall and quiet, lighting a cigarette in cupped hands.

A man's cheerful voice answered, "No. Anybody who could snake him off Caroline has what it takes. How come?"

"Somebody said he went slumming with his mother and met her working on gents'

(*Continued on page 24*)

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(Continued from page 22) clothing," the girl's voice giggled. " Just a change, you know. She looks all right—little and rather cute; long eyelashes. I haven't heard her talk."

" You have to hand it to her. It will end in a swell settlement for little Dimbovitza or whatever her name is, and back to some original dream man with a good radio or movie engagement *and* the piece of cash."

The band crashed, and the unseen couple slipped away.

Martin said, exactly as if he had heard nothing, " Somebody looking for you for this one? Want to go back? "

His face was as unmoved and pleasant in the bright moonlight as always.

" Did you hear them? Oh, Martin, they're wicked! "

He laughed. " You'll have to get used to living in a goldfish bowl. Come along."

She clutched his arm, her face tipped up to his in the moonlight, savagely shaking back her brown curls. " It isn't so! If you hadn't a penny. *Say* it! "

" Certainly. If I hadn't a penny. Which would be a nuisance. I'd hate it."

He drew her along, back into the circle of the floodlight, dancing in his arms. She thrilled helplessly as his hold tightened. She was so crazy over him that he must understand. The world thought like these people; she'd been a romantic little nut to forget that it would. But not Martin. Not Martin!

She should be happy. She would be. She would awaken that aliveness and interest which she had not seen again.

But it took a Hawaiian surf which had frightened all the whites ashore to waken it. That was the next thing she learned about him: his passion for physical risks. She hadn't realized where he was, what he was doing, till little Robin Perrine screamed.

Then she saw him. Out on the surfboard, riding the terrible white breakers that nobody could ride—that nobody had any business to ride. The guards, who had bullied everybody else ashore, letting it happen because he was the millionaire Martin Dane. And she couldn't scream or swim out to him or anything an ordinary bride would have done . . .

He was in, safe, shouting, laughing at them. Not tired; not even serious. He went on laughing and talking as he sent a boy up the beach for cigarettes and a drink. The edge of danger was what whipped him up to normal interest and pleasure. What had done it before. Eileen made herself smile as he threw himself down by the group, the way you smile at a difficult customer when you want to scream.

" Hey, Dane," one of the men said. " You'll have to cut out the fifty-seven varieties of suicidal mania, now you have a frau."

Martin only laughed and said, throwing a wet arm around Eileen's bare shoulders, " Not a bit of it. Eileen's more of the same. Isn't she, Roly? You tell 'em about the way she took that rotten ice. A man can't promote his own wife, can he, kid? "

THE Perrines were telling the story eagerly to the group. Martin listened, with what seemed like a man's normal pride in his wife's doings, to the tales of her ski flight down the thawing snow, over the sagging ice, to save Robin. " Just the same," Roly ended, " Eileen was scared stiff over you just now. Risking yourself is one thing. Watching a brand-new husband ask for trouble is something else again."

Eileen wondered how cheerful stupid Roly could know that, when Martin didn't. For he only laughed again and said, " Not Eileen! "

Later, in their suite, she said in a voice she tried to make casual, " Martin, why do you take risks like that? "

" For the kick, of course." He smiled over his shoulder at her. He was standing by the window in a Japanese beach robe, his hair ruffled. Her heart jumped. Being with him alone like this was excitement and delight enough for her. But it wasn't enough for him to have her leaning there across the vanity, young and soft and half dressed.

She only said, " I don't understand."

He said sharply, his face and eyes still brilliant with excitement: " Because crazy chances are the only adventures I have left me. My father and grandfather spent their lives in the biggest excitement of their times, the fight up through industry. My money's carefully canned in a sound trust; turn the handle and the income pours out. They wanted to save me trouble! My mother took one of the few ways a high-powered executive's wife had to keep from being swept under by his sheer drive. She went in for causes. She's copped 'em all off—suffrage, pacifism. I could trail round as her lieutenant, but I'm like the man in the musical comedy, I don't take orders well. I had a vague idea once about philanthropy; but Lewis Delevan is a professional—he handles my charities much better than I possibly could. My money's robbed me even of—"

He checked himself in the middle of his angry speech, suddenly changing to his usual self.

" Of even the chance of courting your wife," Eileen said bitterly.

HE came over and kissed her neck. " Don't look for trouble," he said. " You said it, I didn't."

" But you think it's true."

He said composedly, " With any one who has all my money it has to be true, Eileen. I learned by the time I was six years old that people thought of my money first and me afterward. I don't bear malice; it's just a trait of human nature."

" With—everybody? " She almost whispered it.

" Come on, darling; time we dressed."

She was being walled out again. She wouldn't take it.

" You shan't believe it—you shan't. It isn't true. I'll show you it isn't true! " she said passionately. She ran over to him, gripping his arms, almost shaking him in her intensity. But he only dropped another kiss on her hair. " You're a sweet kid," he said, and went to dress.

But she would show him. She would! Sooner or later she'd get it through his head that one person in the world liked him, not his money.

They were dining and dancing at somebody's sugar plantation, out under the sky in the moonlight, to the inevitable Hawaiian guitars. She dressed with special care. Martin mustn't be ashamed of the little outsider he'd found on a sidewalk outside a flower shop.

She really liked her hostess, unexpectedly: a gentle dark girl, friendly and half asleep, who didn't exclaim over her or say how thrilled she was about the marriage. And then she heard the crackling swish of wheels on gravel, and her hostess' soft lazy voice saying, " Surprise, everybody! Look what got in on this afternoon's plane! "

Caroline Dempster. Of course! Caroline. . . . Well, she and not Caroline was married to Martin. Nothing Caroline could do. And yet, the old antagonism and the old fear crept through her under her flowered ninon frock, prickling up to the roots of her freshly done curls.

Caroline's cool angelic fairness hadn't changed. She ran up the steps in a swirl of white lace skirts, her curve of fair hair dancing against her narrow shoulders, laughing, kissing, greeting. Making a particular fuss over Eileen. Presently she was starting something, as usual. Dragging them all off to the Hawaiian Village—" the only thing I really came down here for! "

The hostess and host were no match for her. Presently the party were all at tables under colored lights. The place was roofless, netted against the sky, with palms at the corners. The steel guitars whined swing. She was up and dancing with Roly. She felt safer with the Perrines than any one else.

" Shame we haven't got the Grants and that Delevan man—the earnest worker, you know," Roly said, grinning. " If we had, we'd have a reunion. . . . You know—' if we had some ham—' Poor Grant, you had him going. Bolted for Spain, somebody said, when Martin beat him to it."

" Martin says," Eileen said lightly to avoid answering this about Bill Grant, " that Lewis Delevan never goes anywhere for anything less than an interview with Harry Hopkins."

" He can spend his life with Harry, for all me," Roly said. " Too noble and spellbinding for comfort. Nice world—why mess things up? " *(Continued on page 26)*

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(Continued from page 24) Eileen gasped. Nice world! . . . Well, of course Roly's corner of it *was* safe. She wished she could see Lewis. He would be stern, she supposed, but maybe he could help her. He had been an outsider, too. The tall flying figures, Martin's and Caroline's, flashed past, whirling and laughing. They danced as if they had been doing it together always.

She and Robina were at the table alone for the moment, when the girl—just enough in the wind to be frank—said, "I never did like Caroline much, Eileen, but she's being a sport. About you and Martin, I mean. Everybody's had them married for a year. When they got up the skiing party, we thought it was an announcement. . . . I like you better," Robina said in her flat child's voice, "but—d'you know? Good joke on Caroline."

Caroline was apparently taking the joke well. As the party streamed its reluctant way home she said, "You and I must get together. Childhood friend of bridegroom, you know. Hasn't lost a Martin but gained an Eileen—all that. I'm all tied up ahead already for ages. . . . Breakfast, my hotel tomorrow morning round nine thirty?"

Eileen said, "Swell!" Not that she wanted to.

MARTIN only said, when she told him next morning where she was bound, "Be back by eleven?"

She nodded, one white-shod foot on the car step, smiling at him through the rosy transparent brim of her big sun hat. "Word of honor!" (And sooner than that, if she could manage!)

"Good kid. You always do keep your word."

Caroline, like a fair tall page in her white slacks, ran calling out down the hotel steps, and carried her off, talking and laughing, to a group of little outdoor tables under an awning.

"It's too wonderful out here to drag you into the dining room," she said. "And we're more alone, at this hour."

They talked conventionalities over the coffee and pineapple slices. Neither girl actually ate. Presently a silence fell which Eileen did not break. Caroline's face quieted to a pleasant hardness.

She said, across the cleared table, "And now, let's talk business." Her voice was neutral, amiable, like a saleswoman's.

"I don't know of any there is to discuss."

"Martin's my business. He has been since we went to kindergarten. He practically jilted me when he went haywire and married you on one of those fool playboy impulses. I know Martin right through. Nine tenths of the time smooth and easy and what the hell does it matter. The other tenth, right over Niagara Falls in a barrel! Once he came back from Afghanistan or somewhere with two snow leopards, and kept them in the room with him. Once he domesticated a tramp he found on a fortnight's walking tour through Florida. I saw him through those and some more. I'm seeing him through this. I hope you'll save us both time and nervous strain by talking straight. What are your plans about the marriage?"

Eileen stood up and said, "I have none except to make my husband as good a wife as I know how. Good-by."

Caroline said, "Sit down or I'll shriek the place down. Do you want some more stuff in the papers? It'll spoil things, you dumbbell. Sit *down!*"

For Martin's sake, she mustn't make a scene. Get it over and go. She sat down.

"You can't plan to waste much time on Martin," Caroline pursued quietly. "You must want to get back to that Greek florist who's your sweetie."

Eileen said, "If you know Aristides liked me, you must know too that I didn't like him."

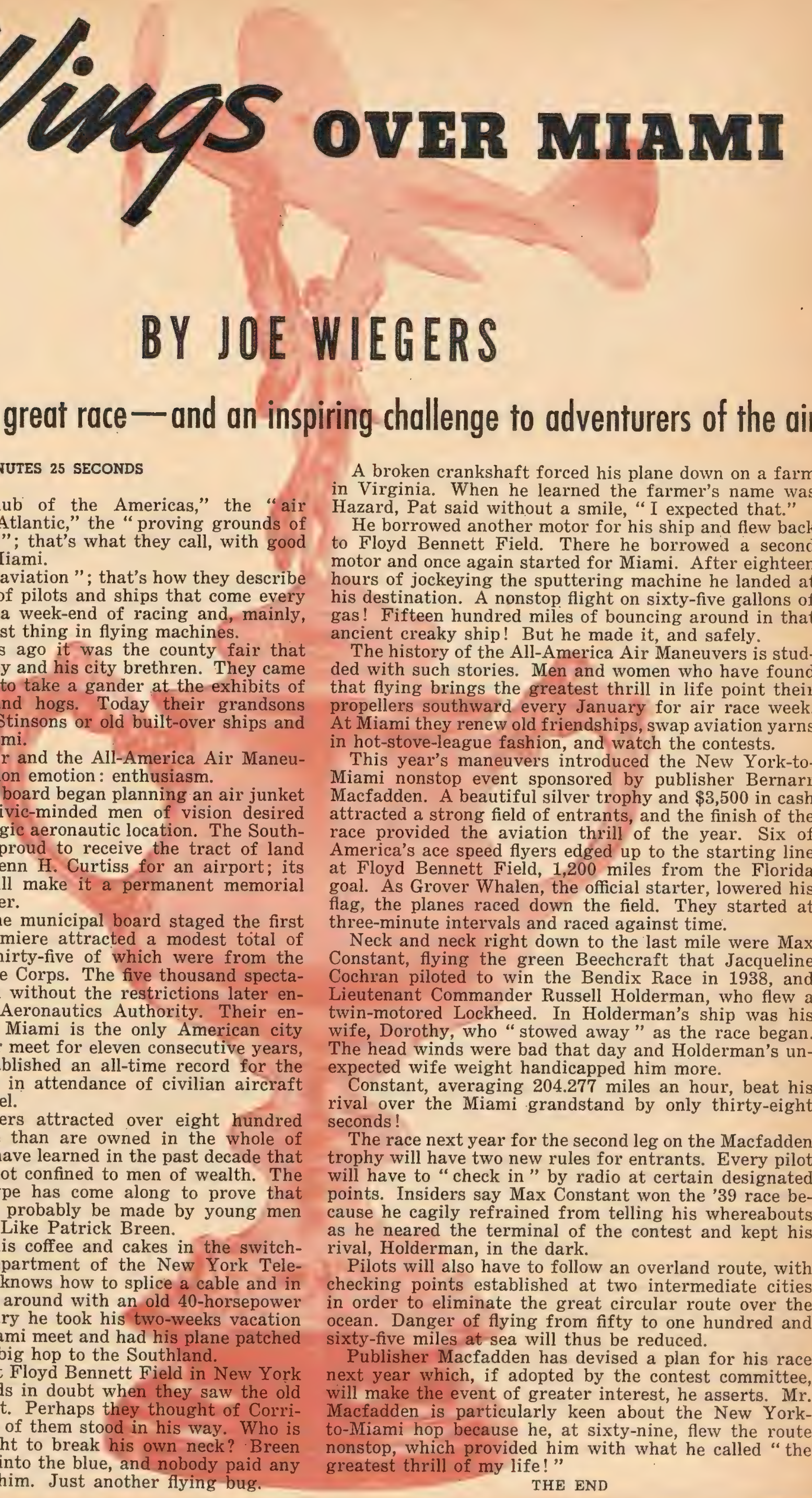
"That's very thin, Eileen. Martin took a chance with you, and lost. You began, being bright, by picking up what I said—that a woman has a chance to court a man and have him take it, just like the other way about. I'd heard Mrs. Dane say it a dozen times, of course. Martin fell for it. Just one more crazy sporting proposition to amuse the poor little rich boy. He's a push-over for them, however you knew it. And dumb luck, and being small enough to be able to, made you take the only other line he was a push-over for. You took the kind of risk he takes himself. And I, all knocked out, the fool, weeping into a tree instead of registering heroism! Well, skip that. Didn't mean to get excited. Here's the nub. You want out, with enough to make your time worth while. I want you out. So does Martin. So, for goodness' sake, let's cut the conventional line and get at it."

EILEEN tried to speak, but Caroline interrupted: "You're getting me wrong. I'm not blaming you. Any hard-up girl with wits would have done what you did—with a rake-off out of nine millions that means a night-club spot and prosperity for life with your good-looking Greek boy. But I don't want to wait. You might consider my side of it. It's simply rotten publicity, under the circumstances. You might be decent and not stall any longer."

"Apparently nothing can make you believe I'm in love with Martin and want to stay married to him, so I won't try," Eileen said. "But the answer is *No,* and never dare to speak to me about it again! Now, scream if you like," Eileen said, smiling as conventionally as Caroline had. "Thanks for the party."

Can Eileen stay married to Martin? Is it possible for her to fight successfully against Caroline and hold the wandering interests of her playboy husband? What is the next strategic move? Next week's Liberty will give you a breath-taking surprise and shock.

Wings OVER MIAMI



BY JOE WIEGERS

The story of a great race—and an inspiring challenge to adventurers of the air

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

THE "aviation hub of the Americas," the "air Gibraltar of the Atlantic," the "proving grounds of aviation progress"; that's what they call, with good reason, the City of Miami.

"The Olympics of aviation"; that's how they describe the annual meeting of pilots and ships that come every year to Florida for a week-end of racing and, mainly, for a look at the latest thing in flying machines.

A few generations ago it was the county fair that attracted farmer Grey and his city brethren. They came great distances just to take a gander at the exhibits of harnesses, horses, and hogs. Today their grandsons climb into all-metal Stinsons or old built-over ships and gun their way to Miami.

The old county fair and the All-America Air Maneuvers provoke a common emotion: enthusiasm.

Miami's municipal board began planning an air junket in 1927, when six civic-minded men of vision desired to promote the strategic aeronautic location. The Southern metropolis was proud to receive the tract of land given by the late Glenn H. Curtiss for an airport; its final construction will make it a permanent memorial to the aviation pioneer.

Two years later the municipal board staged the first show. The 1929 premiere attracted a modest total of seventy-five ships, thirty-five of which were from the Army and the Marine Corps. The five thousand spectators roamed the field without the restrictions later enforced by the Civil Aeronautics Authority. Their enthusiasm took root. Miami is the only American city which has held an air meet for eleven consecutive years, and last year it established an all-time record for the Western Hemisphere in attendance of civilian aircraft and aviation personnel.

The 1939 maneuvers attracted over eight hundred civilian planes, more than are owned in the whole of Europe. Americans have learned in the past decade that flying as a sport is not confined to men of wealth. The Douglas Corrigan type has come along to prove that aviation history will probably be made by young men of the middle class. Like Patrick Breen.

Pat Breen earns his coffee and cakes in the switchboard installation department of the New York Telephone Company. He knows how to splice a cable and in spare moments plays around with an old 40-horsepower Aeronca. Last January he took his two-weeks vacation at the time of the Miami meet and had his plane patched and polished for the big hop to the Southland.

Veteran aviators at Floyd Bennett Field in New York City shook their heads in doubt when they saw the old crate Breen rolled out. Perhaps they thought of Corrigan's flight, for none of them stood in his way. Who is to judge a man's right to break his own neck? Breen wheezed off the field into the blue, and nobody paid any further attention to him. Just another flying bug.

A broken crankshaft forced his plane down on a farm in Virginia. When he learned the farmer's name was Hazard, Pat said without a smile, "I expected that."

He borrowed another motor for his ship and flew back to Floyd Bennett Field. There he borrowed a second motor and once again started for Miami. After eighteen hours of jockeying the sputtering machine he landed at his destination. A nonstop flight on sixty-five gallons of gas! Fifteen hundred miles of bouncing around in that ancient creaky ship! But he made it, and safely.

The history of the All-America Air Maneuvers is studded with such stories. Men and women who have found that flying brings the greatest thrill in life point their propellers southward every January for air race week. At Miami they renew old friendships, swap aviation yarns in hot-stove-league fashion, and watch the contests.

This year's maneuvers introduced the New York-to-Miami nonstop event sponsored by publisher Bernarr Macfadden. A beautiful silver trophy and $3,500 in cash attracted a strong field of entrants, and the finish of the race provided the aviation thrill of the year. Six of America's ace speed flyers edged up to the starting line at Floyd Bennett Field, 1,200 miles from the Florida goal. As Grover Whalen, the official starter, lowered his flag, the planes raced down the field. They started at three-minute intervals and raced against time.

Neck and neck right down to the last mile were Max Constant, flying the green Beechcraft that Jacqueline Cochran piloted to win the Bendix Race in 1938, and Lieutenant Commander Russell Holderman, who flew a twin-motored Lockheed. In Holderman's ship was his wife, Dorothy, who "stowed away" as the race began. The head winds were bad that day and Holderman's unexpected wife weight handicapped him more.

Constant, averaging 204.277 miles an hour, beat his rival over the Miami grandstand by only thirty-eight seconds!

The race next year for the second leg on the Macfadden trophy will have two new rules for entrants. Every pilot will have to "check in" by radio at certain designated points. Insiders say Max Constant won the '39 race because he cagily refrained from telling his whereabouts as he neared the terminal of the contest and kept his rival, Holderman, in the dark.

Pilots will also have to follow an overland route, with checking points established at two intermediate cities in order to eliminate the great circular route over the ocean. Danger of flying from fifty to one hundred and sixty-five miles at sea will thus be reduced.

Publisher Macfadden has devised a plan for his race next year which, if adopted by the contest committee, will make the event of greater interest, he asserts. Mr. Macfadden is particularly keen about the New York-to-Miami hop because he, at sixty-nine, flew the route nonstop, which provided him with what he called "the greatest thrill of my life!"

THE END

To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

WITH vacation days drawing near, I thought it seasonable to get you some expert advice about summertime care of the hair. Went to Jessica Ogilvie, president of the famous hair institute conducted by the seven Ogilvie sisters, Gladys, Clara, Jessica, Elizabeth, Georgina, Anne, and Mabel. Their business has grown to be international, since they now have branches in London and Paris, as well as in Washington and New York.

"*Shipwrecked hair*," Jessica told me, "is our name for hair damaged by salt water. We treat thousands of cases every autumn, and they could all be prevented. No girl should go salt-water bathing without a cap. One of America's champion girl swimmers who *didn't* wear a cap became as bald as your knee at nineteen."

Have your hair cut shorter in summer, says Jessica, or do it up on the top of your head. Fresh air at the roots will stimulate scalp circulation, on which healthy hair depends. . . . Rub a lubricant cream on your eyebrows and eyelashes after sea bathing, so the sun and salt water won't make them too brittle. . . . Wear a hat or tie on a big handkerchief when riding long distances in an open car.

Three of the Ogilvie girls are redheads, five have natural curls, but Gladys and Jessica are straight-haired—and *that* was what started the family enterprise. In their teens Gladys and Jessica almost ruined their hair, crimping it to attract the boys. Learning how to restore their own tresses gave them an early impetus toward hair-doctoring. . . . Are they superstitious about their success? I'll tell you what Jessica said: "*Seven* sisters in partnership. *Seven* letters in our name. *Seven* letters in the first name of the presiding sister, that's me, and I was born in July, the *seventh* month."

☆ I know an elderly lady who has served as nurse to small children at the homes of three families living miles apart and totally unacquainted. Every one loves her, parents and kids alike, she is so affectionately associated with all their memories of baby love. Even as the children mature, no intimate reunion seems quite complete without her, so between the three families she has been kept too briskly on the scamper, considering her age. Now, for her sake, the three households have consulted and, although utter strangers, have agreed henceforth to hold their celebrations together.

Every one who has raised children will understand, I think, the fondness these people feel for the "Nannie" who helped them bring their little ones up.

☆ After taking life easy through most of his college career, a young man I know has been inspired all of a sudden to work hard and graduate with honors, hoping his pa will then be quick to set him up in business. . . . A girl is his inspiration, of course, but not in the usual way. . . . One of his fraternity brothers, who graduated last year, recently opened an office for *himself*, with a private secretary of stunning gorgeousness. He hired her by walking into a large employment bureau, having 156 girls lined up in a row, and simply picking the prettiest of the lot. . . . "That's what *I'm* going to do," says the other young man, "and I can hardly wait to get out of college to do it!"

What odds would you give on a bet that these two business boys don't marry their secretaries?

☆ Style trends keep pace with world affairs. Latest proof is the news from Paris, saying amber jewelry will be in high vogue next fall. Amber comes chiefly from Danzig, the city the newspaper headlines have been thundering about as a danger spot in the geography of possible war.

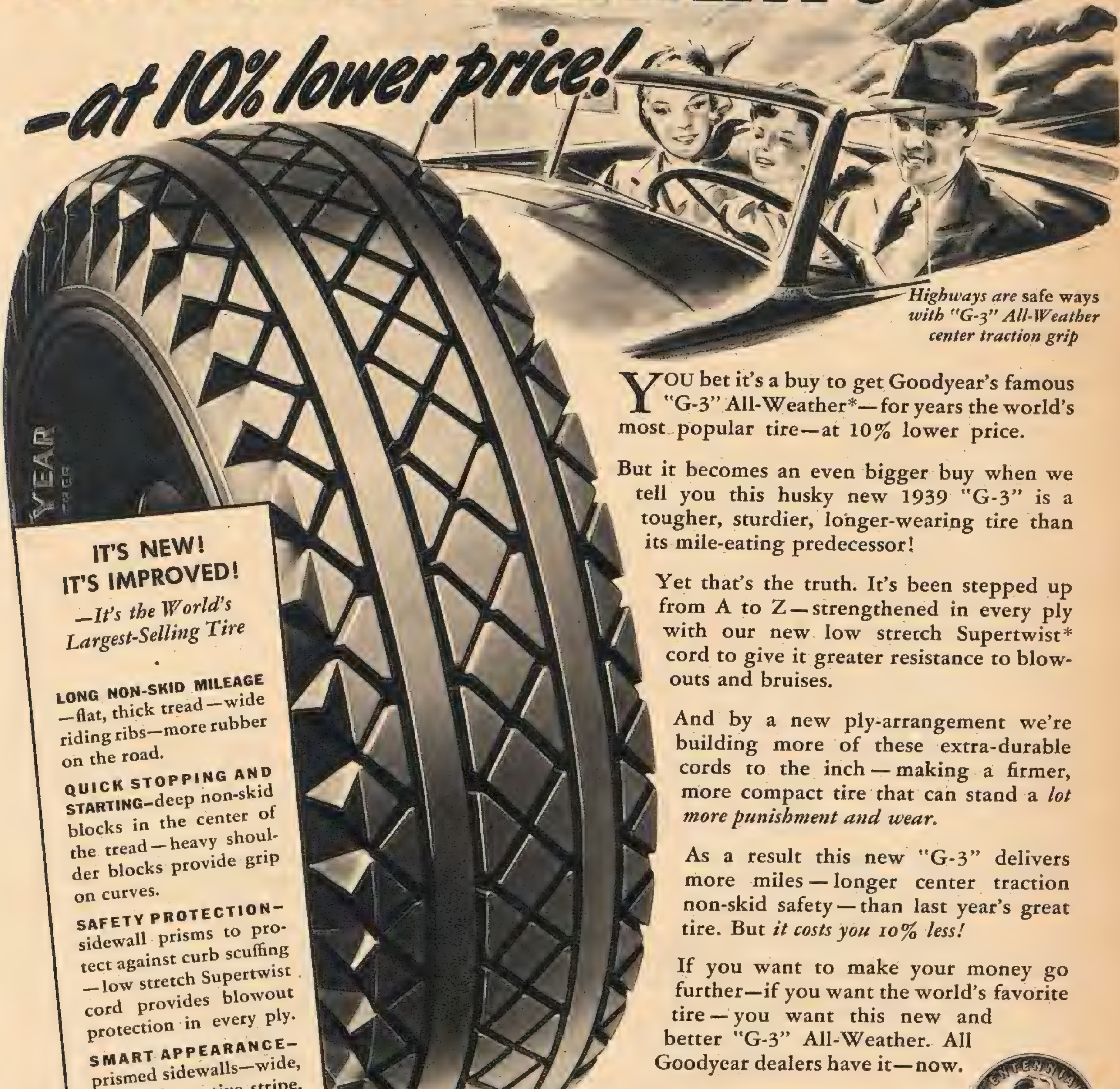
☆ If you want to follow the very newest theatergoing fashion, be a *last-nighter* instead of a first-nighter. Some of the most discriminating drama lovers now make it a point to attend the final showing of any good play done by a good company. For sentiment's sake, they say, nearly all first-class actresses and actors put an extra touch of talent into the last performance of a play they have liked and succeeded in.

☆ *Lobster Roasted with Whisky!* . . . This surprising recipe comes from Madame Prunier's Fish Cookery Book (just published by Julian Messner, Inc.). Mme. Prunier is a daughter of the late Emile Prunier, whose Paris establishment has long been Europe's most celebrated sea-food restaurant. I consider the new book an essential item in the kitchen library of any practicing gourmet. Crosby Gaige of theater and culinary fame adapted it for American use. Ambrose Heath edited it. And here's how you make Mme. Prunier's delectable lobster-whisky roast: . . . Cut lobster in half lengthwise. Break the claws. Place in baking pan, shell side down. Salt and pepper, and on each half put 2 tablespoons melted butter mixed with dry mustard. Sprinkle on a few white bread crumbs browned in oven. Roast the lobster 15 minutes or a little longer, basting well. To serve, pour butter from baking pan over lobster; add a small glass of whisky and set alight; then finish by basting again with the butter. Send to table red-hot.

THE BRIDE WAS UNFAIR TO ME J.M.Brown
JUST MARRIED
davis

What a buy! A TOUGHER LONGER-WEARING "G³"

—at 10% lower price!



Highways are safe ways with "G-3" All-Weather center traction grip

IT'S NEW!
IT'S IMPROVED!
—It's the World's Largest-Selling Tire

•

LONG NON-SKID MILEAGE—flat, thick tread—wide riding ribs—more rubber on the road.

QUICK STOPPING AND STARTING—deep non-skid blocks in the center of the tread—heavy shoulder blocks provide grip on curves.

SAFETY PROTECTION—sidewall prisms to protect against curb scuffing—low stretch Supertwist cord provides blowout protection in every ply.

SMART APPEARANCE—prismed sidewalls—wide, etched decorative stripe.

YOU bet it's a buy to get Goodyear's famous "G-3" All-Weather*—for years the world's most popular tire—at 10% lower price.

But it becomes an even bigger buy when we tell you this husky new 1939 "G-3" is a tougher, sturdier, longer-wearing tire than its mile-eating predecessor!

Yet that's the truth. It's been stepped up from A to Z—strengthened in every ply with our new low stretch Supertwist* cord to give it greater resistance to blowouts and bruises.

And by a new ply-arrangement we're building more of these extra-durable cords to the inch—making a firmer, more compact tire that can stand a *lot more punishment and wear.*

As a result this new "G-3" delivers more miles—longer center traction non-skid safety—than last year's great tire. But *it costs you 10% less!*

If you want to make your money go further—if you want the world's favorite tire—you want this new and better "G-3" All-Weather. All Goodyear dealers have it—now.

A centennial product of The Greatest Name in Rubber

*Trade-marks of The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

GOODYEAR

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

MR. POPE'S Thoroughbred

READING TIME
14 MINUTES 27 SECONDS

BY WALTER BROOKS

I GUESS I have told you about that talking horse of Wilbur Pope's. Mr. Pope was an account executive with the advertising firm of Weatherbee Overstreet & Ochiltree and he lived in Mount Kisco with Mrs. Pope who was tall and dark and beautiful and one eighth Spanish. She had slanting languid eyes that a lot of young men in Mount Kisco and neighboring towns drove over to Mr. Pope's on Saturdays and Sundays to look into while drinking Mr. Pope's liquor. Those slanting eyes are lovely to look at but don't mean a thing. At least they seldom mean what you think they mean.

But don't get me started on Mrs. Pope. I want to tell you about Mr. Pope's horse. He was pretty plain even for a horse and his name was Ed. The only remarkable thing about him was that he could talk. As a matter of fact Ed says that all horses can talk. But they don't because he says What would it get them? And if you think about that you see it's so.

So while the neighbors were gazing into Mrs. Pope's eyes Ed and Mr. Pope clumped around over the Westchester hills occasionally stopping at a dog stand for a bottle of beer. They could have had all the beer in Westchester for there was always somebody ready to stand Ed a bottle or two just to see the way he took the neck in his teeth and tipped it up and let it gurgle down without swallowing. But usually after a few bottles they would go off somewhere and sit and talk.

Ed had no ambition and so he was good company. He could talk about most anything and very sensibly too. He was rather coarse sometimes but coarseness is refreshing to the healthy minded and after all he'd been brought up in a stable. The only thing he and Mr. Pope fundamentally disagreed on was Mrs. Pope. Those languid eyes meant nothing but bad temper to him and when he'd had one or two beers over the quota he'd sometimes say so.

Well usually Mr. Pope wouldn't argue for he was proud in a way of Mrs. Pope's temper which he called temperament. But sometimes he'd try to defend her to Ed and then the argument—particularly if it was well laced with beer—got pretty acrimonious. And at last one day Mr. Pope got so mad he wouldn't talk to Ed any more.

Well they were sitting under a tree by the roadside a couple of miles from home and Ed got on the subject of Mrs. Pope's admirers. Maybe I'm kind of old fashioned about some things he said but I don't like the way she kind of gives some of those boys the eye. Maybe she don't mean anything but folks notice it. And you know Wilbur I ain't strict but your wife ought to be like what they say about who's this—Potiphar's wife. Potiphar's! said Mr. Pope. Sure said Ed Above suspicion. Gosh Ed even for a horse you're not very well read said Mr. Pope. You mean Caesar's. But Ed was stubborn and stuck to Potiphar's wife and so Mr. Pope lay back and pulled his hat over his eyes and pretended to go to sleep.

Ed wandered around a while and ate a few daisies and then he came back and said Hey Wilbur what's the use getting sore? I'm not sore Ed said Mr. Pope I'm just disgusted. O yeah? said Ed Well how about me? I don't blame you for sticking up for your wife. After all you must like her or you wouldn't have married her. And if you like to be a doormat half the time and a standing joke the other half that's your business. But what makes me good and sick is your not standing up for me when she gets on that line about how disreputable I look and why don't you send me to the boneyard and get a decent horse.

You know perfectly well that's just talk said Mr. Pope. See here Ed if you can't be pleasant why don't you keep still? It's getting so you spoil all our rides with this kind of stuff. I've a good mind to sell you at that and get a dumb horse.

Well that made Ed angrier than ever and one word led to another and finally Mr. Pope got so mad that he jumped up and started off down the road. Ed followed a little ways but he had his pride and when Mr. Pope wouldn't look at him he turned off into a field so Mr. Pope walked home.

So Ed trotted along home the back way and when Mr. Pope came limping up the drive there was Ed in the middle of the lawn and a little knot of people with glasses in their hands were standing looking at him. When they caught sight of Mr. Pope they gave a shout and Mrs. Pope came running and threw herself around his neck and sobbed hysterically O darling are you all right? I thought you'd been thrown and were lying somewhere in a ditch with a b-broken neck!

Well riding boots aren't made for walking and Mr. Pope had plodded two miles under a July sun so he just said Sure sure I'm all right and hooked Ed's bridle over his arm and led him up to the corner of the porch and hitched him. Mrs. Pope went with him with her arm around him and Mr. Pope gave the horse a triumphant look. But Ed just stared at him sullenly and then looked away. So he went up on the porch and some one pushed a glass into his hand and shoved him into a chair. And then they all wanted to know what had happened.

Well it was the usual crowd of Mrs. Pope's friends—Fitch Parmenter and Georgie Van Slyke and the Lawtons and Annabelle Stanton—but they all seemed strangely polite and they were being almost deferential to a slim dark man who somehow gave the impression of being in white tie and tails although he was dressed as carelessly as the other men. And then Mrs. Pope said Wilbur I don't think you know Count Peyras—Count Peyras my husband.

The Count bowed as if he was doing a jackknife dive and Mr. Pope struggled to rise and then gave up and said How do you do—er—Count. As soon as he heard the name he knew who the Count was. He was a Spaniard who had come to America in the early days of the Spanish Revolution. He had come with a manner and an idea and as a Spanish title was something new in a day when Russian titles had dropped to three for a dollar he had been able to capitalize them very profitably. He made a line of products which he had called Ancien Régime and under such names as Grandee and Hidalgo and Aragon had built up a nice business in the luxury belt. It was an account that would have plumed the hat of any advertising man in New York but Mr. Pope knew it was no use. Peyras was Georgie Van Slyke's client and Georgie's introductions were priceless to him for not only did Georgie have both feet firmly planted in the Social Register but his sister had married a duke.

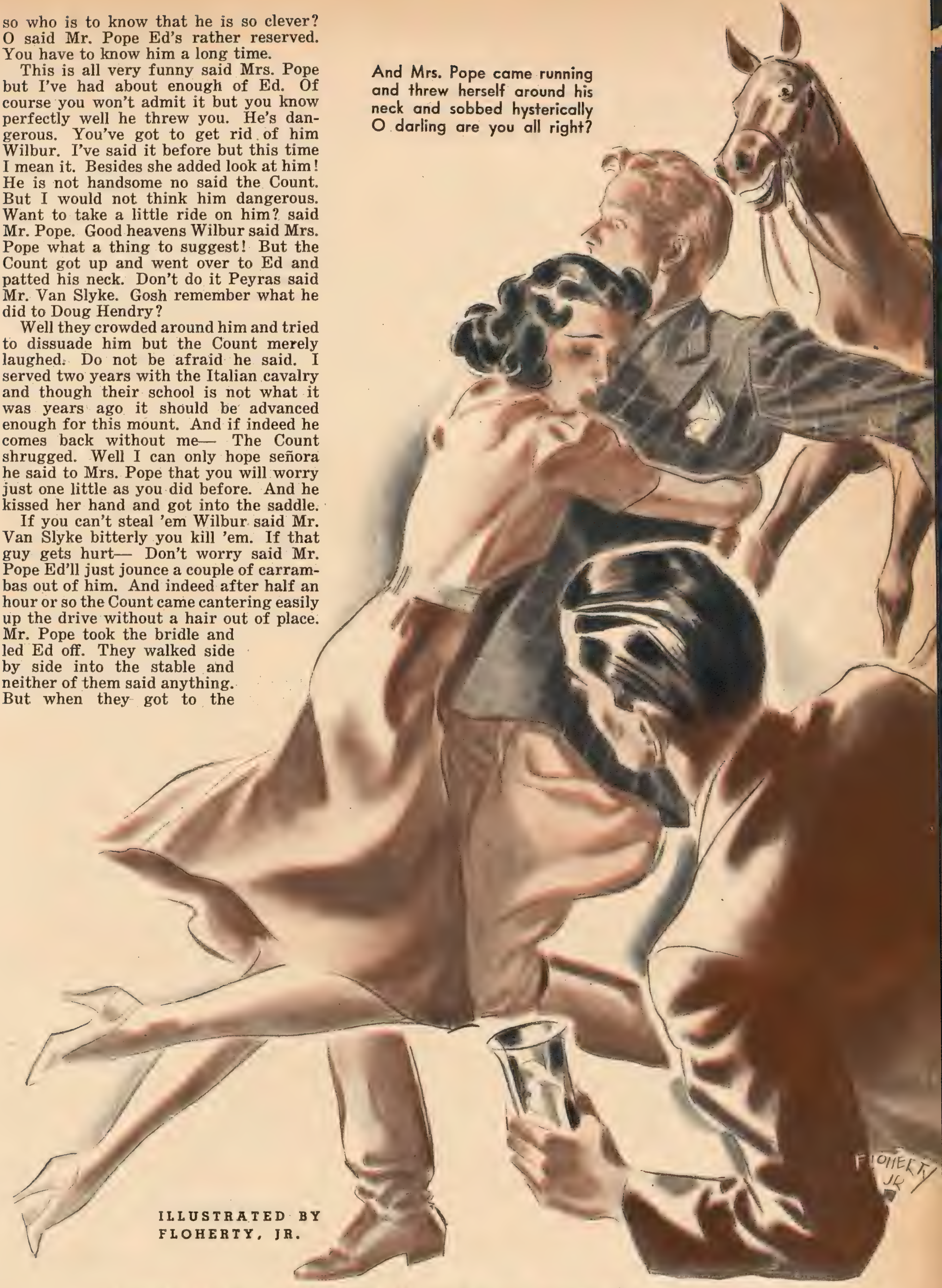
So Mr. Pope sighed and as Mrs. Pope asked again rather impatiently what had happened he said O Ed and I had a disagreement so I walked home. Why didn't you ride? said Mrs. Pope. And Fitch Parmenter said Made you walk did he? Don't you know enough to carry carfare when you go out with him? I should think you could tell just by looking at him.

I don't think I understand said Peyras. You are angry with your horse and so you refuse to ride him home? But that is temperament! That is as a Spaniard might act. Ha! said Mr. Pope You hear that Ed? And then he said No I was just mad at a remark he made. My husband insists said Mrs. Pope that Ed talks to him when they are out together. Ah? said the Count. Yes I think I have heard of this horse. But he talks only to Mr. Pope so who is to know that he is so clever? O said Mr. Pope Ed's rather reserved. You have to know him a long time.

This is all very funny said Mrs. Pope but I've had about enough of Ed. Of course you won't admit it but you know perfectly well he threw you. He's dangerous. You've got to get rid of him Wilbur. I've said it before but this time I mean it. Besides she added look at him! He is not handsome no said the Count. But I would not think him dangerous. Want to take a little ride on him? said Mr. Pope. Good heavens Wilbur said Mrs. Pope what a thing to suggest! But the Count got up and went over to Ed and patted his neck. Don't do it Peyras said Mr. Van Slyke. Gosh remember what he did to Doug Hendry?

Well they crowded around him and tried to dissuade him but the Count merely laughed. Do not be afraid he said. I served two years with the Italian cavalry and though their school is not what it was years ago it should be advanced enough for this mount. And if indeed he comes back without me— The Count shrugged. Well I can only hope señora he said to Mrs. Pope that you will worry just one little as you did before. And he kissed her hand and got into the saddle.

If you can't steal 'em Wilbur said Mr. Van Slyke bitterly you kill 'em. If that guy gets hurt— Don't worry said Mr. Pope Ed'll just jounce a couple of carrambas out of him. And indeed after half an hour or so the Count came cantering easily up the drive without a hair out of place. Mr. Pope took the bridle and led Ed off. They walked side by side into the stable and neither of them said anything. But when they got to the



And Mrs. Pope came running and threw herself around his neck and sobbed hysterically O darling are you all right?

ILLUSTRATED BY FLOHERTY, JR.

Laughs! Here's Ed, the talking horse, again—in a sparkling new tale of hilarious blackmail and the happy outwitting of a wife

Protects the Finish FOR Vacation Travel

SIMONIZ WITHSTANDS ANY CLIMATE OR WEATHER

You can drive along the beach, across the desert, through forest trails—anywhere you want to go—and still your car stays beautiful, *if Simonized.* A secret ingredient keeps the finish safe. *Simoniz takes the beating*—all the wear and tear the lacquer or enamel would otherwise get. Besides, it makes your car easy to keep clean. Grimy travel-stains wipe right off with a dry cloth . . . and the finish comes up bright as ever.

IF YOUR CAR IS DULL . . .

Before applying Simoniz, use Simoniz Kleener. It cleans the lacquer or enamel thoroughly and safely. Stops finish decay. Restores the natural lustre . . . All in one quick, easy operation!

MOTORISTS WISE

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SIMONIZ KLEENER MOTORISTS WISE SIMONIZ

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NEW EASY WAY TO USE!

(SEE DIRECTIONS ON CAN)

watering trough Mr. Pope lugged a bottle of whisky out of his pocket and uncorked it. Hey Ed he said better have a little of this first to cut the water. I sneaked it off the table while they were admiring his lordship.

Then you ain't mad at me any more? Ed said. Sure I'm mad at you said Mr. Pope but that don't mean I'd cut off your liquor. Or sell me down the river? said Ed. Well I don't know Ed I don't know said Mr. Pope doubtfully. I do wish you'd make some effort to please Carlotta. Well I tell you Wilbur said Ed I got to take back some of the things I said. She was certainly all stewed up when I came back without you. But boy! the things she said about me! That's what I mean said Mr. Pope. Couldn't you spruce up a little? Hold your head up and prance. You know the kind of thing she likes. Count Peyras— When you say that smile said Ed. That guy ain't any more of a Spaniard than I am. And that reminds me—how'd you like to have his advertising account? I've as much chance of that said Mr. Pope as you have of a blue ribbon at the horse show.

WE might get both at that said the horse. Wilbur you know when the Count rode me down the drive? Notice how he rode—all slouched down and pushing against the stirrups as if the leathers were too short? Well take it from me he never learned to ride in no Italian cavalry. I worked four years in that riding school by Central Park and we got all kinds there. That boy is used to a Mexican saddle too. He might have ridden in Mexico said Mr. Pope. Yeah said Ed and maybe he was talkin' Mexican when he slapped me and yelled Hi kid do your stuff!

That's funny said Mr. Pope. You're darn right said Ed. And I'll tell you something funnier. You know lots of people—specially lonely people—talk to animals. Kind of a safety valve I suppose. About a mile down the road he said Well Ed so you can talk? Then he kind of laughed to himself and said You're better off than I am then for I haven't been able to talk my own language in four years.

And then just before we got back he said So you're a talking horse and I'm Count Peyras eh? Then he laughed and leaned over and whispered in my ear What's *your* real name hey? Go on and tell me. I'm Albert Crane. Little Albie Crane from Albuquerque. Who are you? Well gosh Wilbur I told him!

I said Ed and he darn near fell out of the saddle. It took him about ten minutes before we could go on and he could persuade himself I'd just coughed or something.

For Pete's sake! said Mr. Pope. The guy's an impostor. O well I wouldn't say that said Ed. But he ain't any blue-blooded Peyras. What's in a name eh? A hell of a lot of business if you ask me. All you got to do Wilbur— No no said Mr. Pope that's blackmail Ed. Oh-oh! Look out! Ed whispered warningly as Mrs. Pope came into the stable.

Wilbur! she said Are you coming to lunch. O you're giving that horse whisky again! Just an old bottle said Mr. Pope turning it upside down to show that it was empty. H'm said Mrs. Pope The way that horse leers—Well come on then.

A THUNDERSTORM came up during lunch and it drizzled afterward so they all went into the billiard room to play pool. Mr. Pope was sitting with his back to the window watching the game when he heard a rustle and turned to see Ed's head poked in through the Virginia creeper. Mr. Pope got up and leaned nonchalantly over the sill. Ed said in a hoarse whisper are we going to put the squeezer on the Count? Mr. Pope shook his head. Squeamish eh? said Ed. Thank heaven I'm a blackguard. You'll thank me for this in years to come. And in a low penetrating voice he said Albie! Albie Crane! Come here a minute.

Several of the players looked around and then turned back to the table but the Count flinched and made his way around to Mr. Pope. There's somebody here from dear old Albuquerque said Ed.

The Count came up and stood for a minute looking fixedly at Mr. Pope. Ed had disappeared. It—was it you that spoke then? asked the Count. I didn't say anything said Mr. Pope. The Count wiped his forehead and said You're a business man Mr. Pope. I'm not a blackmailer said Mr. Pope. See here said the Count I'm thinking of changing my account. I've been meaning to speak to you about it for some time. We're not entirely satisfied— I'm sorry interrupted Mr. Pope but Georgie Van Slyke and I are old friends. Count me out if you want to change. Sap! came a fierce whisper from outside.

What the!—said the count and leaned out of the window. Then he drew his head in. That horse! he said weakly. But it's incredible!

Mr. Pope took him by the arm. Well it's unlikely anyway he said pleasantly. I wonder if Ed's caught cold? He seems to be sneezing. Well there is one thing you can do if you wouldn't mind. Just speak a word for Ed to Carlotta. She feels that he's—well a sort of low class horse. That is all you want me to do? asked the Count. At the moment yes said Mr. Pope. Well said the Count I don't understand you Mr. Pope. But if you won't talk—Not to anybody but Ed said Mr. Pope with a grin. And excuse me. I must go take him back to the stable.

Well Ed was pretty disgusted with Mr. Pope for refusing to grab the Count's business and they were having an argument about it when they heard voices and Mrs. Pope and the Count came into the stable. Wilbur! cried Mrs. Pope Count Peyras wants to talk to you. He wants to buy Ed! Isn't it wonderful? The Count says he is just the type of thoroughbred he has been looking for.

Why it's nice to hear that you like him said Mr. Pope. But of course I wouldn't sell him. I would give you two thousand said the Count. Not for any money said Mr. Pope firmly. Ah well said the Count to be frank I did not think you realized what a wonderful horse he was. I have an old picture of the Darley Arabian at home—the horse from which most of the great race horses are descended—and I tell you Mr. Pope it is this very horse! Truly I would not have offered to buy if I had not heard Mrs. Pope say that he was to be sold. For I could certainly not afford to pay his full value. O I only said that when I thought Wilbur had been hurt said Mrs. Pope. We wouldn't think of selling him would we Wilbur? And she put her arm around Ed's neck.

So my noble Arabian! said Mr. Pope when he and Ed were alone again It's all fixed. You're going to stay. Think you're smart don't you? said Ed. I could have stayed all right anyway. Could you indeed? said Mr. Pope. I suppose you could have persuaded Carlotta that you were a blue-blooded Arabian hey? Listen boss said Ed. Do you realize if us horses weren't pretty high-minded what a lot of blackmail would be going on? Boy what I know! All I'd have to do would be have a little talk with— All right all right said Mr. Pope hastily. I don't know why you can't be pleasant. Here's everything all fixed and Carlotta actually patted you. And I still don't like her said Ed.

THE END

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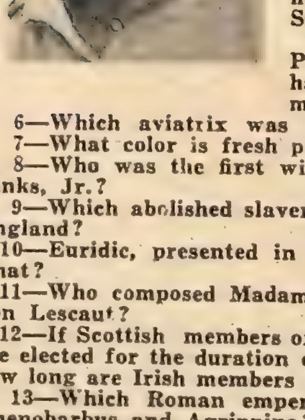
20 QUESTIONS



1—His comments were for the Brooklyn press. His distinctive style is best represented in a work published by himself in 1855. Camden and grass are clues. Who? (See early photo.)

2—Which bird can fly backward?

3—Across the Delaware from Philadelphia is what New Jersey City?

4—Who was the first chief of the U. S. Secret Service?

5—Is it Berlin, Paris, or Rome which has more than four million population?

6—Which aviatrix was called Lady Lindy?

7—What color is fresh pure nicotine?

8—Who was the first wife of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.?

9—Which abolished slavery first, the U. S. or England?

10—Euridic, presented in 1600, was the first what?

11—Who composed Madam Butterfly and Manon Lescaut?

12—If Scottish members of the House of Lords are elected for the duration of a Parliament, for how long are Irish members elected?

13—Which Roman emperor was the son of Ahenobarbus and Agrippina?

14—A man normally walks how many miles an hour?

15—Which well known Southerner was assassinated September 10, 1935?

16—What food was named for Sylvester Graham?

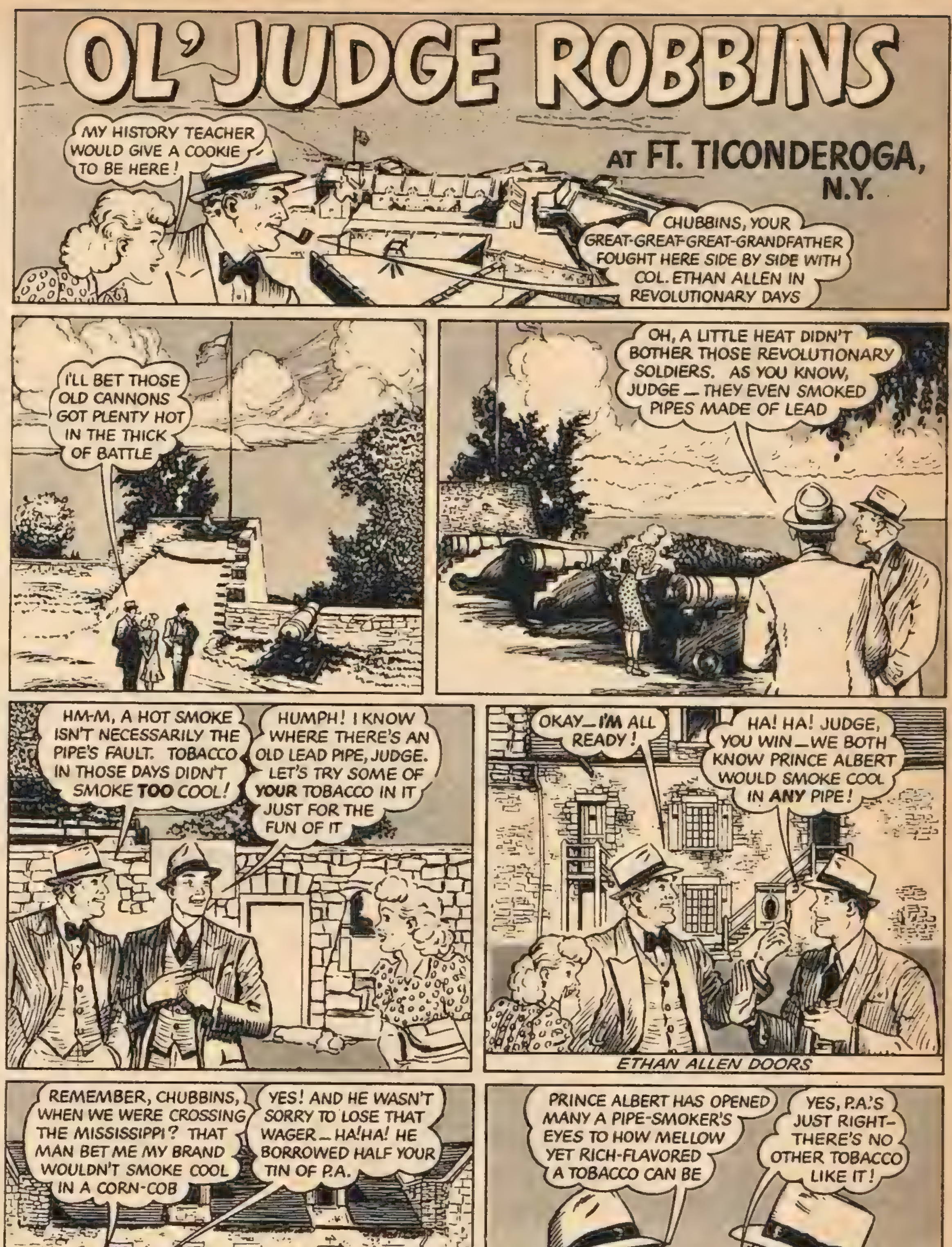
17—Which London on the Thames River is not in England?

18—Who is the patron saint of France?

19—What ancient sport is played in Ireland?

20—Who portrays Mr. Moto?

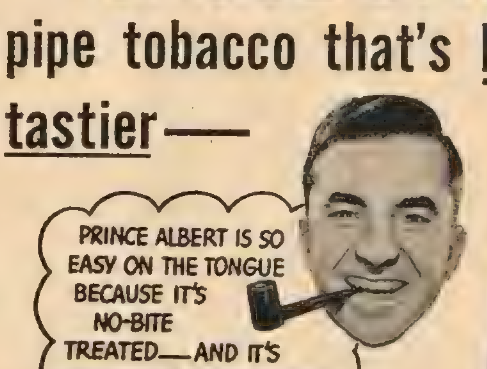
(Answers will be found on page 54)


OL' JUDGE ROBBINS
AT FT. TICONDEROGA, N.Y.
MY HISTORY TEACHER WOULD GIVE A COOKIE TO BE HERE!
CHUBBINS, YOUR GREAT-GREAT-GREAT-GRANDFATHER FOUGHT HERE SIDE BY SIDE WITH COL. ETHAN ALLEN IN REVOLUTIONARY DAYS
I'LL BET THOSE OLD CANNONS GOT PLENTY HOT IN THE THICK OF BATTLE
OH, A LITTLE HEAT DIDN'T BOTHER THOSE REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIERS. AS YOU KNOW, JUDGE — THEY EVEN SMOKED PIPES MADE OF LEAD
HM-M, A HOT SMOKE ISN'T NECESSARILY THE PIPE'S FAULT. TOBACCO IN THOSE DAYS DIDN'T SMOKE TOO COOL!
HUMPH! I KNOW WHERE THERE'S AN OLD LEAD PIPE, JUDGE. LET'S TRY SOME OF YOUR TOBACCO IN IT JUST FOR THE FUN OF IT
OKAY — I'M ALL READY!
HA! HA! JUDGE, YOU WIN — WE BOTH KNOW PRINCE ALBERT WOULD SMOKE COOL IN ANY PIPE!
ETHAN ALLEN DOORS
REMEMBER, CHUBBINS, WHEN WE WERE CROSSING THE MISSISSIPPI? THAT MAN BET ME MY BRAND WOULDN'T SMOKE COOL IN A CORN-COB
YES! AND HE WASN'T SORRY TO LOSE THAT WAGER — HA!HA! HE BORROWED HALF YOUR TIN OF P.A.
PRINCE ALBERT HAS OPENED MANY A PIPE-SMOKER'S EYES TO HOW MELLOW YET RICH-FLAVORED A TOBACCO CAN BE
YES, P.A.'S JUST RIGHT — THERE'S NO OTHER TOBACCO LIKE IT!

Declare your independence from TONGUE-BITE! Get the pipe tobacco that's **MILDER** yet tastier—

NO-RISK OFFER

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (*Signed*) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.


PRINCE ALBERT IS SO EASY ON THE TONGUE BECAUSE IT'S NO-BITE TREATED— AND IT'S CRIMP CUT TO DRAW RIGHT

PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
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PRINCE ALBERT
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

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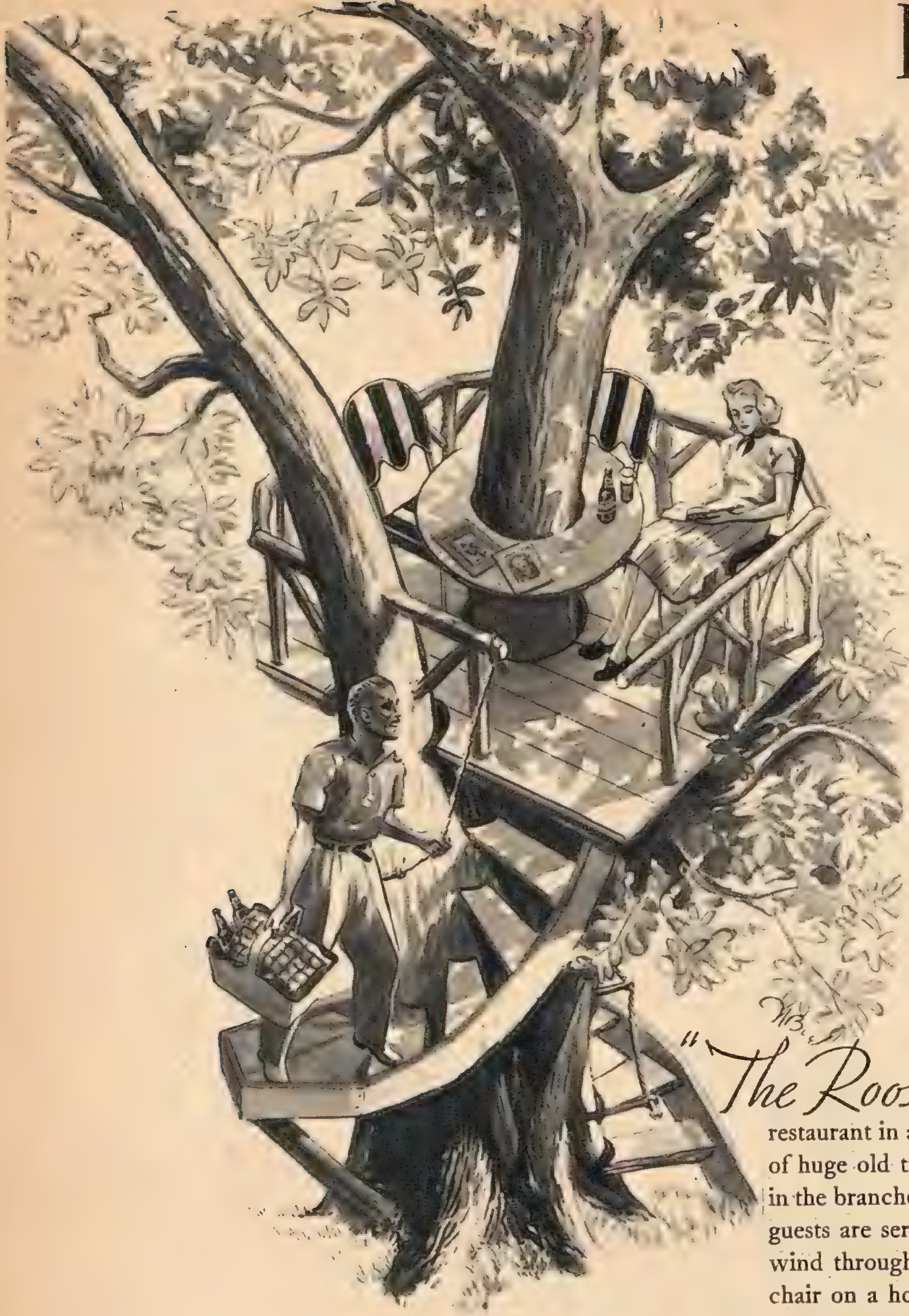
Informal Hospitality

in settings ideal fo

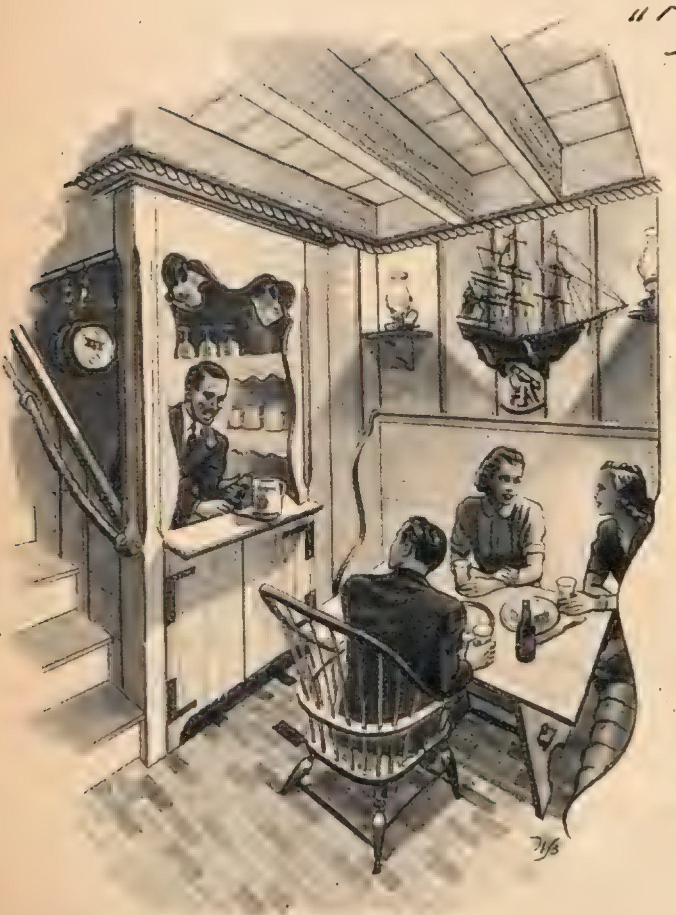
Upstairs—downstairs—*somewhere* around the house is a place for an informal "hospitality corner." Its purpose is to make entertaining easier, more enjoyable. When gatherings of congenial couples are planned, or when neighbors drop in, this friendly spot is a perfect background.

Here, too, is the place for the midnight snack, the Dutch lunch, the brimming glasses of pale-gold Schlitz. The brewers of the beer that made Milwaukee famous have asked an outstanding authority on home design—a prominent contributor to home decorating magazines—to suggest a few of the many possible treatments for "hospitality corners." His sketches and comments are found on these two pages.

These suggestions are intended, not as complete plans, but merely as basic ideas—leaving you free to work out your own adaptations. It's fun to make a "hospitality corner" and an endless source of pleasure after it's finished.



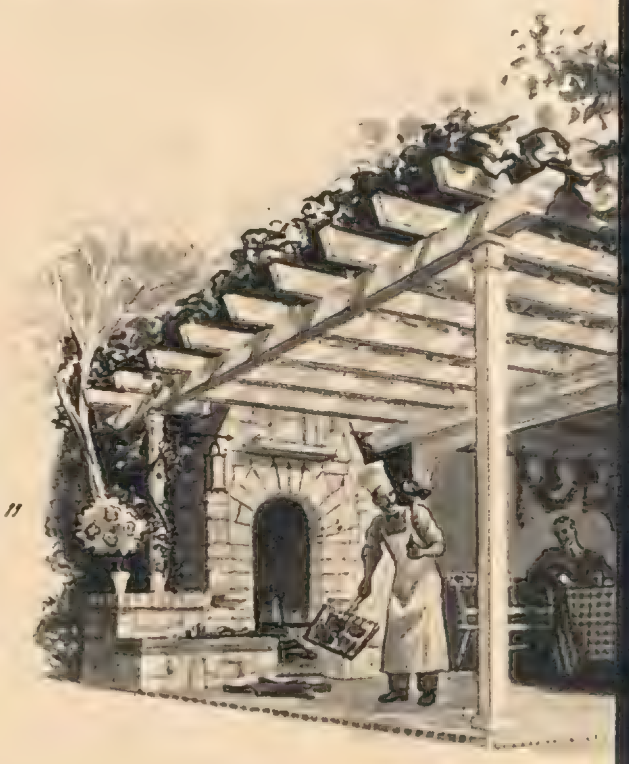
"The Roost"—*a platform buried in the foliage of a big tree.* There is a restaurant in a suburb outside Paris, called "Robinson," which is set in a grove of huge old trees. The patron has built dining platforms at various levels high in the branches of the trees, reached by winding rustic stairs. Here the delighted guests are served their dinners amid the twitter of birds and the rustling of the wind through the leaves. What could be more pleasant than to loll in a deck chair on a hot summer day, cool in the privacy of a leafy green cave, with a picnic lunch and a cold brown bottle?



"The Bo'sun's Rest"—*an English Seaside Inn.* An unused corner of the basement, partitioned with random width pine boards lightly stained. Existing cellar beams sprayed with stain to make the inn ceiling. High backed settles with leatherette cushions in bright red or green—ship models, hurricane lamps and other nautical equipment on brackets—linoleum in a brick pattern on the floor. A quaint swing-door bar carved out of the space under the stairs, with rows of pewter mugs, musty kegs, and gleaming pilsner glasses on the shelves. Furnished with simple oak tavern tables and sturdy windsor chairs.

"Al Fresco"

—*a Dining Terrace with a Shelter House.* The shelter, which may either be attached to the home or built in some picturesque spot in the grounds, can be very simple—merely a framework roofed with roofing paper and with the back boarded up. Or it can have a brick or rough stone wall with venetian blinds at the ends and front for shelter. The interior might be whitewashe and a high shelf could be decked with bright colored peasant pottery and copper as well as potted plants It should contain a long settle, a trestle table, some iron or wooden chairs and several deck chairs The arbor to have grapevines trained over it and an outdoor fireplace at one end for cooking.



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BREWING CO.
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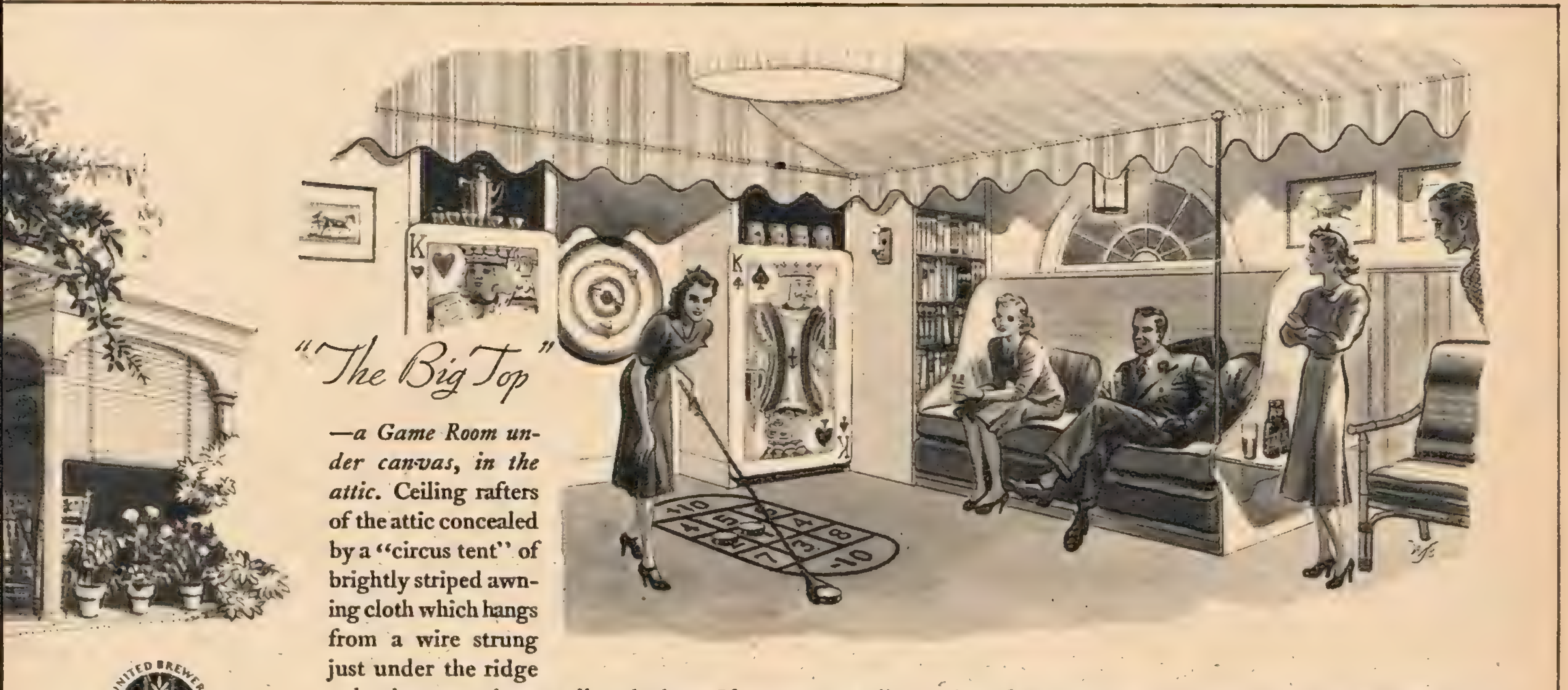
THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS



"The Big Top"

—*a Game Room under canvas, in the attic.* Ceiling rafters of the attic concealed by a "circus tent" of brightly striped awning cloth which hangs from a wire strung just under the ridge pole, the tent to have scalloped edges. If necessary, walls can be finished with wall board, with closets in the corners for the game paraphernalia, the doors to be decorated with brightly painted copies of playing cards. Floor either of painted wood or linoleum with shuffleboard game painted in white. A ping-pong table (if space permits). A dart game, broad comfortable settle with plenty of cushions and of course some bridge tables and chairs.

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TENDER-MINT
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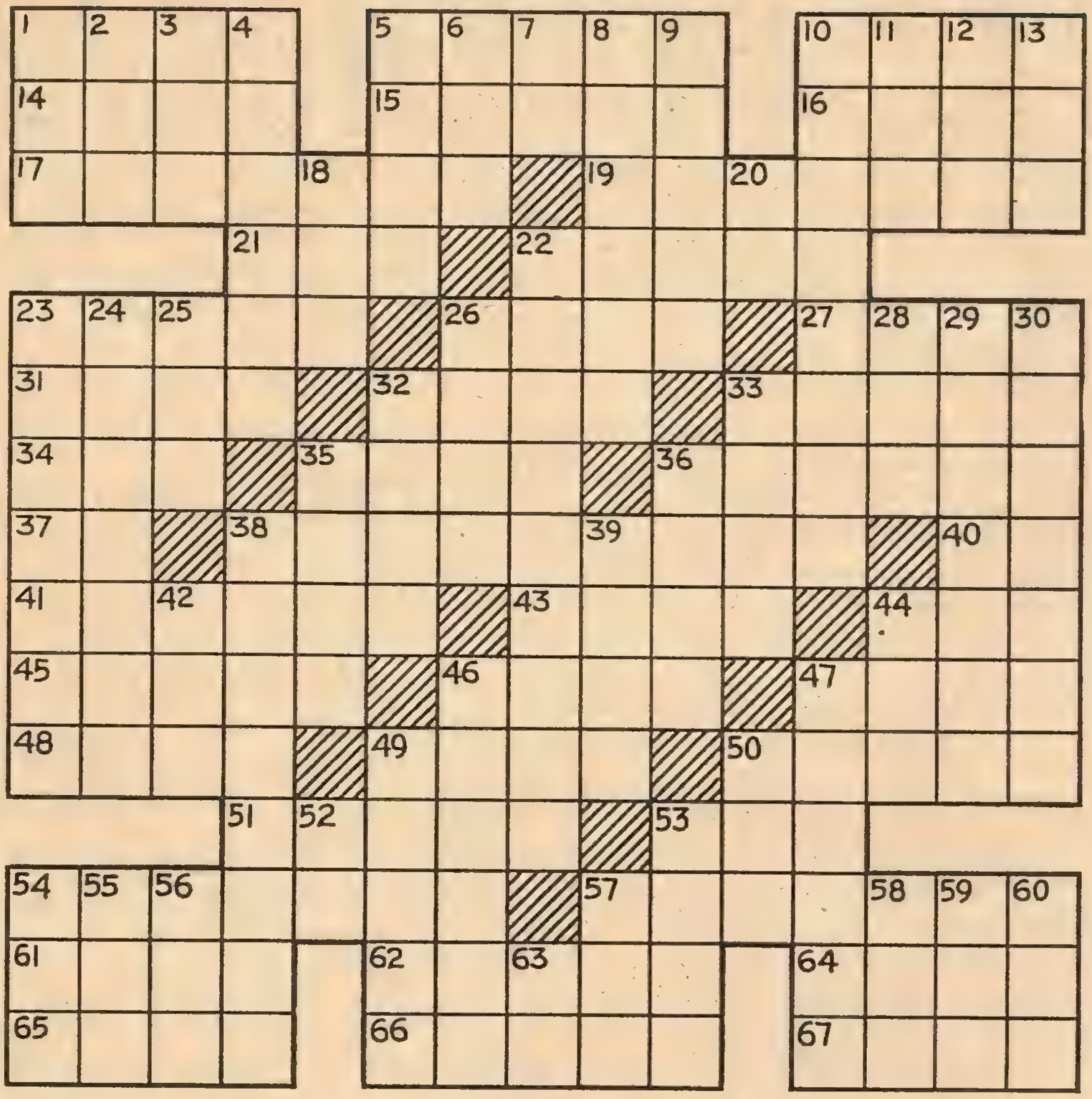
CROSSWORDS

BY LEE PASQUIN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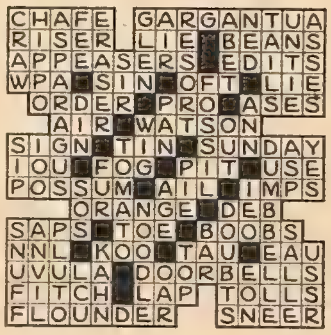
61 62 63 64
65 66 67

HORIZONTAL

1 Domicile
5 Expunge
10 Floor covering (pl.)
14 Source of indigo
15 After a while
16 Imitate
17 Native of an American republic
19 Told
21 A color
22 Kind of nut
23 Made into large bundles, as hay
26 Coin
27 A newspaper paragraph
31 Girl's name
32 A kind of bread
33 Growing out
34 Snare
35 Kind of drink
36 Mendicant
37 Printer's measure
38 Corresponds to
40 Note of the scale
41 Instigate
43 Kind of beverage (pl.)
44 Strike
45 Silly
46 Regimen of food
47 To eat
48 Canvas shelter
49 Prophet
50 Bound round with a narrow strip



CHAFE GARGANTUA
RISER LIE BEANS
APPEASERS EDITS
WPA SIN OFT LIE
ORDER PRO ASES
AIR WATSON
SIGN TIN SUNDAY
IOU FOG PIT USE
POSSUM AIL IMPS
ORANGE DEB
SAPS TOE BOOBS
NNL KOO TAU EAU
UVULA DOORBELLS
FITCH LAP TOLLS
FLOUNDER SNEER

Last week's answer

51 Accumulate
53 Peak
54 Hollow and curved
57 Liken to
61 Seed covering
62 Disease attacking grains
64 Famous British school
65 A plexus
66 Small rock
67 Bamboolike grass

VERTICAL

1 Part of the leg
2 Cardinal number
3 Blend
4 Omitted
5 Spirit
6 Sped
7 By
8 Untroubled
9 Upright
10 Purpose (pl.)
11 Deed
12 Article (gram.)
13 Turf
18 Something ruminated
20 Note of the scale
22 Punishments
23 A favor conferred
24 Kind of flower
25 Illuminated
26 Musical term
28 Label
29 Kind of fabric
30 Deserved
32 Harbor
33 Kind of fish (pl.)
35 Well balanced
36 Strike
38 Five-pointed star
39 Insinuating look
42 Human being
44 Part of the body
46 Arid wasteland
47 Trim and neat
49 Preserves
50 Male turkey
52 Female parent (col.)
53 Carry (col.)
54 Conveyance
55 Native metal
56 Insect egg
57 Study carefully
58 Consumed
59 Fish eggs
60 Finish
63 Depart

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

The Dukes of York, they say, have always married for love. Albert, the latest, could not have made a happier choice.

KINGS AND BROTHERS

The Story of George VI and Edward VIII

A conquest of India, a marriage for love . . . Great days for royal hearts!

By EMIL LUDWIG

Author of Napoleon; Lincoln; Roosevelt, a Study in Fortune and Power, etc.

READING TIME ● 21 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

After the Armistice, the common people of England began to manifest a special confidence in Edward, Prince of Wales. Albert now learned to fly, and once at Windsor Castle he and Edward—as Mr. Ludwig recalled last week—gave their attendants the slip and stole happily into the air together in his plane. In 1919 the younger brother went to Cambridge. Little by little he was overcoming his shyness and the embarrassment caused by his stammering.

Postwar conditions prompted the government to send Edward to Canada on the first of his famous tours as "salesman of the Empire." He also visited New York and Washington. Returning, he surprised and impressed all England with his extemporaneous speech at the Mansion House on "our duty" to the millions distraught and impoverished by the war. The result was his second tour, an even greater success than the first, particularly in Australia.

Albert meanwhile had fallen in love with Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon. He had become Duke of York, and he had accepted from the government a newly created mission: to acquaint himself, as representative of the Crown, with the problems of England's workers.

PART FOUR—THE GIRL FOR WHOM THE FUTURE HELD A THRONE

HE now set about making himself acquainted with the main industries of England by systematic visits, and—partly out of embarrassment, partly out of the real will to learn—he did everything to eliminate publicity. He always had his visit announced on the day preceding it, forbade any notice being given to the workers, and at the end of two years was able to put critical questions concerning workmen's dwellings, night shifts, summer camps, or taxes, for which, as chairman of the Industrial Welfare Society, he tried to find a practical solution.

Here, too, an anecdote throws a profound light on the problem of how an understanding can be reached between king and worker. Once when the Prince was watching a girl in a tobacco factory, whose job it was to examine for foreign matter the tobacco leaves before her on a moving band, he asked:

King George V, Queen Mary, and all of their children on April 26, 1923, the wedding day of the Duke of York and Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon. Right: The bride and groom.

"Aren't you thrilled when you find something?"

"Once I found a shilling," replied the girl.

While Albert was thus studying the industry of the country, Edward had thrown himself into the question of Empire trade and, in collaboration with the experts, was trying to use the experience he had gained on his travels to draw the Empire market closer together. After the five hundred speeches he had made on his two tours, he had lost his former shyness and could command respect by wit and repartee. Thus he began a speech in Cambridge with the amusing statement: "I am an Oxford man." And to revenge himself on Lord Balfour, who had embarrassed him with a Latin oration, he greeted him, as chancellor of a Welsh university, with a few phrases in Welsh.

If one considers at the same time the number of openings and unveilings the King and Queen had to perform, one sees how industriously the firm of Windsor was working. This seems to have been realized by the court, for a map appeared later showing three thousand places at which the family had appeared in the course of ten years. From then on, the King was presented with a new map of the kind every Christmas, and every member of the family who had taken part in the public activities received a copy.

But among all these directors, the Prince of Wales was the only one who was never allowed to settle down. The moment he had formed a small circle around him, had made a home, the Prime Minister would appear like an old-fashioned stationmaster with his big bell and call: "Take your seats, please! The next train leaves in five minutes!"

In autumn, 1921, the next train took Prince Edward to India.

So far, he had everywhere had warm receptions and welcomes which must in time have become monotonous. But this time there was no monotony to fear. For Gandhi, then at the height of his first great success, was working in India, and as he had half the country behind him, the great revolutionary prepared an ominous reception for the heir of the English crown. That had been a main reason for the journey; the symbol of kingship was to be shown in person to the rebels. That took courage and spirit.

On this tour, in the course of which the Prince was to cover 41,000 miles by steamer, rail, car, and elephant, he had to show his pluck in the face of open danger. Since there were everywhere festivals, but hostilities as well, he had constantly before his eyes two Indias, which stood in open enmity to each other like two epochs.

He saw princes arrayed in gold and jewels such as were to be seen nowhere else on earth. Always in the most unpretentious of uniforms, the white Prince stood to receive the homage of the richest and proudest men in that dying world. At Udaipur, palaces bright as the palaces of fable mirrored themselves in the still waters of lakes. At Baroda, the princes came riding up on gilded elephants, which saluted with upraised trunks, as if they were Fascists, and the King's slim son had to mount the biggest of all, a century old, whose feet rang with silver bells. At Lahore, three thousand Indian troops rode past him on superb horses, and in the temple at Kandy the monks showed him the seven gold chests, one within another, the last of which contains the tooth of the Buddha. Tibetan monks journeyed for five months in mule carts to dance before him for one hour, and at Gwalior the most beautiful dancing girls performed before but not for him.

That was the India of legend, moving in living reality to pay homage to the great-grandson of the foreign woman who had established her empire over it.

But behind all this brilliance there flitted the gray shadows of those who were resolved, fifty years after the empire had been established, to drive that power out of the country. Empty streets with shops shut stretched in front of the festive processions of the Prince—in Allahabad, once the focus of British triumph, in Lucknow, in Agra. "No welcome to the Prince" was posted menacingly on a hundred doors and cast abroad in a thousand leaflets, while in Madras the shadows took on substance and in loud voices called down upon him the curse which human beings understand in any tongue. The railways stood still, motors and steamers did not run.

so that nobody should travel to the festival cities, so that the foreigner should know that the country was against him.

And all this happened at the command of a little lean ugly man who had conceived a new form of resistance in his bald skull, who had nothing but an idea to set up in opposition to the horsemen with their sabers, to the khaki soldiers with their rifles and tanks, but who had carried millions with him in his passive resistance. While in the brilliant Residence of the huge city of Bombay, music and speeches, illuminations and parades brought the power of the Empire before the eyes of its heir, at that same evening hour, in the poor quarters of the town, the flames rose high from the fire in which Gandhi was burning English materials, so that his native country might return to its own treasures and revive its own industry.

It was, of course, quite beyond the Prince to bring to rest, in the course of his tour, the great revolution which rose and fell through the years among a hundred different tribes and half a dozen different religions. But he saw before him the problem that he would have to deal with in years to come, and the fact that he grasped it is proved by a gesture which no political office thought out for him, and no governor could have suggested.

Outside Delhi, there had gathered 20,000 Untouchables, the miserable refuse of humanity, shunned and outcast by all. They had collected in a street so that, even though the troops drove them back, they could at least raise their cries for help to the mighty man who perhaps could still save them. When the Prince saw this great symbol of human suffering, past which the authorities wished him to drive at high speed, he instinctively rose in the car to salute the beings who were raising distant hands to him.

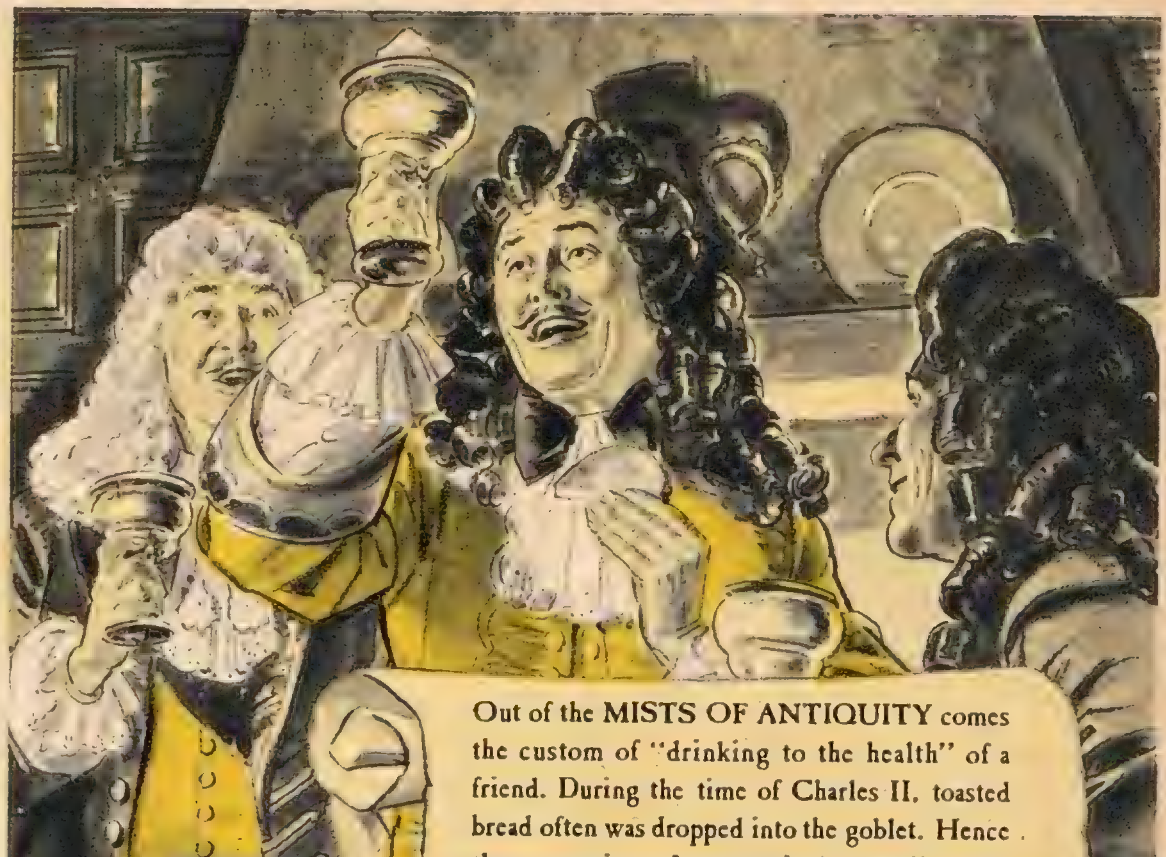
In England, the significance of that moment was later grasped only by a few farsighted men; in India it was understood by the whole people and did more harm to Gandhi and the idea of revolution than all the brilliance of royal processions and troops. A whole people, telling the story of this act of homage, faltered in their hate of the distant rulers who had so often been described to them as merciless. Here they saw the heir of power seeking to build the bridge of human sympathy between classes and between races.

WHEN the Prince of Wales returned from this third world tour, he had won practically all classes and parties to his side. "He did more," a London paper wrote, "to establish the relations between the masses of India and the Crown on a solid basis of personal contact in four months than edicts could have done in a generation."

Whether this interpretation is correct is of no great importance; what mattered was the legend which formed round the Prince and was powerful enough to become a political factor. And the ultimate factor in

NO. 12 *of a series:* FACTS BEHIND OUR HUMAN CUSTOMS

***Do you know* WHY WE PROPOSE TOASTS TO FRIENDS?**



Out of the MISTS OF ANTIQUITY comes the custom of "drinking to the health" of a friend. During the time of Charles II, toasted bread often was dropped into the goblet. Hence the expression of "proposing a toast" to describe a friendly custom which has come down to us through the centuries.

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A BLEND OF KENTUCKY STRAIGHT WHISKIES

2 YEARS OLD
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GLENMORE'S
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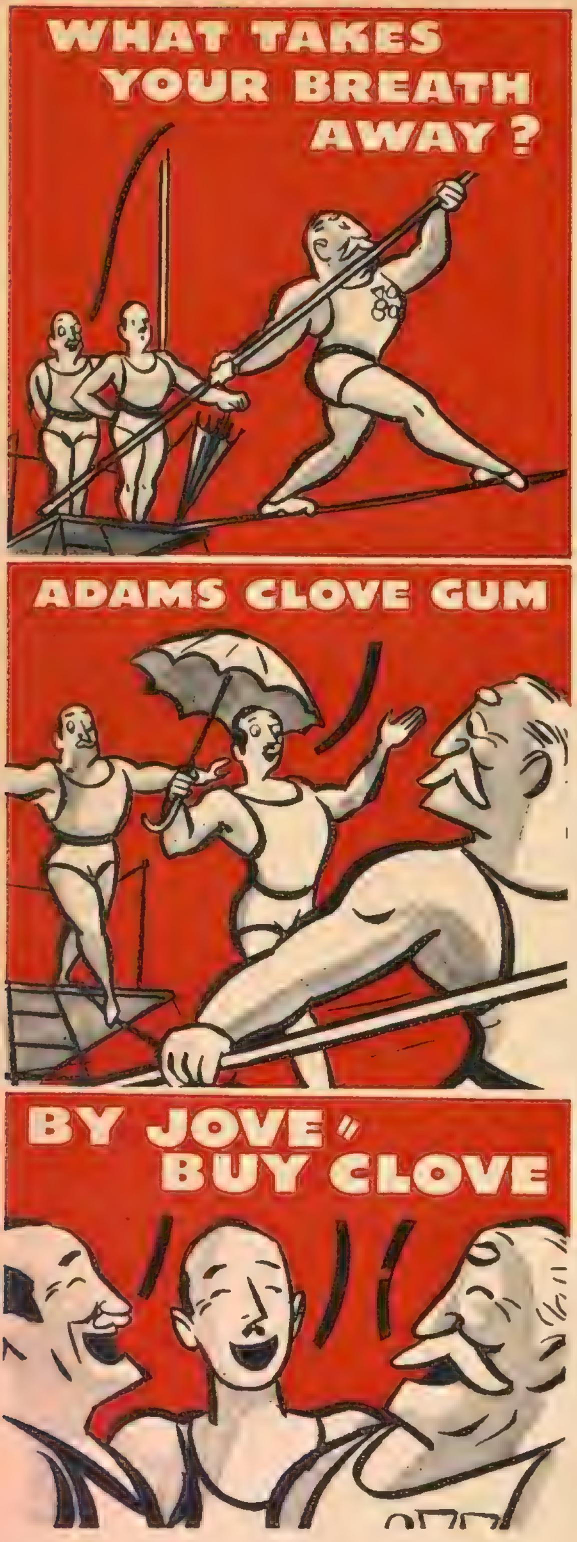
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY



If you search for the "unusual" try Adams Clove Gum. A sensitive taste appreciates the delicious, spicy tang of this grand old flavor.

Freshens your breath too! Ideal to use just before — or after — a party, or on your way to a business appointment. It's easy to carry a package with you — ready for instant use whenever you need it.

ADAMS
CLOVE
CHEWING GUM

A FLAVOR FROM THE ISLES OF SPICE

such royal tours is imponderable. It is the charm of a personality. The contrary effect in our epoch can be seen in Kaiser Wilhelm II.

In Australia the Prince won over a big party of republican-minded men to his side simply because he was the opposite of the notion they had conceived of the London aristocrat. "Before the Prince of Wales landed," the Sydney Sun wrote at the time, "the popular idea of Princes was of something haughty and remote, but this smiling, appealing youthful man . . . smiled away the difference which Australians believed lay between royalty and the commonalty."

At the same time he was active on the practical side, and with his sense of business and economics brought back many an order for the big industrial firms. In that, too, he resembled his grandfather Edward, who as Prince of Wales had been called in Europe the "commercial traveler of the British Crown." "I would wear a different suit for every man I meet," the younger Edward once said, "if it would help British trade." The clash of old and new cultures made him span the whole gulf between modern business and the romantic idea of kingship.

The success of his tour was the measure of the public duties laid upon the shoulders of the most popular man in London after his return.

To give some idea of these, we might quote the list drawn up by Mackenzie of the purely public functions of the Prince of Wales in 1923.

". . . opening the International Air Conference, opening the new anatomy, biology and physics departments at Guy's Hospital, opening the Triennial Congress of the International Surgical Society, dedicating the Monument of British gratitude to the Belgian People in Brussels, addressing the guests at the Royal Caledonian School dinner, addressing the Honourable Society of Cymmrodorion and the American Universities Union and the Pictorial Posters and Advertising Exhibition at the Royal Academy and the Newspaper Press Fund Diamond Jubilee and the London Society of Medicine, touring the West Riding and making speeches at Rotherham, Bradford, York and Leeds, presiding at the celebrations of the eight-hundredth anniversary of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, touring Northumberland and making speeches at Alnwick, Morpeth, Newcastle-upon-Tyne and Gosforth, presiding at the dinner of the British Empire Service League, celebrating the centenary of the Royal Asiatic Society, touring Nottinghamshire and making speeches at Worksop, Mansfield, Nottingham and East Retford, touring North Wales and addressing the Borough Council, the University College, the Infirmary, and the National Library of Aberystwyth, the County Council and the Borough Council of Caernarvon, and the Merioneth County Council at Dolgelly besides making speeches at Colwyn Bay, Denbigh, Ruthin, Mold and Wrexham, proposing the toast of the Dominions and India at the Overseas League, speaking to the Child Emigration Society and the British Institute of International Affairs, and proposing at the dinner of the Royal Navy Club the toast of 'The Work of the Fleet. . . .' "

Given such a mass of official duties, the time left in a young man's life for indulging in his private tastes is small. Once, when he had a fall from a horse and broke a bone, the natural egoism of the people forgot his pain in the question as to why, though twenty-eight, he was not yet married, since he was exposed to accidents like any other man and ought to think of an heir.

Gossip was rife concerning a betrothal to a daughter of the King of Italy, but Prince Edward was not at all disposed to make a political marriage. It became clear that he retained his complete freedom of choice in this one momentous question.

The engagement of his brother seemed to make his situation in this respect easier for the moment, for the Royal Family here broke with a tradition which had restricted the possibilities of royal marriages. For 250 years no English sovereign had allowed an heir apparent to marry a "commoner," and few descendants in the direct line had married thus. Prince Albert, however, now Duke of York and still shy, had been attracted by none of the royal princesses he had met on occasional visits or at functions at home, so much as by a so-called "commoner," a "subject" of his father—Elizabeth, the descendant of an ancient Scottish line. Thereupon King George readily gave his formal consent to this marriage, duly meeting the Privy Council in accordance with the Royal Marriage Act of 1772, wherein Parliament, in the reign of his ancestor George III, had stipulated that for the future, the children of the royal house might marry only with the consent of the sovereign—though with the proviso that, if consent were refused, a child of the royal house who had reached the age of twenty-five might nonetheless marry at the end of a year, unless Parliament had "expressed disapproval" meanwhile.

The King's grandmother's experience and his own happy marriage could not but make him very broadminded in these matters. Queen Victoria had paid dearly for the "royal" marriages of some of her children. The marriage of her eldest son Edward had never been happy; the marriage of her eldest daughter Victoria had not had happy political consequences. Hence when the Queen's fourth daughter, with her consent, married a Scottish nobleman, the Marquis of Lorne, she wrote a little spitefully to her eldest that "one turns to such people in one's own country who have independent means and are inferior in rank to no little German prince."

But although one of his aunts had married a husband in no degree royal, and although his own wife was not the daughter of a reigning sovereign, and although both marriages were happier than the royal marriages, it seems to have been King George's view, and that of his advisers, that his younger children might marry outside of the royal families, but only with families of the higher ranks of the British nobility. And it has been inferred that the King's qualified approval of marriages to "commoners" did not include his eldest son, Edward, whose marriage was most important of all.

Whatever his attitude may have been exactly, the brothers could not fail to respond to it with mixed feelings. The younger was happy enough; he could take the girl of his choice to wife. But the elder, firmly resolved to marry for love or not at all, must have seen himself limited to a choice among princesses as long as his father lived, and could not have forgotten his grandfather as Prince of Wales with a whitening beard and still dependent. Since he knew his father's broad-mindedness in this direction, he could not fail to realize the power of his counselors, the weight of tradition, and the haughty stubbornness of the society behind both. If its full meaning came home to him—and his ear was sharpened precisely for problems of this kind—Prince Edward must have been startled by that momentous situation.

SINCE the first York found his wife on a lonely ride through the south of France, Dukes of York, they say in England, have always married for love. Albert, the latest, could not have made a happier choice. He had met Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon, then twenty, at several balls in London after the war. Her youthful photographs show her in all the romantic charm of the English girl who, in old tales of chivalry, used to nurse the wounded knight till the time came for her to kiss him, and who now goes flying with him. At the same time she is in every way lady of the manor, born to come out of her garden gate in the mornings in a white dress, leading two children by the hand, to run her house with energy, and keep a firm hand on the servants and the whole estate. If a young woman of this kind can feel at the same time that the blood of an ancient line is flowing in her veins, she has only to develop her inborn capacities to become a true queen.

Of her father's three castles, St. Paul's, Waldenbury, where Elizabeth had been born and where she spent a few months every year, was the brightest. There the ten children lived in three groups, according to age, sometimes apart and sometimes together; Elizabeth and her brother, who was a year younger than she, being known as the Benjamins, because they were the youngest. Here there was nothing of history, but only dogs, fowls, and ponies. And even the

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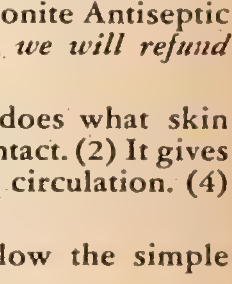
Standard laboratory tests of 9 popular, non-poisonous antiseptics prove Zonite is *9.3 times more active* in killing germs than the *next-best* product.

Use Zonite for: — DANDRUFF . . . FIRST AID . . . SORE THROAT . . . BAD BREATH . . . ATHLETE'S FOOT.



100% MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE
That You Will Be Completely Satisfied

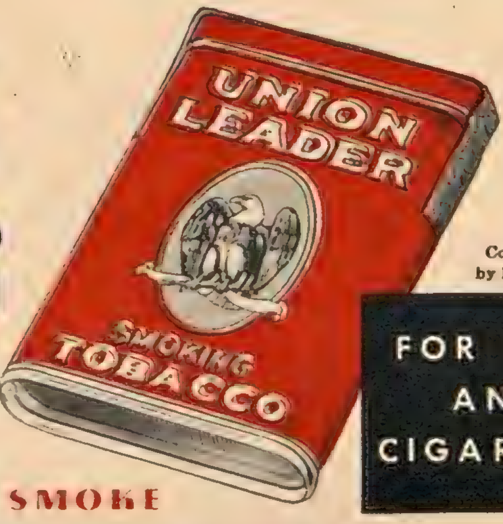
"Looks like we belong to the same club, Dad!"

MANY a young fellow, still proud of his first smoke, discovers that his favorite brand of tobacco has been his *dad's* favorite . . . for a third of a century! The same appealing quality in Union Leader, which has held the loyalty of older men so many years, *today* is winning younger men by thousands.

There's a sweet clean flavor in the rich hill-grown Kentucky Burley in Union Leader, that makes it a great favorite among both pipe and cigarette smokers. Aged for mellowness, specially processed to remove all bite . . . Union Leader, at 10¢ a tin, is today's best tobacco buy for son and dad alike!

UNION LEADER 10¢

THE GREAT AMERICAN SMOKE



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FOR PIPE AND CIGARETTE

classical discus thrower which stood in the park had been christened by the children " Bounding Butler."

But in Glamis Castle it was as much as she could do to master all the history it contained. When the children looked at the bell indicator, where in other houses a number appears, or " Dining room " or " Drawing room," they saw names such as Duncan Room, Old Armoury, Hangman's Room, Prince Charlie's Room, King Malcolm's Room, most of them recalling murdered or banished kings. And the Stuart tradition is so powerful in the family that not only do they possess the clothes, sword, and watch which Prince Charlie left behind when he was driven from his hiding place here, but the image of Christ in the chapel clearly bears the features of Charles I, who was beheaded and is here known as the " Martyr King."

Hospitality here is in so grand a style that every Scot of distinction staying at the castle finds his bed spread with the tartan of his own clan. And to this very day two Scottish pipers march three times round the table after dinner every day.

The finest thing ever said about Lady Elizabeth comes, of course, from an artist. It was Sargent the portrait painter who called her " the only completely unconscious sitter I ever painted."

WHEN Elizabeth, still a child, wandered about in the park and under the lichened walls of Glamis, her imagination was quickened by two great writers. Walter Scott had been a guest here, and had written later:

" It was the scene of the murder of a Scottish king of great antiquity. . . . I was conducted to my apartment in a distant part of the building. I must own that when I heard door after door shut, after my conductor had retired, I began to consider myself as too far from the living, and somewhat too near the dead."

Most likely the lord of the castle in 1793 had indulged in a joke on the romantic novelist by sending him to spend the night in a gloomy vaulted chamber far away from his own brilliantly lighted apartments.

And yet out of the shadows of history there rises behind Scott a greater poet, and through the most ancient hall, which goes back to the eleventh century, there rings the cry:

" All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Glamis! "

That cry has sounded in every country, on every stage on earth, and while the names of all the Scottish nobles who lived in Glamis have been forgotten save by their own descendants, the world still rings with the name of Shakespeare, who was only a commoner, and who, with a single line born of the divine caprice of genius, made an obscure castle in Scotland the background of a world tragedy.

In the arms of the Strathmores, a Scottish maiden holds in one hand a rose, in the other a thistle—a device that went back to a daughter of Robert II, who married a Sir John

Lyon of Forteviot, and who received, together with him, the thanage of Glamis. Soon after that marriage, however, in 1385, the knight who received as his reward the title of first Duke of York took the field against King Robert. Now, nearly six hundred years later, the hostile names were united.

The young couple most likely had their fun out of the old stories of murder when the youngest York came to the castle and was shown over it by the beautiful daughter of the house. In the garden, she explained why it did not, like the others, stand on the sea cliffs but in grassy meadows. For when her first ancestor began to build his first castle, and found every morning that the building of yesterday lay in ruins, he heard a voice crying:

> " Build the castle in a bog,
> Where 'twill neither shake nor shog! "

HOW can she have failed to tell him the story of the strange tribute which one of their forebears had to pay to King David II, namely a red falcon, which he had to bring to his feudal lord every Whitsun? And finally she may have recounted all the titles which another of her forefathers received from Charles II: " Earl of Strathmore and Kinghorne, Viscount Lyon and Baron Glamis, Tannadyce, Sidlaw, and Strathdichtie."

Then the young couple laughed and went to tea in the hall of ghosts.

When Prince Albert chose this girl, two reasons, besides her personal charms, may have played their part. She was as naturally self-possessed as he was naturally self-conscious. Further, she offered him such a perfect family life, she seemed to have been so formed for a home by a happy youth, that from her whole family history and personal past he had something like certainty that she would give him what he most needed and desired.

The idyllic youth of the girl had, however, been interrupted at a moment from which she drew the greatest advantage for her future. On her fourteenth birthday, August 4, 1914, when she was at a London theater with her mother, she had suddenly heard the cries of the crowd calling for war. A few weeks later Glamis Castle had been transformed into a hospital, and young Lady Elizabeth, laying her school lessons aside, was busy for four years sewing, carrying, helping, encouraging, and writing for the Australians and New Zealanders. She saw these men come half shattered to the distant Scottish refuge, then, months later, returning half healed to Dundee and back to the front.

This experience gave her natural gaiety a salutary balance, the more so as one of her brothers fell in the war, while another was reported dead, and only reappeared after years of imprisonment.

But now it was all over, there were balls again, and now there was even a betrothed.

Then Queen Mary came on a visit and was pleased, and public opinion applauded because for once a prince was not marrying a princess. King George was wise enough to praise his son in public for having " the wisdom, the foresight, and the good fortune to have persuaded a Scottish lady to share his life."

On an April day of 1923, the Prince of Wales stood before the altar in Westminster Abbey with his younger brother Henry, but this time not he but Albert was the center of all. Through the long Gothic nave they saw a tall gray-bearded man leading his daughter in her wedding dress to her bridegroom. Her train was long, her veil beautiful, the six bridesmaids' faces were serious, and the King and Queen greeted their new daughter, who had been their subject.

In the morning the Prince of Wales had read in the Times that only one other marriage was awaited with such expectancy, namely that of the heir apparent, which would give the country a queen. He had folded the paper and thought his own thoughts. Now, at the altar, beside his brother and his brother's bride, he stood, grave and absent, and his thoughts went on. Nothing prevented him, everything urged him to fulfill the nation's wish. He was about to enter his thirtieth year and had a restless life behind him. What he lacked was a steady profession, the presence of a few friends always about him instead of perpetually strange unknown masses, a little home with a garden instead of a great palace with a park. What he lacked was a woman he loved.

THINGS had always gone better for his brother in all situations. He had had long hours in the day, long months in the year which were his for recreation or sensible work. He had always been surrounded by old friends in the charming country houses which reminded him of his childhood at White Lodge with its magnolias and great cedar.

Tomorrow, or in a few weeks, the couple would move into White Lodge. Nobody would photograph them as they walked under the old plane trees of Glamis, making jokes or plans for the future just like other young people in love.

And while the choir jubilated through the Abbey, while the bridesmaids cried a little, while the King and Queen thought of their youth, while the old Queen Mother Alexandra, still the most beautiful of all, kept her thoughts to herself, while the royal house of Windsor looked backward and forward into the legend of tradition, the Prince of Wales stood among them with his strange sad expression, thinking that his youth was over but had not brought him enough.

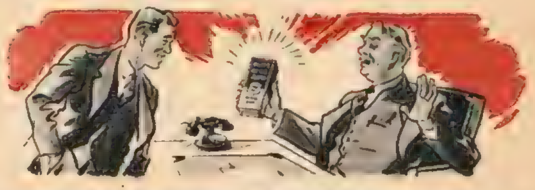
The shy younger brother's transfiguring discovery that his stammering was curable, and its consequences in his public life, will be but one of the great attractions of next week's installment of Kings and Brothers.

"Will your **SCALP** stand the **FINGERNAIL TEST**"

YOU COULD HAVE knocked me over with a swindle-sheet when the boss said that to me. "Is it a salesman you want," I says, "or is it a matinee idol?"

"DON'T ARGUE WITH ME about the Fingernail Test!" shouts the boss. "Try it!" So I tried it...and did I shut up! My scalp was gummy as Uncle Louie's corncob pipe!

"THAT'S A DANDRUFF CONDITION," says the boss, "and don't tell me that stuff on your hair and on your coat collar helps you sell! You're kidding yourself, slicking your hair down with grease and expecting your scalp to stay clean between shampoos!"



"YOU'RE BREAKIN' MY HEART!" says I, but what do I do? The boss whips a bottle out of his desk. "See this?", he says. "It's Wildroot-with-Oil. The good old Wildroot formula that's been chasing dirt and dandruff scales for 30 years, plus pure vegetable oils that keep your hair in place and won't build up grease. And if you hurry, you can get the 35¢ size for 17¢!"

INTRODUCTORY
HALF PRICE SALE!
REGULAR ~~35¢~~
SIZE
CUT TO 17¢
WILDROOT Hair Tonic WITH OIL

60c size 29c. Limited time only!

WILDROOT
WITH OIL

THE 3-ACTION HAIR TONIC

1. CLEANS AS IT GROOMS 2. RELIEVES DRYNESS
3. REMOVES LOOSE DANDRUFF

WILDROOT CO., BUFFALO, N. Y., FORT ERIE, ONT.

WILL YOUR SCALP STAND THE FINGERNAIL TEST?

MY HUSBAND WAS REJUVENATED

READING TIME ● 12 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

LAST year my husband was fifty-four, I thirty-nine. This year we both are forty. I am not juggling with figures. I am stating a fact which is at times unpalatable to me. As I watch his swift movements, his elastic gait, the mental resiliency with which he absorbs the shocks of business and daily life, I realize that he has been indeed rejuvenated. I am afraid Harold is even younger than I am, for a man of forty is younger than a woman of forty.

There is, except for his complexion, no sensational change in his appearance. His hair is still sprinkled with gray where it was gray before, although there is a suspicion of a new crop of fuzzy baby hair in one or two places. But his face is decidedly young—too young.

There is something about this "second bloom" which strikes me as artificial. But Harold does not seem to be conscious of it. Neither are our friends, except those who are closely associated with him in business. They say: "My, my! Harold has not changed in the last twenty years." Of course they did not live with him as I did; they did not know him when he was angry and tired. But his temper, too, has undergone a change; it is as unruffled as his complexion. There is—I must admit it—less strain in our relations since Harold underwent the trifling operation which enables him to join the "Steinach Club." It is a relief to be rid of our constant bickerings and quarrels.

The "other side" of a strange adventure. An amazingly frank confession — unsigned, but true

I should have realized that Harold was under constant pressure at the office. His nerves were tense and it seemed to be much more difficult for him to arrive at decisions. His business associates feared that he was losing his grip. All this did not make him more amiable at home. There were scenes almost every morning and every night, frequently over mere trifles. Underneath it all we were still in love, but our daily encounters were battles. We faced each other like two enemies. Once or twice in his tantrums Harold smashed all the china on the table.

After we had quarreled for hours and were both fagged out, he came into my bed, snuggled up against me, and I slept in his arms. Was it habit, or the lingering ghost of love? The moment the light was turned out Harold was like a different man; all anger seemed to vanish. He could be sweet and tender. That feeling was still there, but no deep love for me.

I did not let go without a struggle. I fought for his love, but to no avail. "It is impossible," he once remarked wearily, "to bring back the past. We are both growing older."

I burst into tears. My tears made him furious.

One time, after a violent quarrel, I threw a book at him. He shook me like a kitten. Then we halted, aghast and ashamed, and composed our quarrel with embarrassed laughter. The next morning he said: "Dearest, I am, after all, fifteen years older than you. You are now paying the penalty for the difference in our ages. You are still young enough to find happiness elsewhere. I'll give you a divorce if you want." But I didn't want a divorce, and I knew that he did not want it either. So again we kissed and made up.

In spite of such reconciliations, we were drifting further and further apart. I felt that I had lost all allure. The idea engraved itself upon my features. Defeat was written all over my face. The hardest thing to bear was the knowledge that whenever we went out nowadays he flirted ostentatiously with other women.

Harold did not seem to care to what extent he compromised himself and me. His conduct invited criticism. It was perhaps a form of exhibitionism. That, at least, was the theory of Dr. Hamilton Kent, a dear old psychiatrist, an old friend of my father. I poured out my heart to Dr. Kent. He smiled soothingly. "There is nothing serious the matter with your husband. He is merely going through the male menopause. Men pass through such a period just as women do, although as a rule their symptoms are less striking. In both sexes the change of life is marked by the *disfunction* of various glands, which leads to mental nervous disturbances until the organism adjusts itself to a new phase of life."

"But why must Harold run about the way he does?"

"My dear, Harold is testing his waning powers. He wants to prove to himself and to the world that he can still be the conquering hero in the boudoir. Why don't you tactfully suggest to him to see me about his nerves?"

I made the suggestion with such tact as I could summon, but only succeeded in arousing Harold's fury.

"Do you think I am a fit candidate for the lunatic asylum?" he roared. "Maybe I shall turn the tables on you. All jealous women are crazy. Your jealousy is becoming a monomania. It is driving us both insane."

He stormed out and didn't come back for two days.

Things went from bad to worse. We sat together at meals without saying a single word to each other. He began to suffer from sleeplessness. Soon he could not fall asleep without swallowing a pill or two. He awoke even more tired the next morning than he had been when he went to bed. I too was at the end of my nervous resources. I told him finally that I would go to the seashore for a few weeks' rest.

I had hardly been away a week when I was called back by our family physician, Dr. Sanderson. It seems that Harold had had a complete nervous breakdown. I rushed home and found him in bed, deadly pale. I never was able to reconstruct what had happened. I heard some rumors of a wild party. It also seemed that Harold had taken an overdose of his sleeping draught. "I would not have bungled the job if I had really wanted to kill myself," he said. But something must have happened that brought on the crisis.

In spite of my careful nursing, he did not recover. All the buoyancy seemed to have gone out of him. He was, even when there was no reason for being tired, only the shell of himself. He looked not merely his age but ten years older. His business ceased to interest him. He could not concentrate at the office. There was some talk that he would be dropped from his board of directors. But even that did not rouse him. He was interested solely in his own condition. He constantly took his pulse and his temperature. His hands trembled, his pulses raced. Yet (according to our family doctor, Sanderson) there was nothing wrong with him organically. In spite of the soothing diagnosis, a strange fatigue fastened upon him like a disease.

One day we heard about a friend who had been "rejuvenated." Harold learned of it before I did, but did not tell me. He kept all his hopes and worries to himself. But I felt that some plan was shaping in his mind.

One morning, in his study, I found a popular magazine with an article on the Steinach operation. I had heard much about that operation, but I had made no attempt to inform myself on the subject. Like most people, I dimly associated the whole business with monkey glands. Now I learned from the article that Professor Steinach, formerly of Vienna, now in exile in Zurich, where he pursues his scientific investigations, is one of the world's greatest biologists. His experiments with rats and guinea pigs revealed to him the startling possibility of halting the advance of old age and restoring youth within certain clearly defined limits. The sex glands of male and female, it seems, have two secretions. One, an external secretion, perpetuates the life of the race; the other, poured directly into the blood stream, renews and perpetuates the energy of the individual. The internal secretion contains the mysterious chemical bodies called hormones.

In the forties or fifties, sometimes later, I learned, both the external and internal functions of the gland are impaired. Old age sets in. Steinach discovered that he could halt the progress of age, and even turn back the biological clock physiologically in the male, by damming up the external secretion, or rather certain elements of that secretion, through an operation known as "vasoligature." Curious changes resulted. The cells producing the life-giving element—the spermatozoa—began to languish, while the cells from which the hormones derive began to proliferate. Increasing in size and vigor, these cells soon poured an ever increasing stream of hormones into the body. This new impetus revivified the entire organism.

I wondered whether Harold was going to try out these strange theories. I kept my eyes wide open.

One morning Harold took an envelope from among his mail and slipped it into his pocket. But I had caught the name on the envelope—Dr. X. Dr. X was the man mentioned in the article as the American exponent of Steinach.

I asked my old friend Dr. Kent for advice. "Do you believe in Steinach?"

"There is enough scientific warrant," he replied, "to justify the operation. Personally, I suspect that half of the effect is due to autosuggestion, but that does not explain all. A guinea pig is not susceptible to suggestion. I have seen remarkable changes following the operation both in animals and in human beings."

"What can I do to help Harold?"

"Sometimes," the doctor retorted, "the best thing you can do is to do nothing, to mind your own business."

I obeyed Dr. Kent's injunction, although it was hard to restrain my tongue. One Saturday morning Harold kissed me goodby. "I am going on a trip to Detroit," he said. "But I shall be back in two or three days." I was sure he was not going to Detroit but was going instead to the private hospital of Dr. X. On the afternoon of the third day Harold arrived home. He looked rested and fit. There was a new elasticity to his step, a new tenderness in his touch. Work no longer fatigued him. His heart no longer thumped, his pulse no longer made more than a hundred beats a minute. His attitude toward life was both more calm and more optimistic. He was again himself and was again my husband. At the office things began to hum. He was made chairman of the board of directors. He had found himself again. When I said that, he laughed, but did not tell his secret.

I carefully watched him day after day to see if there would be any changes in his appearance. And, almost imperceptibly, the transformation came. He became handsomer and younger. His hair stopped receding. Though still gray at the temples, it seemed glossier and fuller than it had been in years. His forehead was almost unruffled and his complexion assumed that peculiar hue of almost uncanny health. Dr. X had turned back the clock of biological time. But no one had performed such a miracle on me.

Gazing at myself in the tall mirror, I saw the body of a young girl topped by the face of a middle-aged woman. Harold looked now as he had looked some ten years ago; but I, except in my most felicitous moments, looked every day of my years. "Some day," I said to myself, "he will discover that I look older than he does, and I shall lose him again."

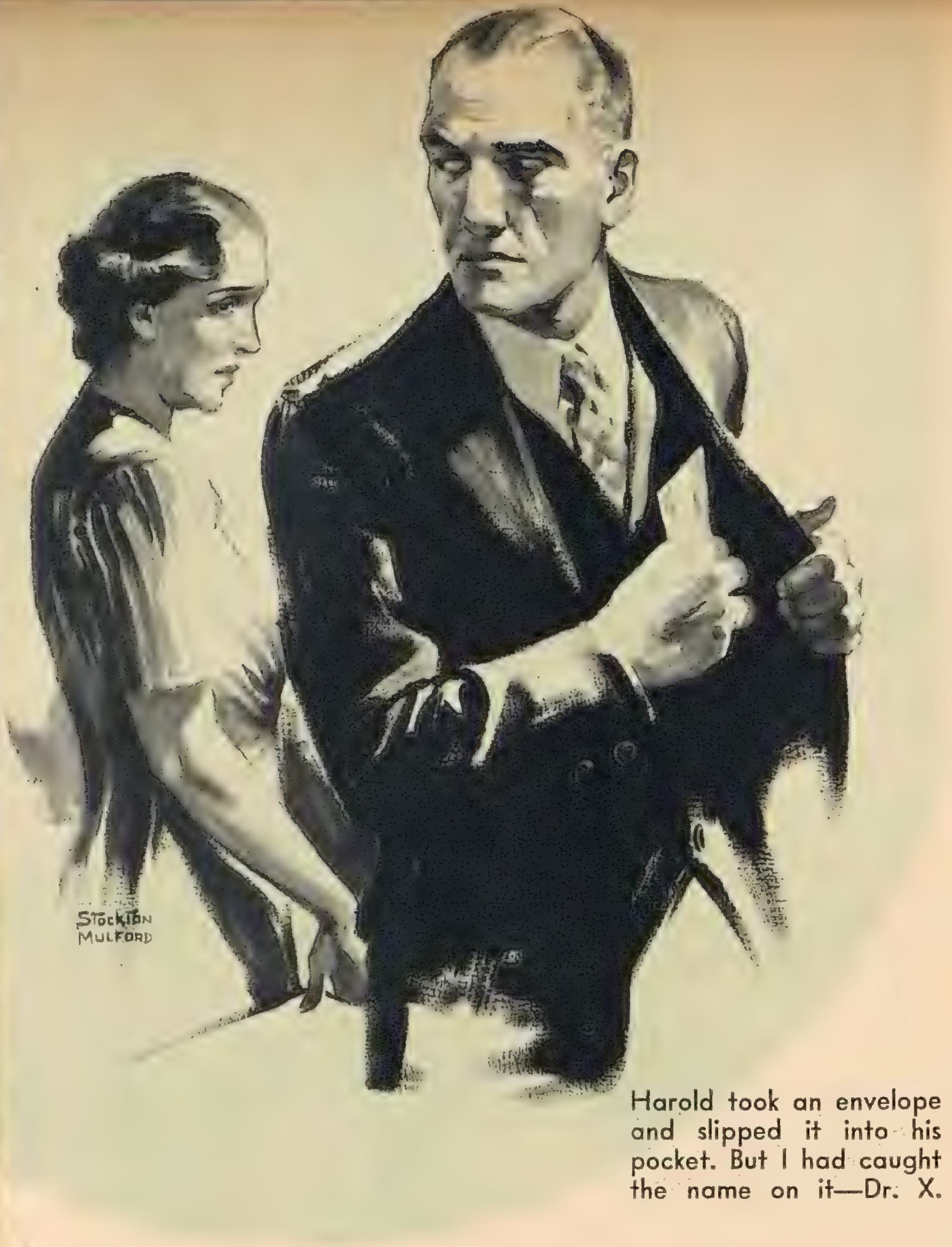
Impelled by this fear, I went to the office of Dr. X and told him of my predicament. When I mentioned my name, he did not betray that it was familiar to him. He listened patiently to my tale.

"Doctor," I said, "would you advise me to be rejuvenated?"

"Reactivated," he corrected me. "Rejuvenation is beyond our power."

"Can you perform a Steinach operation on me?"

Dr. X explained to me—what I already knew from desultory reading—that the Steinach operation is not



Harold took an envelope and slipped it into his pocket. But I had caught the name on it—Dr. X.

feasible for women, although it is possible theoretically.

"There are, fortunately," he said, "other means at our disposal." He showed me tubes holding the extract of the strength of a dozen animals; extracts which—injected into human beings—revive our waning glands.

"Won't I absorb some of the characteristics of a sheep or a cow if you spurt their hormones into me?"

"Of course not. You don't become like a cow by drinking the product of its milk glands. However, I think it is too early for you to have a series of treatments. The best time for a woman is that period of her life when the creative rhythm of her organism becomes irregular or stops entirely. We can restore that rhythm and we can ease the transition popularly called 'change of life' when it finally comes."

"What will rejuvenation do to my face?" I asked, for that was the question that bothered me most.

"The treatment does not compete with the beauty parlor," Dr. X replied, "but it can improve the skin by stimulating the circulation. That is the reason why—as you have noticed—the complexions of persons who have had it are often literally in the pink of condition."

"Does the cure always work?" I asked.

"No. Sometimes it fails completely. Sometimes it takes a year or two before the effect is achieved."

"Do you think you could rejuvenate, or—pardon—reactivate me?"

"I do not know," he said. "I would not dream of undertaking a course of treatments without careful examination of your metabolism, your heart action and other functions."

"But will it make me young?"

"The treatments," he said, "should promote your general well-being. The blood should circulate more freely and carry nourishment to every part of your system. It may prevent your hair from getting gray and may erase some sagging lines in your face. But it will not give you a new face. It will not make you a debutante."

"But my husband looks fifteen years younger since the operation."

"I know nothing about your husband, madam. However, men's skins are less sensitive; they are repaired more easily and crow's-feet are less noticeable. If I were you, I would combine the reactivation with a series of beauty treatments. The beauty specialist, working hand in hand with your doctor, should be able to bring out fully the charm that is your heritage."

"Are you certain?"

"I can offer no guaranty. But four out of five patients experience a very distinct improvement. Whatever may happen, my treatment can do you no harm. But think it over yourself, and talk it over, if you wish, with your husband."

That, I knew, was a thing I could never do. If I should decide to take the treatment, he must never know that Dr. X had a hand in my "rejuvenation." He might have the same feeling about me that I sometimes have about him. My new-won youth—should it come back to me—might seem to him artificial, man-made, unnatural. And what if I should go around with the dark tresses, the face, and the body of a girl, and the heart of a hag?

Dr. X pooh-poohed my objections.

"Your heart," he said, "is always as young as your glands."

I wonder. . . .

There is in me a curious aversion to any interference with the normal processes of nature. A tree grows old with dignity. Why cannot we do the same?

I shall feel like a whited sepulcher if I go through these treatments. Maybe they will re-arouse instincts within me that befit neither my years nor my station. Maybe I shall look ridiculous to my own children and to Harold, or sinister—like the heroine of Black Oxen. I have not, at this writing, made up my mind what I shall do.

Sometimes I hate my husband with that smooth cheek of his; sometimes I kiss it; and sometimes—when I look at myself in glaring daylight—I resolve to go to Dr. X on the morrow.

THE END

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SCHENLEY'S
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Remember Reunion Rule #1

"LIGHT" IS RIGHT

If we had a *usual* whiskey to tell you about, we'd certainly stress the dry delicate flavor of Schenley's Red Label ... its full 90 proof smoothness...its taste-appeal.

Still, we'd rather call your attention to just one fact that makes all these fine qualities even finer. By an exclusive method we give to this naturally light whiskey an *additional lightness*—without the least sacrifice of flavor or strength.

Try Schenley's Red Label . . . or if you prefer a light whiskey with an even richer flavor, ask for Schenley's Black Label. And we believe that you, too, will agree: "Light" *is* Right.

SCHENLEY'S *Light* RED LABEL

SCHENLEY'S BLACK LABEL 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS—SCHENLEY'S RED LABEL 70% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. BOTH ARE 90 PROOF AND **BLENDED WHISKEY**
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Presenting baseball's most picturesque phenomenon—Fans, meet Larry McPhail

BY ARTHUR MANN

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

NO RUNS, NO HITS, New Era

Leland Stanford McPhail

FROM now on the big problem in baseball is named Leland Stanford McPhail, ex-soldier, ex-lawyer, ex-football official, for he is still at bat after three strikes called by Judge Landis. The all-powerful High Commissioner can't do a thing with him, because seven major-league clubs have indicated that they can't do without him.

They laughed when Larry McPhail sat down as general manager of the Cincinnati Reds five years ago. They were hysterical when he began unraveling the knotty problem called the Brooklyn Dodgers last year. But today he's the answer to the frantic cry of every baseball cashier foundering in a sea of red ink.

His popularity centers around a short cut to solvency that would quicken the pulse of any financier. He scorns the well worn path to baseball dividends, made tediously slow by pitchers who can't win and hitters who threaten never to bat .300, and demonstrates beyond a doubt that invincible pitchers, hitting heroes, and close pennant proximity are not necessary to lure enough patronage for a stock dividend. And therein lies the reason why sixteen big-league clubs have formed two dissenting groups. One is made up of McPhailures who hail the aggressive redhead as an economic Houdini. The other comprises going concerns, but going in the direction of a fiscal profit without loss of honor and dignity on the ball field.

"Let us not kid ourselves," McPhail says with great emphasis. "Without money there couldn't be a ball club. Every fan knows that, and if he doesn't, let him try to go to any game and pay on the way out. No, sir, he pays first, and then gets his entertainment or sport or whatever you want to call it.

"Frankly, my objective is to give that prepaying fan enough entertainment at the ball park to justify his trip there with cash in hand. That will prime the pump, so to speak, and sooner or later we will reward him with a first-division ball team, and eventually a pennant!"

Right or wrong, McPhail's methods are sound in a crass, commercial way, and he has never tried any other since abandoning law and football officiating eight years ago. Given a debt-laden baseball club, he first attracts the indifferent cash customers with a variety of divertisement—night baseball, radio teasers, fireworks, athletic novelties. Most of this cash is used to placate the creditors. The remainder is spent in strengthening the team to a point where the fans will be attracted eventually by playing skill and will forget the side-show numbers.

"Never will I deny," he says reverently, tapping the left side of his chest, "that a championship team is my ultimate goal."

Unfortunately, he has never achieved artistic success, because his complicated methods of obtaining, switching, and covering up players so militates against his security that he has yet to be on any job for the final test of his theories.

Two years of rehabilitation effort at Columbus, Ohio, his first post in organized baseball, ended abruptly in early 1933 with a player-tampering charge by Commissioner Landis, and then an ouster from his job as president by the Columbus directors for turning over a prize infielder to Branch Rickey of the St. Louis Cardinals, who had put McPhail on the job at Columbus.

After three years of financial reconstruction at Cincinnati, another sinecure procured by Rickey, Judge Landis again openly rebuked McPhail, canceled important deals, and declared several players free agents. McPhail resigned before the end of the season.

There he remained until the Brooklyn Dodger job came along. McPhail made things hum with excitement as soon as he had reached this new base of operations.

When scoffers doubted that he had anything on the ball, McPhail produced one with a coat of yellow dye. He not only produced it, but made the Dodgers play a game with it. Then he produced statistics to show that the yellow ball was the ultimate panacea for what ails the national pastime, and everybody promptly forgot it.

The yellow ball was only part of McPhail's season of amazing promotional legerdemain. With the aid of Brooklyn's first baseball press agent, imported from the Midwest at $4,000 a year, he turned out announcements and quotations so fast that a mesmerized public soon forgot its sixth-place club. A night-baseball plant of 1,200,000 watts, costing $72,000, including fees and commissions, went into Ebbets Field. Painters coated neglected grandstands. Andy Frain, trainer of the Roxy-like ushers at Wrigley Field, Chicago, was imported to Flatbush to drill a brightly uniformed staff of 100 who received a daily wage of three dollars, as compared with the one dollar paid at the Polo Grounds and Yankee Stadium.

McPhail lost no time in getting at his hiring, firing, buying, and trading of big- and little-league players. The high spot was the purchase of Dolph Camilli from Philadelphia for $15,000 and misprinted in the papers as $50,000. The Dodgers' regular first baseman, Buddy Hassett, and only .300 hitter, was banished to the outfield.

Night baseball was a riotous success in Brooklyn on June 15 of last year. Firemen closed the gates on a capacity crowd, with 20,000 rooters clamoring in vain for admission. There were fireworks, foot racing—and Johnny Vander Meer's second straight no-hit game. McPhail spurred interest in the old-style matinee games by hiring Babe Ruth as coach and hitting instructor, and casting an aspersion or two on the American League for neglecting baseball's great hero. Ballyhoo increased and gate receipts mounted. The Babe earned more than his $5,000 monthly salary by packing in the crowds at exhibition games. At the end of the season he was dropped like a hot stove and with no aspersions on the American League.

Dazzled by the million watts, fireworks, gaudy grandstands, brightly uniformed ushers, fungo competition, sprint races, and the sight of a yellow baseball, the Brooklyn fans conveniently overlooked the repetitious fact that the $100,000 Van Lingle Mungo couldn't pitch, that the $50,000 Dolph Camilli couldn't hit, and that important players were not on speaking terms with Manager Grimes. But they bought so many tickets that the sixth-place club which had operated at a deficit of more than $150,000 in 1937, broke even for finishing seventh in 1938.

But the end was not yet. McPhail replaced the experienced manager with one who had never managed any club, and brought in two former big-league managers as coaches.

McPhail then gave the Yankees and Giants to understand that their five-year non-broadcasting pact would be terminated at the end of the fourth year, 1938, and he listened to offers. When they reached $1,000 a game, he nodded, and announced one more novelty for the fans—broadcast games.

Climaxing these innovations was the third strike called by Umpire Landis. He cracked down viciously on McPhail's frantic efforts to develop players, with emphatic censure of a cover-up deal in the Eastern Shore League. He canceled the contracts of all players involved and fined McPhail $532 as agent of the Brooklyn club.

But the National League answered this stinging rebuke with a slap on McPhail's broad back. They elected him to the executive board as their vote of thanks for bringing night baseball into the major leagues and showing two of their oldest members, Cincinnati and Brooklyn, that short cut to solvency.

The McPhail sphere of influence has now extended into the American League, which also has clubs failing at the job of presenting baseball teams for profit. The younger circuit has finally voted to permit night baseball, and the opportunity will be grabbed at Shibe Park, where dispirited Philadelphia fans go to watch their last-place teams. Incandescent baseball will also be seen for the first time at Sportsman's Park, home of the two second-division St. Louis teams, and at Cleveland.

Several clubs, however, will refuse to play their teams after dark. The Giants and Yankees have definitely announced that they consider baseball a daylight affair and not a nocturnal side show. Principals among the dissenting factions claim that this is only the beginning of a long struggle over policy.

The anti-McPhailures hold that appeal must come from straightaway baseball with accent on batting averages, box scores, and colorful press reports for appeal. They subordinate talks of dividends, but they can well afford to. Their number includes the Ruppert interests, owners of the Yankees; P. K. Wrigley, chewing-gum tycoon, who owns the Chicago Cubs; Walter O. Briggs, automobile-body magnate, who controls the Detroit Tigers; Thomas Yawkey, lumber baron, who operates the Boston Red Sox; and Charles F. Adams, wholesale grocery specialist, who owns the Boston Braves. Aligned with them are the comfortably fixed owners of the New York Giants, Chicago White Sox, Pittsburgh Pirates, and Washington Senators. This faction has little use for Larry McPhail or his showmanship. To make it even, Larry has no use for their ball clubs, except as opponents. He'll never have to go to them for a job, because his panacea is not for millionaires but for those who wish they were.

Of course the redheaded ex-soldier may be right. Perhaps baseball is not essentially for the kid at the knothole in the fence, but for the grown-up with his after-dinner cigar. The move to play weekday games at night and week-end games in the afternoon certainly indicates as much.

Larry McPhail has never discussed this phase of baseball's future for publication, chiefly because the task of producing next year's dividend is always too pressing. Last year he earned his salt with night baseball that drew about 150,000 additional cash customers in seven games. That paid for the first installment on the lights, the purchase of a few mediocre ballplayers, and retired some pressing financial obligations.

This year he will earn his salt from the sale of radio rights to Brooklyn's seventy-five home games for a clear $75,000. Next year, the third and last of his $20,000 contract, may present a problem, but after viewing the results of his cyclonic eight-year march in organized baseball, it doesn't seem likely. He has never been encountered without an idea, and ball clubs will always need money as long as they get into hock.

THE END

You'll like my Brand and I "*dude*" mean You!

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On that O.G. branding iron
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It's reserved for
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That wins its spurs
With finer, smoother
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Say "O.G.". . . the brand
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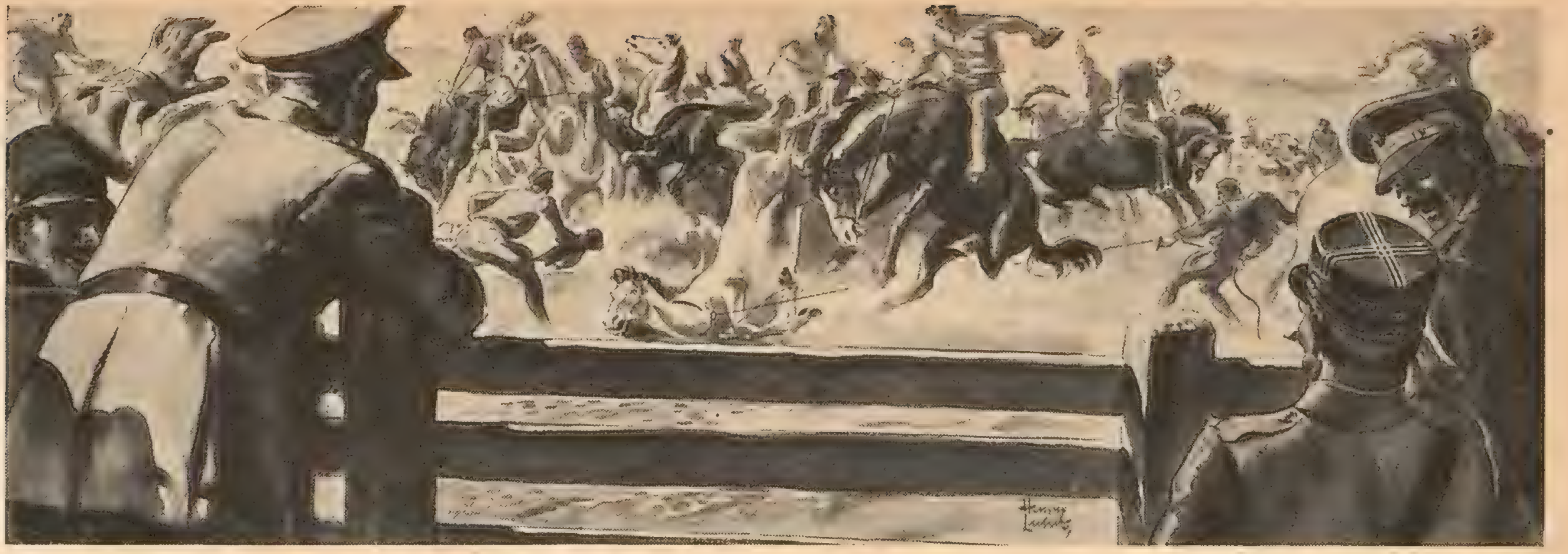


These wild broncs bucked, sunfished, spun, rolled, skidded, bit. But the thirty stuck.

Their HOME on the RANGE

A joyous true tale of wild horses in exile and wild Westerners in action

BY CAPT. WALTER ARCHER FROST

READING TIME ● 11 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

THE French wanted horses; but no one told the bunch of one hundred which roamed that free Nevada range that they had been drafted for overseas service. All these wild horses knew was that they were being worked along, mile after mile, until steadily approaching fences appeared to right and left; then they saw what looked like a straight lane to freedom and they broke for it and found themselves milling in a corral.

Next they found themselves in moving prisons which were freight cars. Next, reeling, plunging, rolling, screaming mysteries which were steamers. Then France, where American cowboys in khaki unloaded them. And at Dunkirk they were released into another corral.

They were fine, sturdy, swift horses, right off the range—no better horses in the world. But there wasn't a Frenchman who could sit on one of them.

Four months later the armistice came. Soon after that word worked through to the headquarters of the A. E. F. that one hundred American broncos were still in that corral at Dunkirk, and Captain Dan Gould of Cheyenne, Wyoming, was ordered to take his company and pick up "one hundred American horses now confined in a corral at Dunkirk and place on transport. Expedite."

When he got to Dunkirk, Captain Gould was surprised to find what a hold these hosses had taken on the public interest. A British officer asked reflectively:

"Have you see the blighters?"

"No," Gould said; "but I've seen a lot of hosses."

"Quite so," the Englishman said, smiling. "Mind telling me just when you're going to take those brutes out? You see, old chap, I jolly well mean to be there! What day and what hour?"

"Two o'clock today," Gould said. "But what's up?"

"Nothing, old chap—positively nothing! But I'll be there to see it." The Britisher's smile deepened.

Gould knew he was being laughed at, but he didn't know why and he didn't like it.

"I came to pick up some hosses of ours you got here," he said to a French officer who strolled up a moment later.

"*Oui, mon capitaine,*" the Frenchman said, instantly smiling. "At what hour will you peek zem up?"

"At two o'clock, sir, this afternoon."

"I will be zere to see it," the French colonel said with a sort of gurgle. And he departed, laughing.

"What's this, sergeant?" Gould asked as his top kick came out of a café under his own power but with his face scratched and bleeding. "Wound stripe at last?"

"Two o' them bloody—" the sergeant began, pointing back at the café. "I said we was goin' to pick up them hosses, an' they asked when—then laffed. Back on th' range, when any one you don't know laffs at you—"

"Sure, I know," Gould said. "You're from Miles City, Montana, aren't you? I'm from Cheyenne myself. Know Irvin Collins?"

"Sure do, cap! Know Billy Kingham in Cheyenne?"

"Sure do! Seen 'em both ride more'n once an' take good money, too, at th' rodeos back home."

"Some buckaroos, cap! They sure kin ride! I wish I was watchin' 'em this minute. Well, when we get back home! Ain't any excitement around here now. Just some moppin' up, like pickin' up these hosses this afternoon."

Gould looked at his watch. "Guess we can find that corral before chow. We'll take this side car."

An Italian officer was just about to pass them, and Gould asked: "Seen a corral with some American hosses in it around here, major?"

"Yes, they're fenced in about three miles down there," the Italian said in excellent English. He pointed.

"I guess they're the ones we're goin' to pick up," Gould said. "Much obliged. All right, sergeant."

"Wait a minute," the Italian officer said. "Did you say you were going to take those horses out of there?"

"Sure."

"When?" the Italian asked, smiling broadly.

"Two o'clock this afternoon," Gould said. "Why?"

"Sorry I can't be there," the Italian said. "But you'll have died in the line of duty just as much as if you'd been killed in action. Any word you want left?"

The sergeant started the side car.

"What's the matter with 'em all?" Gould burst out.

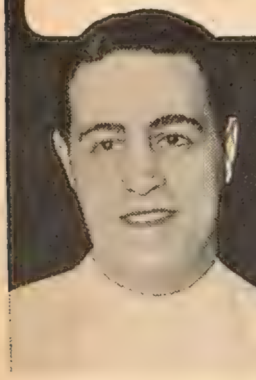
"To hell with 'em!" the sergeant snarled.

When they got to the corral, their faces, after one incredulous stare, brightened marvelously.

"Say," the sergeant said, "that's a right nice roan thar snappin' at that thar pinto."

"Sure is some hoss," Gould admitted admiringly. "But say—look at that chestnut tearin' into that bay! Why, these hosses are right off th' range! Boy, this sure is like *home!*"

TO SHAVE FAST WITH COMFORT-
DO AS BARBERS DO...USE COLGATE LATHER



John Sollazzo
Assistant Manager,
Terminal Barber Shops,
Hotel Commodore,
New York City

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COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE CREAM

The sound of a side car made both men turn. It was the genial Britisher. He got out of his car and came up to them, saying: "Those brutes are there to stay, captain. We've tried to ride them, and the French and Italians have, but—"

"These are range broncs—never been broken," Gould said, grinning.

"But of course," the Englishman went on, with his smile, "now that you chaps have won the war—"

"I get you," Gould said. "You fellers an' th' French an' Italians are waitin' to see us fall down in th' war that's goin' to be pulled off in this corral."

"That's how the bets are, old chap."

"Thanks fer th' tip," Gould said. "An' now here's a tip fer you: Get in on th' short end. We ain't goin' to fall down, see?"

He spoke bravely. But when the Britisher had gone, and Gould turned again to watch the mad energy of those hundred wild horses, he knew what he was up against.

GOULD went back to the temporary barracks and got out the qualification cards of his company and read them over. They ran like this as regards name, home address, and previous occupation:

THOMAS B. BRACKETT. Peak's Harbor, Maine. *Fisherman.*

WILL LOVERING. Lakeville, Connecticut. *Farm hand.*

HARRY BLAIR. Pittsfield, Massachusetts. *Salesman.*

STEVE TARLETON. Guilford, Maine. *Clerk.*

And so on in like vein.

Gould went over every qualification card of the two hundred and eight men in the company, and could not find one, with the single exception of Sergeant Halford Pickens, who had had any past experience to qualify him for roping those broncs.

Gould called the sergeant in.

"If we don't want to get ourselves laughed at this afternoon," he said, "we got to find some honest-to-gosh buckaroos to help us with those hosses. There's a big bunch of our men movin' through here now, an' we ought to be able to find a company with some yip-yips in it."

But, drive where Gould and the sergeant would in the side car, they could not find any cowboy yip-yips.

"They's a work company layin' around here somewheres," Sergeant Pickens said at last.

"Yes; that's what I'm lookin' for," Gould said. "There's all kinds o' material in a work company."

Another long hour of futile hunting. Then the side car suddenly stopped. Two voices rang out—Gould's and the sergeant's—like pistol shots: "Fat Anderson!"

"O' Chugwater, Wyomin'!" roared a round-bodied figure in khaki. "Where'd you come from, Dan? An' say, Half Pickens, where'd he git that captain's uniform?"

"Never mind that now, Fat," Gould cried. "They ain't time. Here's what we got to do." He jerked Fat toward him and both Gould and the sergeant whispered into the ears of the man from Chugwater, Wyomin'. "Know where we can git 'em, Fat?" Gould asked.

"Come with me," Fat Anderson said. "Make Half Pickens move over so's I kin squat in that thar side car, Dan, an' I'll drive her to where—"

The side car went screeching down the street.

"Here we are," Fat Anderson announced a moment later, and Gould and the sergeant stared.

As a parade ground it wasn't much, for it needed leveling and policing up generally. Moreover, a company of enlisted men who are at ease are not generally supposed to look their best. But these enlisted men were different. For they took turns in dashing swiftly across that parade ground while their fellows deftly roped them and threw them head over heels. Shrill yip-yips rent the air.

"You want some real broncs to rope?" Gould yelled, springing out of the side car. "I've got some for you! Here's your—"

A shavetail came up, saluted Gould smartly, and said: "This place is a mess, captain. But since the armistice these fellows haven't had a thing to do. They're all from the West and just wild for the range."

"That's all right," Gould said. "I've got something for 'em to do. Listen!" He swiftly explained things.

"They're yours, captain," the lieutenant said, lining them up.

Gould looked at the men—lean, bronzed, alert, flexible as a good lariat.

"All of you who received Class A rating in any big Western rodeo step one pace forward," Gould said.

Thirty men stepped swiftly out.

"Bring 'em along, sergeant," Gould said, grinning. "I'll take th' side car back. Bring what ropes you got. Our saddles ain't much, but—"

"Don't worry about no saddle fer me," Fat Anderson drawled. "All I want is to see them thar hosses."

"You will—at two o'clock," said Gould.

BACK at headquarters, Gould looked at his supply of saddles, the best he could muster to meet the situation: one cinch instead of two; snaffle bits instead of spade bits or curbs; and on top of these two disappointments he must figure in the difficulty of using new French rope for lariats.

Gould bolted his dinner as fast as the enlisted men did theirs. Then he told the sergeant to take the men and the saddles, bridles, spurs, bits, and lariats in a truck to the corral.

When Gould went out a moment later, he was just in time to hear the truck zoom off and to note the pile of saddles which Sergeant Halford Pickens of Miles City, Fat Anderson of Chugwater, and the rest of the Mazeppas had heaved out of the truck as unnecessary impedimenta.

Gould got into the side car and the second louie drove him to the corral. The corral did not look like a corral now—it looked like an arena. The fence was hidden all around by officers in British, French, and Italian uniforms, with some Russians and Japs to show the universality of interest.

They missed, though, some of the finer points of the prologue: the droning announcement, by a private from Oregon just as the hour struck:

"Two P. M. Gates open.

"Arrival of th' governor and executives of other Pacific coast states. We thank you."

Another bronco buster took it up, still in the accepted manner of rodeo announcers: "Now judgin' car lots o' Fat Cattle, Hogs, an' Sheep! Judgin' Belgians, Clydes, Devons, an' Shires. Judgin' Beef Shorthorns, Herefords, an' Brown Japs an' Rooshians. Judgin' Cotswolds, French Rambouillets, Cheviots. Judgin' all European Hogs!"

Another bronzed buckaroo took it up: "Now we come to th' Bareback, Buckin' Hosses, Trick Ropin', an' World's Champeenship Bronc Ridin'."

"Whoop 'er up now, you buckaroos!" Gould shouted, and a chorus of wild yip-yips drowned his voice.

IT is one thing to rope wild horses when you are riding a bronc that knows the game and will lean against the lariat and keep it tight. It is something else to rope wild horses from the ground and hold them by taking a turn with the lariat around a corral-fence post.

It was working under the worst possible conditions, with ropes never meant for such a job. But the thirty ropes worked in unison. One wild horse after another was roped, thrown, held, blindfolded, bridled—then, with a cowboy up, was freed. The thirty Class A buckaroos worked at top speed. They rode bareback and with only snaffle bits, and these wild broncs bucked, sunfished, spun, rolled, skidded, bit, kicked, lashed out, and did every one of the thousand and more things a wild hoss can think to do to the first buckaroo who rides him.

But the thirty stuck. Their shrill yip-yips rent the air. They took what came until, groggy but triumphant, they had taught every wild bronc to go where it was told to go.

It was a French general who spoke for all.

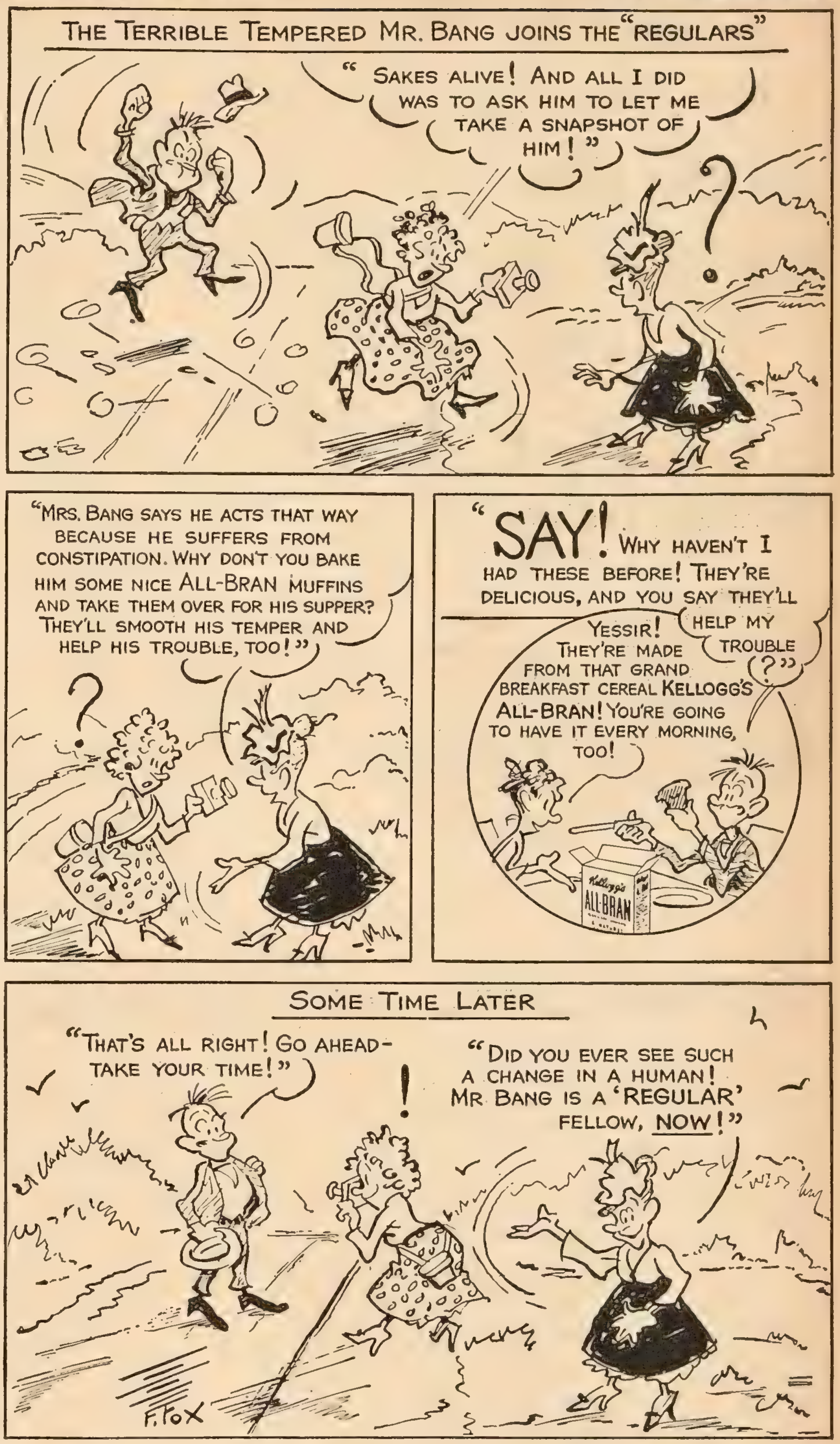
"Fine work!" he cried. "We have never before seen riding so *magnifique!*"

"Oh, that wasn't anything," Gould said in a bored way. "These fellows are just ordinary infantrymen. For *real* riding you ought to see our *cavalry!*"

Then, as the jaws of Limeys, Frogs, Wops, Russians, and Japs dropped, Captain Dan Gould of Cheyenne, Wyoming, swung himself on to the chestnut he had just broken for his own use, and, followed by Sergeant Halford Pickens of Miles City riding the roan, headed the one hundred and thirty-one Americans down the street to the transports and their home on the range.

THE END

TOONERVILLE FOLKS **By Fontaine Fox**


THE TERRIBLE TEMPERED MR. BANG JOINS THE "REGULARS"
"SAKES ALIVE! AND ALL I DID WAS TO ASK HIM TO LET ME TAKE A SNAPSHOT OF HIM!"
?
"MRS. BANG SAYS HE ACTS THAT WAY BECAUSE HE SUFFERS FROM CONSTIPATION. WHY DON'T YOU BAKE HIM SOME NICE ALL-BRAN MUFFINS AND TAKE THEM OVER FOR HIS SUPPER? THEY'LL SMOOTH HIS TEMPER AND HELP HIS TROUBLE, TOO!"
?
"SAY! WHY HAVEN'T I HAD THESE BEFORE! THEY'RE DELICIOUS, AND YOU SAY THEY'LL HELP MY TROUBLE (?)"
YESSIR! THEY'RE MADE FROM THAT GRAND BREAKFAST CEREAL KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN! YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE IT EVERY MORNING, TOO!
Kellogg's ALL-BRAN
SOME TIME LATER
"THAT'S ALL RIGHT! GO AHEAD-TAKE YOUR TIME!"
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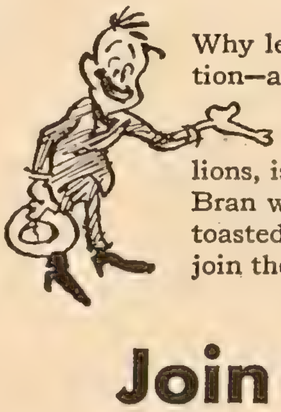
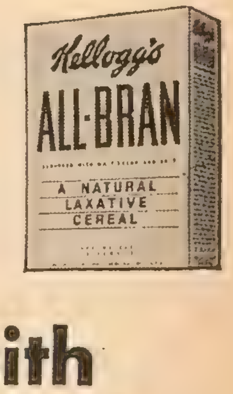
"DID YOU EVER SEE SUCH A CHANGE IN A HUMAN! MR BANG IS A 'REGULAR' FELLOW, NOW!"
F. FOX



Why let yourself in for those bad days due to constipation—and then have to take emergency medicines—when you can avoid both by getting at the *cause* of the trouble? If your difficulty, like that of millions, is due to lack of "bulk" in the diet, Kellogg's All-Bran will provide just what you need. Eat this crunchy toasted cereal every day, drink plenty of water, and join the "Regulars"! Made by Kellogg's in Battle Creek.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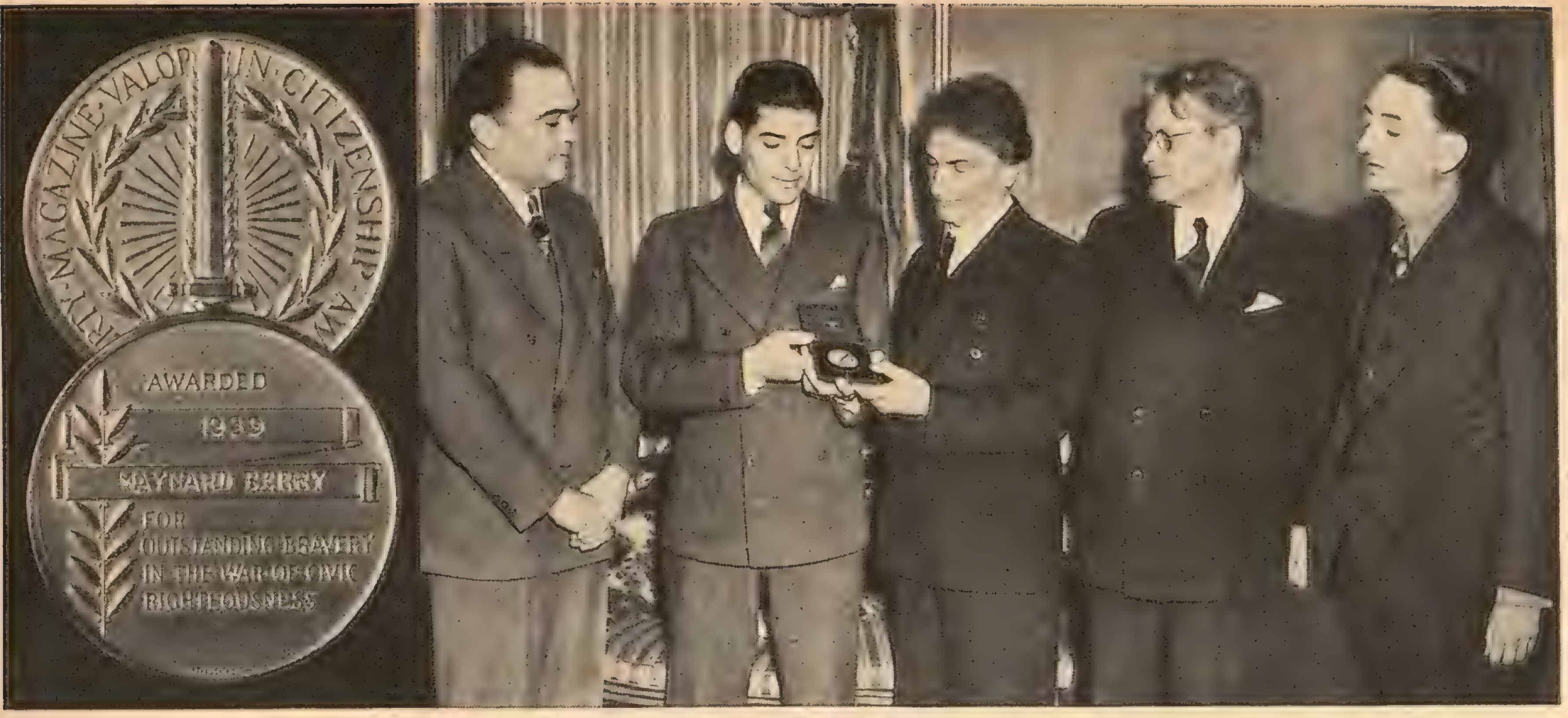
Join the "Regulars" with KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN


RTY·MAGAZINE·VALOR·IN·CITIZENSHIP·AW
AWARDED
1939
MAYNARD BERRY
FOR OUTSTANDING BRAVERY IN THE WAR OF CIVIC RIGHTEOUSNESS

The Liberty Medal for Valor in Citizenship, and the presentation of it. Left to right: J. Edgar Hoover, Maynard Berry receiving the Medal from Bernarr Macfadden, Judge George E. Q. Johnson, and Fulton Oursler, Editor in Chief.

HE WON THE LIBERTY MEDAL FOR VALOR IN CITIZENSHIP

First in a notable series of awards celebrates a modest young hero's courage—Who will be next?

READING TIME ● 3 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

THE scene: The opulent Empire Room of the Waldorf-Astoria in New York City. The time: A luncheon on Tuesday, May 2, 1939. The guests: At tables throughout the enormous room, prominent journalists, eminent writers and advertising men, leaders in civic affairs, editors.

On the dais: J. Edgar Hoover, Chief of the Federal Bureau of Investigation; General Robert Lee Bullard; Frederick L. Collins, one of Liberty's most popular contributors; Judge George E. Q. Johnson of Chicago, chiefly responsible for sending Al Capone to the Rock at Alcatraz; Orr J. Elder and Harold A. Wise of Macfadden Publications; Fulton Oursler, their Editor in Chief; and Bernarr Macfadden, their publisher.

But let the limelight rest not on these notable men of achievement but on a young and modest man who is given the place of honor in their midst. And after many eloquent words have been said, and Mr. Macfadden has presented him the Liberty Medal for Valor in Citizenship—the first to be awarded—he rises and bows and says only, "I don't know what to say but—but thanks."

His name is Maynard Berry. And what brought him this distinguished award? The story has already been told in Liberty by Mr. Collins (October 8, 1938). It was dramatized over the radio that day at the luncheon, but, briefly, here is a résumé.

Maynard Berry, twenty-one, was on his way back from California to an Eastern medical school. In order to conserve the money he had earned to continue his education, he "rode the rods." That is, he leaped into a freight car. And in this freight car he at once found he was not alone. There was a burly stranger there—a stranger with a gun.

And as the train headed east and the two men talked, it slowly was revealed to Berry that the stranger was a murderer. Berry had read about him. In cold blood he had shot and killed Max Krall in the hold-up of his bakery in Sacramento. Perhaps young Maynard's first thought was to escape. Whose would not have been? But, no, he said to himself, he must bring this man to justice.

So he stuck! At one station they got out and had chow together at a lunchroom. *Then Maynard went back to the freight car with the murderer.*

At another stop they got out and Maynard helped the man hide his guilty revolver. But he seized an opportunity to talk casually to a train dispatcher and let him know who his companion was and that he was wanted for murder in Sacramento. The train dispatcher telegraphed—and, farther along the line, guards seized the murderer.

And that was not all. Maynard Berry, as witness, had to return to California, had to postpone his education, had voluntarily to spend weary months of waiting, to appear at the trial.

That was his deed of Valor in Citizenship. That won the award.

No wonder the applause at the Waldorf-Astoria was thunderous when Maynard Berry rose to speak his modest thanks.

Each year Liberty will award a gold Medal for Valor in Citizenship. We have published a number of these heroic tales in Liberty during the past year. It was a difficult task for the judges—Homer S. Cummings, Thomas E. Dewey, and George E. Q. Johnson—to select the man who best deserved the award. But the choice—and wisely—finally settled upon Maynard Berry.

Perhaps you know some unsung hero in the war against crime. If you do, send us the facts and let us investigate. In all these great United States we seek the man who most deserves next year's award of Liberty's gold Medal for Valor in Citizenship.

THE END

MR. DE MILLE SPANS A CONTINENT

Romance, redskins, and railroad lore revive a colorful yesterday in a lavish and pictorially eloquent tale

BY BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 32 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

★ ★ ★ ★ UNION PACIFIC

THE PLAYERS: Barbara Stanwyck, Joel McCrea, Robert Preston, Akim Tamiroff, Lynne Overman, Brian Donlevy, Anthony Quinn, Evelyn Keyes, Stanley Ridges, William Haade, Fuzzy Knight, Syd Saylor, J. M. Kerrigan, Regis Toomey, Henry Kolker, Hugh McDonald, Sheila Darcy, Nora Cecil, Ruth Warren, Lon Chaney, Jr., Richard Robles, Bobbie La Salle, Evelyn Luckey, Calla Waltz, Margaret Roach, Beth Hartman, Davison Clark, Si Jenks, William Pawley, Harry Woods, Francis MacDonald, Richard Lane, Harold Goodwin, May Beatty, Julia Faye, Bert Stevens. Screen play by Walter DeLeon, C. Gardner Sullivan, and Jesse Lasky, Jr., based on Jack Cunningham's adaptation of Ernest Haycox's story. Directed by Cecil De Mille. Produced by Paramount. Running time, 136 minutes.

HERE is one of those robust American spectacles—the screen prefers to call them epics—in the best Cecil De Mille mood. In brief, melodramatic, lavish, cinematically effective.

Hinging on the building of a great railroad — "spanning a continent" is the better film phrase —Mr. De Mille sees to it that the historic event is personalized by the romance of a handsome Union Pacific trouble shooter with an engineer's daughter who also is postmistress for the lowly tracklayers. The hero has his troubles, what with tough, quick-shooting gamblers trailing along to fleece the laborers. The heroine is cute, affects overalls, has an Irish brogue, keeps house for her daddy in a freight car, loses her heart to the wrong man, one of the cardsharks.

Barbara Stanwyck is Molly Monahan, the engineer's colleen; Joel McCrea is the courageous trouble shooter; and a De Mille discovery, Robert Preston, is the glamorous gambler.

Mr. De Mille forsakes bathtubs for buffaloes to center upon the final race of the Union Pacific and the Central Pacific to get to Ogden, Utah, first. Bankruptcy or success is at stake. The right of way to the Salt Lake valley goes to the winner. And the big excitement comes when Indians topple a water tank in the path of a U. P. train. It is derailed, the riders are massacred—all save three. These three—Molly and her two swains—hold off the redskins, get down to their last three bullets when— But you'll have to see the denouement.

Mr. De Mille has done this panorama of railroad pioneering in his best manner. It's pictorially eloquent. If the parade of history grows slow, if you tire of hardy tracklayers hurling steel rails into place, there are our hero's two picturesque aides, a Mexican one-whip man, done by Akim Tamiroff, and a bewhiskered, tobacco-chewing old scout, played by Lynne Overman.

Paul Lukas, film spy chieftain, and agent Edward G. Robinson in the Warner Brothers' exposé, Confessions of a Nazi Spy.

VITAL STATISTICS: Says Cecil De Mille: "Trains have more glamour than anything save a beautiful woman." You know how dad acts with Junior's train on Christmas morning. . . . This is De Mille's sixty-fifth production, Paramount's 1,200th film. Paramount Film No. 1 was The Squaw Man, starring Dustin Farnum, directed by De Mille. Date 1914. . . . Building the U. P. was something; but making Union Pacific was a task, too. De Mille sent an expeditionary force of 300, plus two locomotives and twenty-seven cars, to location near Iron Springs and Cedar City, in southern Utah. Here, on 20,000 yards of leveled ground, gangs laid six miles of track. There were lots of cases of frostbite and even of frozen fingers and ears. One hundred and fifty Navahos were brought up in buses from their habitat on the north rim of the Grand Canyon in Arizona. The driving of the last gold spike at the meeting of the railroads, which took place at Promontory Point, Utah, on May 10, 1869, was staged on a flat in Canoga Park in the Santa Monica hills, twenty miles from the Paramount studios. Two historic wood-burning locomotives, once the property of the Virginia & Truckee Railroad, were used. In their day these handled a hundred million in gold from the famous Comstock lode. . . . The buffalo were close-upped at Cache, Oklahoma. The 2,000 head mostly belonged to the late Gordon (Pawnee Bill) Lillie of Wild West show fame. The principals, riding a handcar, later were superimposed on these shots. . . . Less than a year ago Robert Preston was parking cars at Santa Anita. He is a Los Angeles boy, graduate of the Lincoln High School. Scouts noticed him while he was appearing at the Pasadena Community Playhouse. His mother works for a recording firm for which Bing Crosby makes records. Bing helped him get started. You'll see Preston in Beau Geste. . . . Bert Stevens is Barbara Stanwyck's brother.

★ ★ ★ CONFESSIONS OF A NAZI SPY

THE PLAYERS: Edward G. Robinson, Francis Lederer, George Sanders, Paul Lukas, Henry O'Neill, Lya Lys, Grace Stafford, James Stephenson, Sig Rumann, Fred Tozere, Dorothy Tree, Celia Sibelius, Joe Sawyer, Lionel Royce, Hans von Tivardowsky, Henry Victor, Fredrik Vogeding, George Rosener, Robert Davis, John Voight, Willy Kaufman, William Vaughn, Jack Mower, Robert Emmett Keane, Ely Malyon, Frank Mayo, Alec Craig, Jean Brook, Lucien Prival, Niccolai Yashkin, Bodil Rosing, Frederick Burton. Screen play by Milton Krims and John Wexley from material gathered by Leon G. Turrou. Directed by Anatole Litvak. Produced by Warner Brothers. Running time, 102 minutes.

THIS exposé of spy activities and undercover propaganda promotion in these United States is dynamite. Hollywood rarely touches hot topical subjects and the Warners had daring in stepping into the forbidden field of naming names and pointing the accusing finger.

It isn't a pretty tale—this parade of organized spying, of distributing propaganda, of stealing naval and military secrets, of terrorism and bigotry. And it points to no mysterious unnamed European Power. It shakes an accusing finger directly at Hitler. In only one thing does it draw back. It dodges religious issues.

Here you see the lieutenants of Hitler fasten upon a weak, vacillating, viciously ingenious little man, set him to work stealing secrets of our army and our navy. It shows the pile-up of tragedy in the wake of these fanatics bent upon serving the man who has turned the map of Europe upside down.

Francis Lederer stands out as the weakling who serves Hitler, Paul Lukas is effective as the Nazi spy chieftain in these United States, Edward G. Robinson is almost swallowed up as the agent of the Federal Bureau of Investigation who upsets the plotting.

This calls a swastika a swastika, and in strong screen language.

VITAL STATISTICS: The Warners made every effort to keep the story of this espionage revelation a secret during the making. Only the six principals, the director, the supervisor, and two department heads had scripts. The rest of the players got only one day's lines at a time. No visitors were allowed on the sets. The studio says that between 150 and 175 anti-Nazi German-born players applied for jobs in the film. They wanted to do their bit.

★ ★ ½ CALLING DR. KILDARE

THE PLAYERS: Lew Ayres, Lionel Barrymore, Laraine Day, Nat Pendleton, Lana Turner, Samuel S. Hinds, Lynne Carver, Emma Dunn, Walter Kingsford, Alma Kruger, Harlan Briggs, Henry Hunter, Marie Blake, Phillip Terry, Roger Converse, Donald Barry, Reed Hadley, Neil Craig, George Offerman, Jr., Clinton Rosamond, Johnny Walsh. Screen play by Harry Ruskin and Willis Goldbeck from a story by Max Brand. Directed by Harold S. Bucquet. Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Running time, 85 minutes.

ANY picture landing at the box office these days starts a series. Here is the second Dr. Kildare yarn. James Kildare, son of a small-town medico, is first aide to the crotchety gruff veteran-hospital diagnostician, Dr. Leonard Gillespie. The old specialist makes life pretty miserable for the boy, although he really likes him and is training him to follow in his work. It isn't until the interne gets mixed up with gangsters and a tough moll that Dr. Gillespie comes to his rescue.

Lionel Barrymore plays the cantankerous specialist from a wheel chair, and Lew Ayres, now well on his film comeback, is again the young Dr. Kildare.

VITAL STATISTICS: Lionel Barrymore gets around with the aid of a cane now, but the first Kildare picture had established him as a cripple who needed a wheel chair, so he's still rolling his own in the No. 2 Kildare. . . . Laraine Day, who stole a hit in Sergeant Madden, is a pretty new Hollywood heartthrob.

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 33

1—Walt Whitman.
2—The hummingbird.
3—Camden.
4—Allan Pinkerton.
5—Berlin.
6—Amelia Earhart Putnam.
7—Colorless.
8—Joan Crawford.
9—England, in 1833.
10—Opera.
11—Giacomo Puccini.
12—For life.
13—Nero.
14—Three.
15—Huey B. Long.
16—Graham flour.
17—That in Ontario, Canada.
18—Denis.
19—Hurling.
20— Peter Lorre

(Peter Lorre)

She's a descendant of the Mormon pioneers, was born in Roosevelt, Utah.

★ LUCKY NIGHT (M-G-M). Curdled whimsey. Wealthy girl starts out to earn her own living. Meets gay, irresponsible penniless lad. After a wild evening, they wake up to find themselves married. Then it's whimsey vs. the first-of-the-month bills. Myrna Loy, Robert Taylor, and Director Norman Taurog are equally culpable.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Juarez, Stagecoach, Idiot's Delight, That Certain Age.

★★★½—Wuthering Heights, The Story of Vernon and Irene Castle, Three Smart Girls Grow Up, Midnight, Dark Victory, The Little Princess, The Oklahoma Kid, Ice Follies of 1939, Jesse James, Gunga Din, Sweethearts, Spawn of the North, Four Daughters.

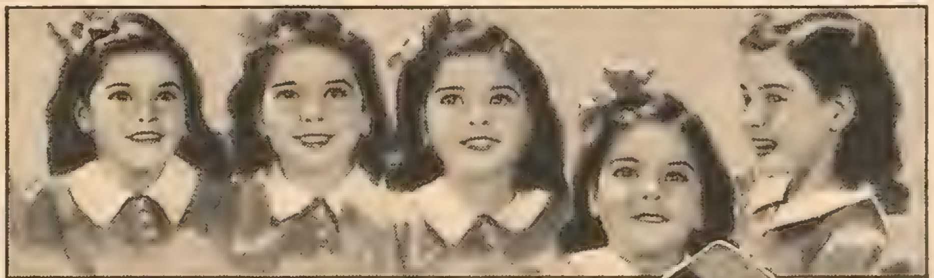
★★★—For Love or Money, Back Door to Heaven, East Side of Heaven, The Hardys Ride High, The Story of Alexander Graham Bell, The Hound of the Baskervilles, The Flying Irishman, Let Freedom Ring, Yes My Darling Daughter, Love Affair, The Three Musketeers, The Mikado, Café Society, Made for Each Other, Huckleberry Finn, Wings of the Navy, Persons in Hiding, They Made Me a Criminal, Honolulu, You Can't Cheat an Honest Man, The Beachcomber, Pacific Liner, Zaza, Tail Spin, Kentucky, Stand Up and Fight, Pygmalion, The Great Man Votes, Christmas Carol, Trade Winds, Dawn Patrol, Out West with the Hardys.

Do you Remember when we were Born..?

1934—The Dionne Quins, born May 28th, a miracle of modern medical science. Because of their premature birth, their skin was so sensitive that for months they were bathed only with *Olive Oil . . .* When the time came for soap and water baths, Dr. Dafoe decided that only Palmolive, the soap made with Olive Oil, was gentle enough for these precious babies!

1936—*"Only Palmolive!"* That's what Dr. Dafoe still says. This gentle soap made with Olive Oil is still the Quins' only bath and beauty soap. And these adorable baby girls, with their clear, healthy skin, so soft and smooth . . . what a wonderful tribute to Palmolive's purity and mildness.

1937—*Growing lovelier* day by day! These five little beauties with their lovely "Schoolgirl Complexions" are a beauty lesson to women the world over! For *Palmolive,* made with soothing Olive Oil, is still the only soap Dr. Dafoe permits these famous little girls to use!



1939—*Five years old* on May 28th! And during all these years they've never, *never* used any soap except Palmolive! What better proof could you have, dear Lady, that this gentle soap made from Olive and Palm Oils really is ideal for your own complexion, and for your children, too?

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BY CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, Jr.

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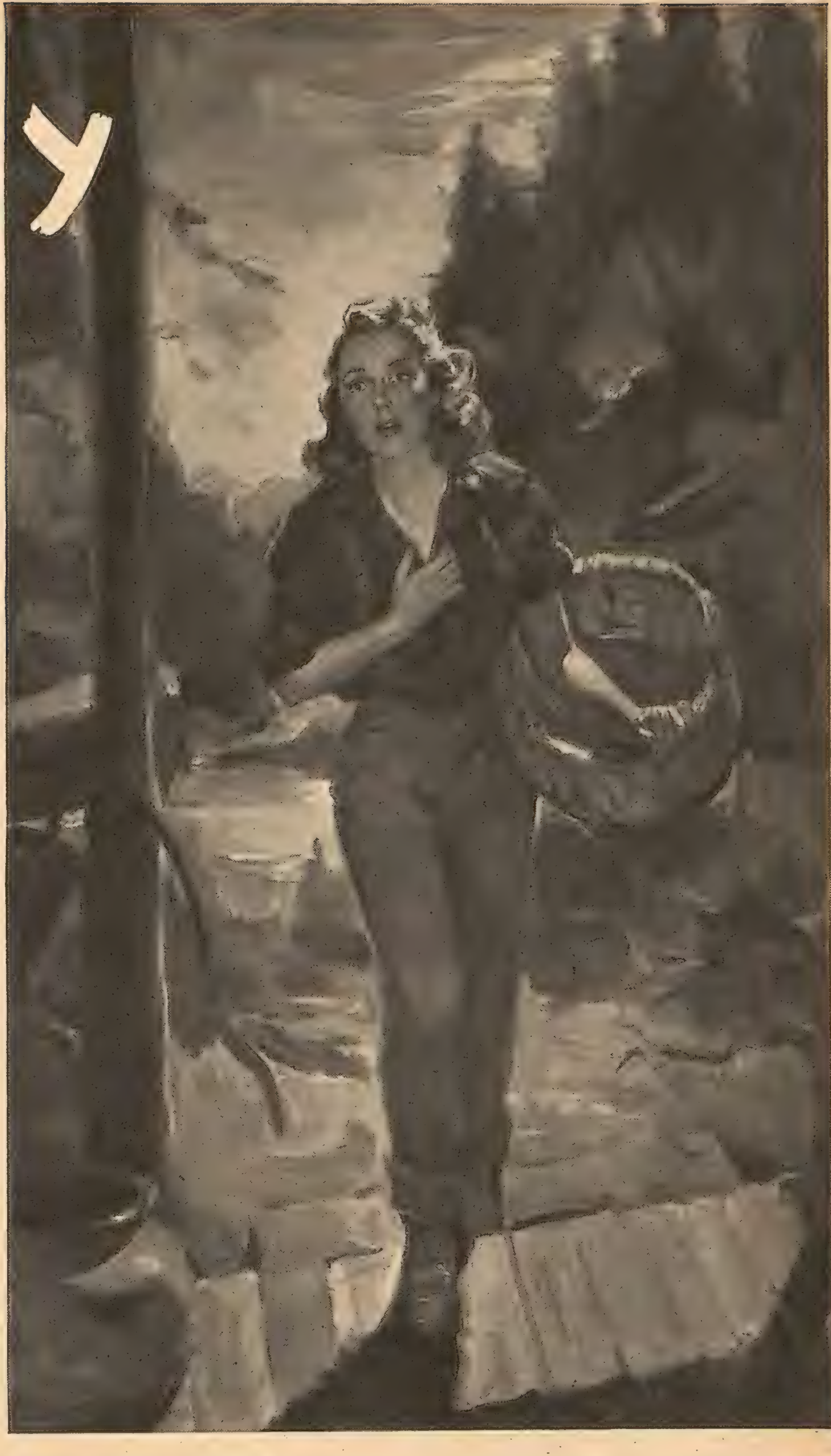

Mimi stepped on to the porch, halted. "Is anybody there?" she called sharply.

READING TIME ● 20 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

PART SIX—THE WITCHWOMAN

JIM'S kiss had changed the world for Mimi. Her common sense tried to tell her that he had only done it on the spur of the moment, prompted by the excitement and horror of the forest fire through which they had just passed and to which he was returning. She tried to insist, as she made her lonely way back through the twilit woods to the cabin, that Jim was merely conscience-stricken over leaving her on the island in the dark, with not so much as even a disapproving Indian to guard her.

But nothing that she could think up to tell herself succeeded in making her forget the warm firm pressure of his lips on hers, the feeling of his big arms

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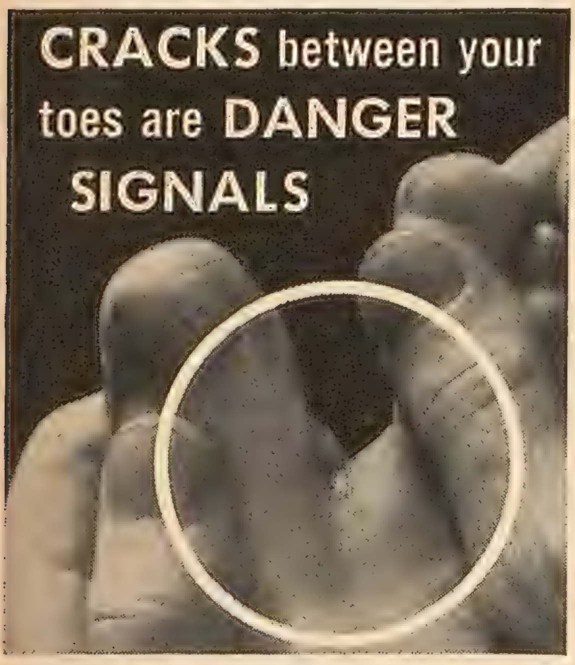
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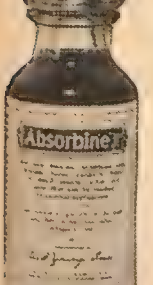

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WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

A YOUNG Canadian aviator, Jim Wayne, seeing Mimi Jamieson, daughter of old Rob Jamieson, wealthy gold king, for the first time in four years, is shocked at the change in her. He was in love with the lovely natural girl she had been; but for the hard shallow creature she has become, he feels only disgust. At the end of a party at her father's house near Toronto, he kidnaps her and takes her north in his amphibian, in the hope that a few weeks at his cabin on Lone Island will bring her to her senses and make her see Count Otto von Ungemach, whom she intends to marry, as the smooth fortune hunter Jim suspects him of being.

When Mimi realizes that she can't get away from Jim's island, she gives up sulking and bides her time until some one—Otto, for example—shall come to rescue her. Otto does fly north, but Jim sees him and whisks Mimi away from an Indian Treaty Party to which he has taken her, before her count can see her.

The next day Jim takes her in his boat to a cave where an Indian has reported that there is gold. In the cave he finds the body of a man and near it an empty bottle which has contained blind tiger, the deadly liquor which greedy scoundrels illegally contrive to smuggle to the Indians.

Meanwhile Count Otto arrives at Lone Island to wait for Mimi. He has just punched a small hole in the gas tank of Jim's plane when he sees the smoke of a forest fire coming from the south. "*Gott!*" he exclaims. "They are a day early!" And he flies off in his plane.

Mimi and Jim see the smoke too, and as soon as they reach the island, Jim kisses her good-by and sets out in his plane to help fight the fire, unaware that, as he flies on his errand of mercy, his precious fuel is streaming out into the air!

---

holding her so suddenly, so briefly.

"I'll make him love me!" she chanted happily. "I can do it, too!" Her moccasined feet hastened on the slippery spruce-needled path. The island about her still smelled chokingly, fearsomely, because of the clouds of acrid smoke that continued to sweep over it from the smoldering forests across the lake. The trees above Mimi were crowded with birds that had found sudden sanctuary here in the midst of surrounding chaos. The underbrush crackled noisily with the multitude of terrified animals that had swum to this cool haven.

But Mimi was unafraid. Something so much bigger than loneliness and childish fear of the dark had happened to her. Something bigger even than fire and terror and death. "I'm in love!" she exulted out loud. "In love for the first time in my life—and the last! I'm crazy and I love it!" She pushed open the cabin door, stumbled into the semigloom, lighted a candle, two candles, four, six—all that she could lay her hands on. "I love Jim!" she chanted. "And he's going to love me!"

She danced about the cabin. For the first time, it looked beautiful to her. The gleaming silky pelts hanging on the log walls, the beaded hunting shirts—surely labors of love from some grateful Indian! The woven rugs on the floor, that superb rabbit-skin coverlet on her bunk! Shamefacedly Mimi eyed the hole that her foot had torn in it— When? Last night, the night before? No; surely years and years ago!

Her conscience, wakened by this reminder, told her now that she had forgotten to unload the scow. Out she went into eerie twilight—too dark for this time of June day and too bronze ever for the greenness of these woods. As Mimi reached the shore, the wind shifted momentarily and showed her a last glimpse of the late-setting northern sun dropping like a thin old tarnished copper plate behind the smoky haze of the western forest. "I'm in love," she told the disappearing sun. "And from now on I'm going to be a *person*, such a real one that Jim will be in love too—with *me!*"

Merrily she staggered back up the slope, carrying hamper and pick and pan and a gun of Jim's. As the candle-lit cabin came into view she began to sing—all because she was happy and the cabin appeared so welcoming, and because she looked forward to the time when she and Jim would honeymoon here!

"'*Ija—ija,*'" she caroled. "'Calm and shining lies the sea! I pull out on still waters. There is no danger more. *Ija—ija!*'"

And if Mimi sensed—ever so lightly, fleetingly—that eyes were on her as she once again pushed into her holiday-lit haven, she dismissed the silly notion even more lightly than she had entertained it. Birds in the trees, squirrels behind stumps, mosquitoes marshaling! Mosquitoes! Laughingly Mimi slammed the heavy door. "No mosquitoes tonight," she assured herself; "no trouble of any kind. Tonight's my lucky night. Jim will come back"—she was moving about the room now, putting things in order. "I'll tell him I love him—or no—" She halted. "Show him first—show him I'm a person—not just the society jitterbug he thinks me! I'll show him that I can be as helpful and efficient as Laura Hill—even if I'm not a six-foot blonde! . . . Wait a minute. No time now for cattiness. Get to work, Mimi! Jim may come back any minute, perhaps bringing fire fighters that are hungry or hurt—"

She tossed off Jim's parka. Then, because it clinked as it fell on her bunk, she remembered the pathetic little specimens of copper pyrites that she had picked up from the floor of that death cave after Jim had tossed his handful into the lake. "We'll save them as a souvenir of the day when I found better gold than any that a filthy-rich pay lode could ever have given!" She pulled the bright-flecked chips from the pocket, deposited them in a wall cupboard.

As she did so her hand struck a large box with a familiar-feeling metal arm on top. She pulled it into view. A portable phonograph! Company, noise, music! Joyously she unearthed it, lugged it to the table. She hunted out a stack of battered records, blindly seized one, slapped it on. And to a scratchy rendition of Come, Josephine, in My Flying Machine, Mimi set about her novel and now suddenly pleasant housewifely tasks.

The oilstove behaved like the dickens. "But it isn't one hundredth as bad as the forest fire," she told herself. So when the feeble flame finally seemed to decide to stay on the oil-soaked wick, even to crawl grudgingly but completely around it, Mimi congratulated herself aloud, "See, Pollyanna? You were right."

She turned the phonograph record over, rewound the machine, started it. Then she set a huge kettle on the oilstove's burner and filled it to the brim from the pump on the porch. After that she began to collect an assortment of bandages and medicines from the cabinet to which she had seen the White Squaw go with such authority. "Not much here," she bewailed; "but maybe he won't need much. . . . Oh, I hope he won't need much!" Swift fear, nameless horror chilled her mood, but she shook it off. "Tonight is my night," she told herself. "Nothing wrong can happen tonight!"

BUT once again Mimi experienced that strange fleeting sensation of being watched. She whirled about, not really expecting to see a face in the window, yet ready to be not too surprised if one should be there. But the blank windows reflected the bright candles, and only empty blackness showed behind then. "See, stupid?" she laughed. "*Il n'y a personne.* Don't go having an attack of screaming meanies, Mimi, my pet." But because her nerves, for all her bravado, were suddenly teetering dangerously near the brink of screaming meanies, Mimi put on the loudest merriest dance record she could find. She lighted the oilstove's second burner with a certain amount of struggle, and heated a can of soup. "Maybe food is what you need," she suggested to herself sensibly.

She had eaten only a few mouthfuls when the high mournful howl of a Husky dog split the night. Then another and another. Mimi sat as though frozen into immobility, spoon halfway to her mouth. Interminably she seemed to sit listening to that bloodcurdling sound. Then, when it changed into barking and whining, she relaxed. "They're hungry! That's all!"

Her relief was so great that most of her confident bubbling mood returned. She took an empty wood basket, went fearlessly out on to the

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(Continued in an early issue)

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porch, delved into the bin where Jim kept the dried fish, and with a heaping supply set out through the fragrant spruce darkness. "Yes, yes, I'm coming!" she called as she neared the palisade. The answering snarls were so ferocious that she remembered what Jim had said—you have to club wolf Huskies at mealtime to see that each gets his share and to keep them from killing each other.

Mimi felt brave but not that brave. Therefore, instead of unbarring the high log gate against which the heavy canines were now leaping, she climbed the stockade, balanced herself on top, and hurled the fish one at a time, first to one corner then to another. It was fun; it reminded Mimi suddenly of a football game. A moon had come up, and in its glow she could see the silvery dogs rush in team formation back and forth across the enclosed gridiron. "Come on, Chicago!" she encouraged lustily. "Go get 'em, Michigan!"

She sang on her way back to the cabin—"'*Ija—ija!* Calm and shining lies the sea.'" But somehow, now that the Huskies were satisfied and silent, the night had become too still. Even the birds had ceased their sleepy twitterings and the wind had failed with the rising of the moon.

Mimi stepped on to the porch, halted, listened. "Is anybody there?" she called sharply. Only the scratching of the phonograph needle answered. "I left it on!" she thought guiltily. "And my last needle. I'm a careless one!" She hastened in to rescue it, first closing the door firmly behind her. "Wonder why Jim doesn't bother with a lock?"

MIMI played in rapid succession Pack Up Your Troubles, Maple Leaf Forever, and Rule Britannia. She tried to sing this third one, accompanying a soprano soloist who sounded like Beatrice Lillie doing an impersonation. But halfway through, Mimi gave up. "That's harder on your tonsils than The Star-Spangled Banner! Hasn't Jim any newer records?" She searched the cupboards.

In one of them, directly under the medicine cabinet, once again her hand touched something familiar, recognizable—a bottle! She pulled it out. Brandy! "Just what the doctor ordered!" she exclaimed, drawing out the cork and noting with satisfaction that the bottle was half full. She poured an inch or so in a water glass, drank it neat. "Much, much better for me than soup! Cold soup now, at that!"

From then on the evening assumed heightened color for Mimi. It was easier for her to remember how happy she was, easier for her to forget that Jim was possibly in danger, easier for her not to hear the silence of the island weighing down all round the cabin, creeping in through chinks, staring in through uncurtained windows. Mimi took several heartening drinks, spacing them so that the precious supply would last. And she busied herself with increasing diligence and pleasure in housewifely tasks. She felt helpful, energetic, virtuous, and optimistic. And now she knew, so she assured herself, how pioneer women felt when working in their log houses getting everything in order so that the home would be neat and serene when their men returned!

Unfortunately, just about when Mimi arrived at that thought, the kettle of water on the oilstove boiled over because she had neglected it. And in so doing it extinguished the circular flame beneath it—the slow smelly death of which filled the cabin with smoke. But as Mimi had already found and played Smoke Gets in Your Eyes, she thought this mishap both appropriate and funny. So she merely began the record again and opened the cabin door to clear the air.

IT was ten o'clock when Mimi opened the door of the cabin on Lone Island. At ten o'clock in the big house at Oakville, on Lake Ontario, Mimi's aunts, Amy and Lucy, were going to bed. They always went at ten—not because they were tired but because nothing ever happened to them after dark to warrant their staying either up or awake.

Aunt Amy, the one who drooped, arranged her satin corset neatly over a chair. "I'm worried about Mimi," she sighed. "Not a word from her! Even if Robbie does say she's safe up there, visiting missions with that young man he likes so well, I still declare it sounds unnatural, and I'm worried!"

"I'm not!" Aunt Lucy twittered crisply, buttoning the ruffled neck of her nightgown high under her pink wrinkled chin. "I envy Mimi! Yes I do, Amy. You needn't look at me over your glasses! Mimi's an ill-behaved, hard, spoiled little brat—oh, don't pretend to be shocked; you've passed the age when calling a spade a spade honestly bothers you! Yes, our pretty Mimi's a brat, but she's more like Robbie than any of us. And he was the only one in the family who amounted to a row of pins!" Lucy energetically tied a silk net over her frisky white curls, dabbed cream on her old face. "Don't you worry about Mimi," she advised, handing her sister her glass of warm milk. "She'll be all right, no matter what happens to her!"

"That's just it!" Amy bewailed, sitting up in bed and miserably eying the glass in her hand. "I love Mimi and I don't want things to happen to her!"

AT the same time, 10 P. M., in Chicago, Mimi's mother was welcoming guests to a musicale—the last one of the season—in her magnificent cream-and-gold music salon. Not that Mimi's mother was musical, but she had known years back—with a shrewdness for which even her disillusioned husband gave her credit—that a consistent, lavish pursuit of the arts is one of the best ways to catch up with social prominence. ("Either the arts or horses or yachts," she had advised her oldest daughter. "And with my figure I'd look like Billy-be-damned on a horse! And with my stomach I'd feel like him on a boat!")

So Mrs. Robert MacKenzie Jamieson was welcoming guests. "Lampovovitch's last night in this country," she told them. "Flying to New York the minute he stops playing for us. Wonderful things, planes!"

"Speaking of planes, where is Mimi?" a guest asked. "Walter Winchell hinted that a certain count's interest in Canadian Indians may be holding her in the North."

"Ah!" Mrs. Jamieson's laugh was arch. "Dear Count Otto! But how can I or any one ever say what Mimi is up to? Seriously, however, she is visiting her aunts, near Toronto. Just resting after the busy season here."

At ten five Mimi finished sweeping the cabin floor. She remade her bunk, idly noting the patches on the walls where newspaper clippings had obviously recently been glued. She peered into Jim's lean-to, but found his seamanlike cot neat. She lay down on that cot, loving it because Jim had slept there. Then, jumping up, she smoothed it meticulously.

Once again out in the cabin she arranged and rearranged the ominous little display of medicines and bandages. She poured herself another small drink. But still the eyes of night seemed to peer through the open door.

At ten twenty Mimi started to shut that door, then thought better of it because the cabin still smelled smoky. She made a fireplace fire to combat the increasing chill.

The fire began to snap comfortingly. Mimi moved gratefully back and forth before it. She poured another small drink. "To Jim!" she toasted. "Jim and Chasse-Galerie II! And Laura's wrong about Chasse-Galerie! The name isn't unlucky! Nothing unlucky could ever touch Jim!"

Then, for no reason save that she could think of nothing more profitable to do—she dropped down on to the now warm floor before the fire and began to do her exercises. She executed a complicated routine of leg flingings and arm reachings which her mother's Salon pour le Silhouette had taught her at ten dollars per gesture. "One two, one two, and o-o-over!" Mimi chanted. She jumped up, put on an early record of Alexander's Ragtime Band and resumed her floor position. "One bumpty-bump! Two whee-whee! O-o-o-ver all the way, crash, excuse me!"

Any one watching this performance without understanding it would have considered Mimi not only crazy but potentially dangerous. Which latter is exactly what the person whose old eyes had followed Mimi for several hours had irrevocably decided.

The aged witchwoman Nishima had returned to Lone Island in twilight. Her annual trip for magic herbs had been cut short by the ill will of the evil god whom she feared most—Fire. Nishima had found the Indian settlement deserted. Treaty Party! Younger generation. "Ugh!" she had grunted. Good! A dry fish from the rack, a scoop of water, all she needed. Mebbe little tea from Chief Jim's shelf. Yes, little borrowed tea. *Borrowed* because Nishima could see by the empty hangar that Bird-Jim's *kanghaktoyuk*—"thing that hangs up"—had gone.

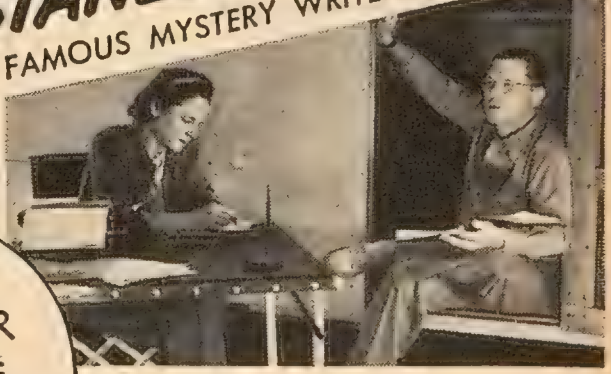
So Nishima had hastened with crabwise gait, hampered by many petticoats, up the hill to the cabin to borrow tea. But there she had experienced terror. For in Chief Jim's cabin stood a Fire woman disguised in Bird-Jim's clothes but with hair in flames and with the Ija-ija song on her lips! And who but a spirit in league with the Fire god would be praying for fair weather at a time like this?

Nishima went from window to window, followed the Fire witch to the stockade, listened while the such-a-one conversed with the souls of the wolves. Stealthily followed the one, heard the music, the songs, saw the ceremonial dancing. Saw the one lie on Chief Jim's bed making spells, saw her drink fire water—which Bird-Jim let no one touch! Saw her roll on floor making more spells—with door open so that Fire spirits who had passed over this island could come back and have it! Yes! Nishima knew for sure now! Little English she had mastered in all her years, but she understood counting—"One, two, three!" The

"THE CASE OF THE NERVE-WRACKING HEADACHE" solved by ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

FAMOUS MYSTERY WRITER

THERE'S NO MYSTERY ABOUT THE WAY I CLEAR UP HEADACHE—TENSE NERVES. BROMO-SELTZER ALWAYS HELPS BOTH FAST!



ERLE STANLEY GARDNER, at work on one of his Perry Mason mysteries (his latest is "The Case of the Perjured Parrot") in his trailer study, a "fiction factory" on wheels. Bromo-Seltzer is part of his regular trailer equipment.

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Fire woman yelled, doing signals. Three minutes? Three hours? When was the fire to come? Old Nishima couldn't understand. But she could understand the word "Come"—the word the music box was making. "Come on and hear, come on and hear—" And she could understand that she had to hurry! Hurry to save Chief Jim's island from the Fire god!

The rickety phonograph was bouncing almost as energetically as Mimi—"It's the best band in the land—ta-ta-ta-ta, etc.—Alexander's ragtime band!" Mimi heard only that, saw only the tawny firelit ceiling of the cabin. She heard no moccasined footsteps, saw no bent shadow slide in the open door, across the cabin floor. But she did feel the sudden swift grip of talonlike fingers about her throat—just as she had brought herself up into a sitting position in the Silhouette Salon's fifth exercise.

Mimi screamed—a scream that died more suddenly even than the music's final crescendo. The needle-scratching was the only answer in the room—that and the crackling of the fire. For old Nishima worked as silently as death in an Indian tepee.

She rolled Mimi in a blanket hastily torn from the girl's own recently straightened bunk and bound her with the caribou thongs hanging near. Then she carried her outdoors as easily as though Mimi had been a six-month-old papoose.

Mimi, paralyzed now with fright, felt herself being lashed to a tree, heard a cracked old voice chanting gibberish. Through the opening in her blanket covering all she could see was a dark figure and now—suddenly—the glow of a small neat fire at her feet! And Mimi knew—remembering what Jim had told her, and having heard the noise of stone on stone as this dark figure before her moved about—that this fire was built Indian fashion, to be controlled but to achieve great heat!

Mimi screamed loud and long.

It wasn't her scream but it definitely was the glow of the fire through the dark trees that guided the plane now circling low over the island. A searchlight came on—a shaft of brilliant illumination straight out of the heavens. To Nishima it meant the Fire spirit coming to claim his own—or possibly the spirit canoe Chasse-Galerie lurking vulturelike to collect the dead! "Chasse-Galerie," Nishima cried out loud, "wait!" Immediately she began to scurry about to find more dry twigs and branches to get an efficient fire going.

"Jim!" Mimi screamed. "Jim!"

Nishima halted. Why this one call Jim? More funny business?

"Jim!"

Nishima saw the plane land on the water.

"Jim!"

But it wasn't Jim who came running into the circle of firelight. It was Otto. He pushed old Nishima aside, unbound Mimi, held her in his arms. "Poor baby! Mimi, you are not hurt? My poor sweet!"

Once more in the cabin, Mimi told him her story. And he told her his. Also he told her that he had been flying up and down over every river and stream leading from this lake, searching for her. "I knew you had left by boat," he explained. "The plane was here when I came. When the fire started I was frantic!"

When she told him that Jim was now away fighting that same fire, he swore in several languages. "And leaving you here with a mad Indian? With—" Suddenly he was still, for he realized how much worse it might have been had she gone up in that plane! The plane on which he had evidently done a poor job. "Come, heart. We must go at once. You're trembling, sweet!"

For Mimi was trembling horribly, uncontrollably. Everything had happened too quickly, too viciously. She loved Jim—but Otto was right. Jim shouldn't have left her here, shouldn't have risked what almost happened—even if he didn't love her. That was it! Jim didn't love her. He despised her; didn't care what happened to her.

"Come, Mimi sweet."

"Yes." Trembling, crying, Mimi let Otto guide her to the shore.

"I taxied in as close as possible," Otto said. "I used this raft or whatever it is for a wharf."

"It's a scow." And Mimi gulped; Elephantine II was dear to her.

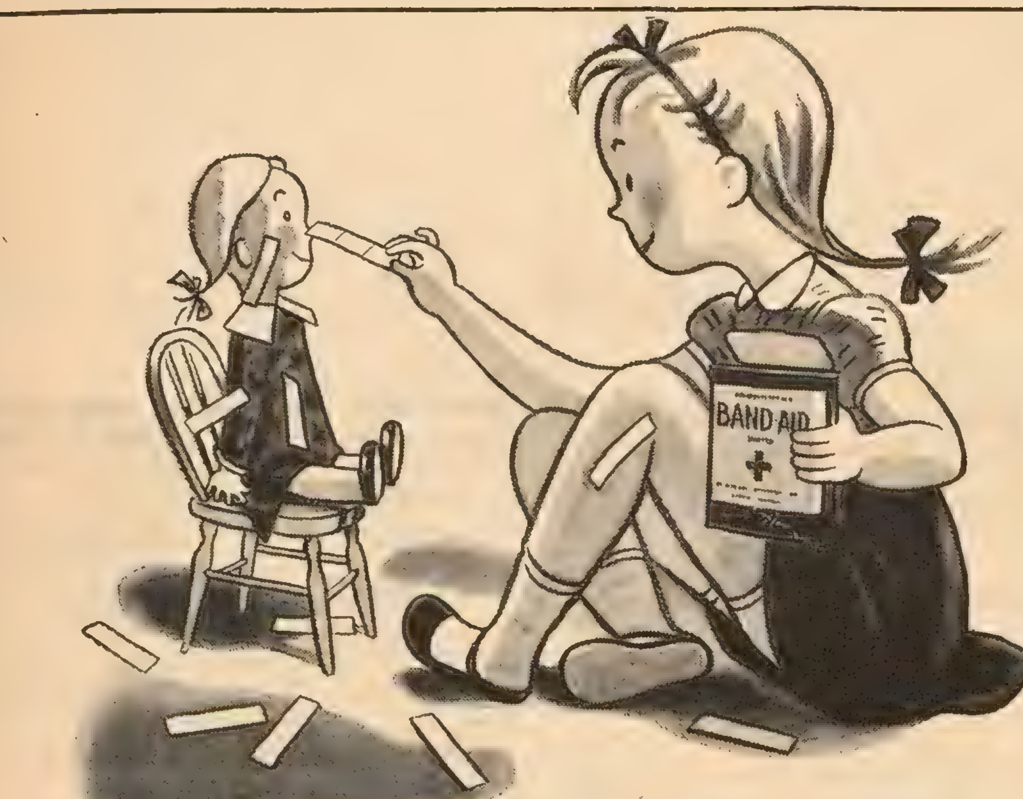
"Give me your hand, Mimi," Otto commanded—somewhat sharply now because she was moving so slowly.

Then, out of the darkness into the area of visibility made by the lights of the plane a big canoe glided. In it were two Indian figures at the paddles, one Canadian Mountie, and—a body on a stretcher. The canoe slid up beside the scow. One Indian leaped nimbly out, steadied the craft.

Mimi, suddenly knowing what was to be, ran forward, bent over the man lying motionless in the canoe. "Jim!" she whispered. "No, no! Not *Jim!*"

"His plane crashed," the officer explained.

Again escape is barred! Mimi cannot go with Otto and leave Jim, broken, perhaps dying. But of what use will she be if she stays? Read next week's tense installment in which a girl in love looks on at a bitter struggle between life and death.



For every scratch or cut or nick
I run and get the Band-Aid, *quick!*
'Cause cov'ring up a hurt, says Nurse,
May keep that hurt from getting worse.
And *I* think Band-Aid's simply dandy;
It's ready-made and neat and handy
What's more, it *stays* on awkward places
Like elbows, knees and little faces!

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SUTTER'S CRYSTAL

Liberty's Short Short

BY

ROBERT S. MANSFIELD

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 56 SECONDS

PEOPLE were talking last night about how "Old" Henry Sutter was dead. They'd heard he died yesterday morning in General Hospital. They said it was too bad. Henry had always wanted to amount to something, but he never made the grade, and now it was too late. They talked about Henry as a boy, Henry as a man, and they talked about "Old" Henry Sutter. He was fifty-three a week ago tomorrow.

They said he'd had a tough time these last two years, with that tumor in his brain and all those operations. They said, yes, Henry was a good man and worked hard at his job. He'd helped, nights, over at the Harford School for the Blind, too, and they could always count on Henry to arrange banquets for the Rotary Club. But he never made the grade. Henry—Henry—what was his middle name? They couldn't remember. It was Lloyd.

Henry Lloyd Sutter is dead. They're right about that. He wanted to be somebody—to do something big for Harford and the world. That's right, too. But when they say he never made the grade, they are wrong.

In school he played all the games but he was awkward. He worked hard and kept up with his classes, and perhaps that extra hard work was what stunted his growth—interrupted it after he was twelve.

He worked, summers, over at the Monroe mill. They made him a checker, and they never had to worry about his tallies. He saved his money, and finally went to college. Nothing much.

Henry fell in love with a girl who lived in the college town. The night of his commencement, Henry Sutter asked Cicely to marry him. He wrote two pages about it in his diary. He even wrote down what she said.

She said: "Thank you, Henry. This is a compliment I shall never forget. Please believe that I like you, that I'm fond of you—that I love you, too, a little bit. But it isn't right, somehow. A girl knows about that. Any girl should be proud to be your wife, but . . ."

Henry Sutter never married.

Over at the mill, back in 1912, the head of Henry's department died, and it seemed natural that Henry Sutter should have the job. It went to another man. Henry was made his chief assistant. That didn't really bother him so much. He knew there are other ways to serve. He started a school for the blind.

Maybe he wanted to be president of the school corporation. Then people would look up to him and say, "That's Henry Lloyd Sutter. He's helped people." Nobody could blame a man for wanting that. Maybe he hoped they'd call it the Henry Lloyd Sutter School for the Blind. Much of his savings went into it. They called it the Harford School for the Blind. Henry Lloyd Sutter was secretary of the board until his health failed.

He joined the Rotary Club, and represented the mill at Chamber of Commerce meetings. He was secretary of the Rotary Club one year, and vice-chairman of the Chamber of Commerce bandstand committee in 1919.

Not even the war gave Henry his chance. He sold Liberty bonds, went over to the local draft camp as a volunteer nurse during the influenza epidemic of 1917-18. He had already been rejected as a volunteer in all branches of the service.

So perhaps it isn't any wonder people think Henry Sutter never made the grade.

He wrote in his diary on February 23, 1922, that headaches made him think his eyes were going bad. His oculist took him to a physician, and the physician took him to an X-ray specialist who took pictures of his head. They told him he had a brain tumor; to arrange for a leave of absence and they would remove it.

Next day the headache was gone. It did not return, he told the doctor Saturday. An X-ray showed that the tumor had gone down.

The headaches stayed away, and the tumor had shrunk to a mere pinpoint when they took the next picture. The doctors looked at the film, and studied over it, and they made all manner of tests on Henry. Finally they told him what they believed.

Right in the middle of Henry Sutter's brain was a little gland. Other people had that gland, too, but with them it hardened and became idle when they were twelve or thirteen years old. Henry's hadn't. The doctors thought it was this active gland which was reducing the tumor every time it got big enough to cause trouble. They told him he had no need to worry when the headaches came; but the next time they did, four years later, he went to the hospital for observation. Henry had been reading medical books and talking to brain specialists and laboratory men during his vacations.

The results were the same as before. The headaches came again, two years ago. Then Henry wired three great brain specialists to come to Harford at once.

LAST night two of those three talked of their conference with Henry. They were dressed in white, sitting on stools in the laboratory of Harford General Hospital. One of them lifted a test tube partly filled with amber-colored crystals.

"Sutter could have lived to be ninety," he said. "He didn't need those operations, and he knew it. The operations and their result were his idea."

Two years ago the first cerebral operation was performed on Henry Sutter at his own request. He'd had a hunch. The surgeons removed a tiny fragment of the active gland they'd told him about. They experimented with it and made some progress, but they didn't have enough. They hadn't wanted to rob Henry of what was holding back his tumor. He told them to take some more.

Yesterday morning Henry Lloyd Sutter died, following a fifth operation for "cerebral tumor." The doctors say it was the fifth operation for the well-being of the world. In a test tube they have a crystalline substance which, they say, can be reproduced synthetically. It will retard brain tumors without operations. That substance in another form was the life of Henry Lloyd Sutter. It is called Sutter's Crystal.

Henry Sutter made the grade.

THE END

On the Air!

Fulton Oursler, Editor in Chief of Liberty, speaks every Tuesday at 9.55 P. M., Eastern Daylight Saving Time, over most stations of the NBC Blue Network, coast to coast.

Mr. Oursler's subjects are selected with a view to their timeliness and importance in a rapidly changing world.

A Short Short broadcast for liberals with common sense! Be sure to

TUNE IN!

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1939; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.

SMUGGLE if you Dare, LADIES!

A Woman Customs Inspector Talks to

MARGARET LUKES WISE and CLARA BELLE THOMPSON

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

ADVICE to a lady who is planning to smuggle: Don't! Definitely, we are on the lookout for you! This summer, more than ever, with sensational smuggling so recently in the limelight, you are playing a losing game.

Who am I? Oh, I am around! I dress smartly and look like a prosperous passenger. I stand on the pier apparently waiting for friends, or ride down the bay to board the boat at quarantine as a woman reporter. Or I just mingle with the crowd on the dock. For I am a woman inspector of the United States Customs Service, a lady who will catch you if you don't watch out.

Suppose I give you some idea of what you are up against. First of all, in the matter of clothes, don't try to hoodwink me. Don't tell me that little dress was picked up a couple of years ago. For I know my fashions. I keep up to the minute by reading fashion magazines, attending smart fashion shows, picking up a tip here and a tip there. One of my jobs as I stand on the dock is to pass on to the customs inspector the tip that what you are wearing is new, a full season ahead of present American fashion.

Take that attractive society matron and her daughter when the S. S. Steamboat docked in March. Their fur coats showed wear enough to be last year's garments, as they claimed. But that did not fool me. They were last-minute models! It just meant that those coats had had a little artful rough treatment abroad. The sleeve cut and the line of the collar had not yet come to this side of the Atlantic.

Then there was that blonde woman wearing a handsome seal coat. As we came down the gangplank together I remarked: "My, that's a stunning coat!" "Yes," she answered casually. "I got it in Paris several years ago."

But when I pulled out her declarations for the last five years, there was no listing of a seal coat. She was questioned, and confessed. As the coat, new, would have cost in America $700, her fine was that amount. And in order to keep the coat she had to pay an additional $700. That is the way it works. You have to pay the American price of the article as a fine. Then, in order not to forfeit it, you must buy it back from Uncle Sam at the same figure. Hardly seems worth it, does it? Yet I have seen people paying penalties one, two, three, four years after the offense. *There is never any final security about the possession of smuggled goods.*

It's just plain silly to sew in phony labels. Or to take your old fur over and bring back a new one in its place. I can tell a European fox from an American one. And an imported dress or coat from a domestic one. And it is just the same in everything else—jewelry, silks, silver, china, leather. Uncle Sam has his experts in them all.

Do I search many people? Yes, I do. But probably not in the dramatic way you think. We try to cause as little embarrassment as possible. I invite the woman to go back quietly with me on the boat. We proceed to an empty stateroom, and the game of hide-and-seek begins.

Not so long ago I extracted two exquisite sheer French nightgowns from the padded shoulders of a 1939-model black crepe dress. Another ingenious passenger thought of the heavy gold costume jewelry so much in vogue as an unbeatable place to substitute real jewels for imitations. But I had thought so too. So be warned. If Paris should spring a new vogue this summer with neat stowaway possibilities, do not get too excited about your idea. Because ten chances to one the happy thought is striking me about the same time it is striking you.

But the professional—is she caught too? I should say she is!

When a new dodge or new racket comes along, out goes a flyer with full particulars, descriptions, and often photographs. It immediately becomes part of the curriculum in Uncle Sam's unique school for customs inspectors. Not only is printed matter circulated, but the actual confiscated devices are there for us to see. There you will find such dodges as picture frames, dog collars, backs of brushes, soaps, medicines, ear trumpets, nursing bottles, hollow handles, specially lined girdles, crutches, bandages, false teeth, false-topped suitcases, invisible compartment pocketbooks—all of which, at some time or other, held priceless jewels, narcotics, or the prize of some smuggling racket. Recently a bird joined the ranks.

I saw a poorly dressed middle-aged couple shuffling off the gangplank reserved for steerage passengers. They took their place under the proper initial, were very meek and humble about waiting their turn. "Have you declared everything?" asked the inspector. "Poor folks like us have nothing worth declaring," was the woman's reply. But she underestimated. For the sad-looking bird on her old brown hat was stuffed with narcotics.

When you meet us at the piers, I'll have to admit you are meeting some pretty fair psychologists. Intuition, knowledge, and an ever-practicing experience form a combination hard to beat. Frequently, by your own actions, by fussing with telltale pockets, fumbling with buttons that are really gold, adjusting the belt with the inner lining, you give yourselves away.

But many, many times we do not need to use any psychology to secure our information. We have it already!

I doubt if many travelers realize the extent to which they are now betrayed from abroad. *Ninety per cent* of the tip-offs come from foreign informers!

It started, of course, with the 1930 law, which has plenty of teeth. That law gives the informer one fourth of the fine, and protects him forever from having his name revealed. It did not take long for this new money-making device to get a nice footing in Europe.

Everybody gives the tips: The clerk who sells you, the chambermaid who does your room, the elevator boy who runs you up and down, the waiter who serves your dinner, the secretary who takes your letters, the courier who shows you around, the friend, the relative, the associate, the poor relation, the employee. *Pals, all!*

This summer passengers will come, passengers will go. This summer I'll see old tricks, I'll see new. But let's not meet. Just don't smuggle.

THE END

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SEARCH THEM FOR CLEVER QUOTATIONS

NEXT WEEK Liberty WILL PRESENT THE FIRST SECTION OF A

$1,000

CASH PRIZE CONTEST that will offer a chance to turn excerpts from these treasured books into real treasure . . .

See the contest page in Liberty next week for complete details and the first entry coupon

Said a well-mannered young English Setter:
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It's three-flavored, you know—
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WE WANTED A CHILD—AND WE PRAYED

MANKATO, MINN.—Bob and I had everything in our home to make a young couple ideally happy—except a baby.

"Why don't we adopt one?" Bob asked one day. He was never more serious in his life, and I knew this.

"Why don't we pray for one of our own?" I counter-questioned.

Then Bob realized how seriously I was considering this problem, which was so vital, so real, and so important to both of us.

"We have *longed* for a baby for several years, Bob, with all the strength of our hearts and souls," I said. "We have *wished* for a child, all the more because it has seemed unattainable, even blaming ourselves, and almost to the extent of blaming the Almighty."

"Well, Sally, why blame ourselves?" inquired Bob. "And where does praying come in?"

"That is what seems so simple, Bob, that I wonder we did not think of it ourselves. Our prayers have been only mere words. Prayers ought to be mental, emotional, spiritual. We have never given active expression to our prayers in our attitude toward others. We must make our prayers dynamic, and desire so earnestly that we actually believe that we shall receive."

"How can a person believe the impossible?" Bob asked.

I could only reply, "With God, all things are possible."

Long and earnestly we discussed every phase of this important question, until we pledged to each other a consecrated program of new prayer life.

As part of the new prayer life which Bob and I agreed devoutly to follow, gratitude to God, in advance, became our daily prayer and expressed emotion.

Another part of our belief-in-prayer program was the expression of our love for children, of our love for our fellow men, as well as our love for God. Where formerly we had repressed our affection for children, now we showed it freely in our daily lives.

Bob—practical man that he was—started a bank account for the hoped-for child.

I enrolled for courses of study on the care and training of children.

Together, in our little home, Bob and I built a sacred shrine as high and holy as that of any prayerful parents of Scripture days. I read over and over the Bible story of how Hannah dedicated her child, in advance, to the Lord. I read with new delight of Mary's song of thanksgiving, when the angel announced to her that she was to be blessed among women as the mother of the Christ child.

Winter edged into spring, and summer and autumn came and went for Bob and me. It was a very real Thanksgiving Day to both of us when, in the corridor of the hospital, a doctor announced to Bob, "It's a boy!"—*Sally F.*

BATS IN THE BELFRY

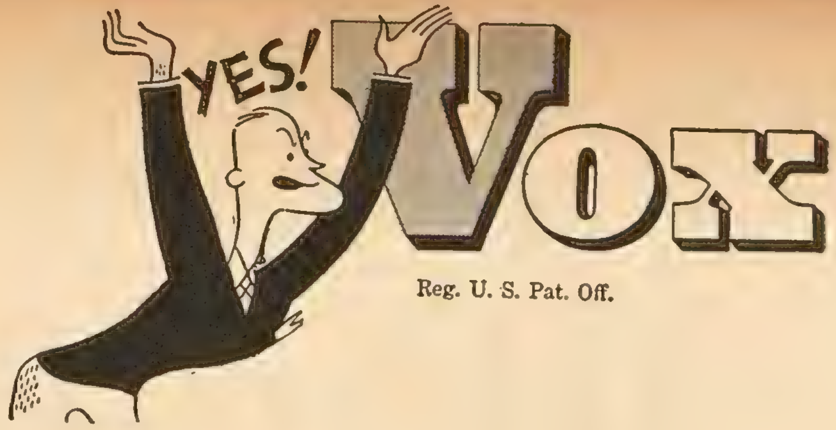
WEBB CITY, MO.—Have just read April 29 Vox Pop, and would like to say that if Mr. Horace Leaf takes advantage of Mr. E. H. Van Voorhis' cut-rate price of chasing bats in the belfry, I hope Liberty does likewise for having published such ancient and outmoded bunk as ghost chasing. —*W. L. Riddle.*

MEETING BOMBS HALFWAY

NORFOLK, VA.—Catch the Bombs! by A. C. Watson of Conneaut, Ohio (March 11 Vox Pop) is an excellent idea. I will take lessons in flying at once. When I develop the proper speed and ability to tail-spin and dive I will get me a butterfly net, and when I see a bomb being dropped from a plane I will maneuver and get under it and catch the bomb in my net before it explodes. Nothing like meeting bombs halfway!

What an idea for safety! We will not have to worry about being bombed any more. Our country will be safe from attack, and we can now rest assured that we have nothing to fear.

It took an Ohio boy from the land of Presidents to originate this brilliant idea. Let Liberty's artist design an antimony medal for Mr. Watson. He certainly deserves it. —*E. J. Miller.*



Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

TWO CHICKS IN ONE EGG?

CLEVELAND, OHIO—One day I was going to fry two eggs for dinner and I found two yolks in one of the eggs. Was it ever possible for two chicks to hatch out of one egg?—*Adam Carnavelli.*

BIG BILL AND OLD DOC

ON THE ROAD, U. S. A.—Big Bill likes dummies but not my kind. Lissen. Bill knew a good thing when he saw it. So he bought himself a large plot of land in the lower end of our town for $3,000. By dummy deals through dummy agents, Bill doubled, trebled, quadrupled, an' quintupled the supposed value of his investment.

Now he was all set for a real sale. He picked his purchaser—yeah, you've guessed it—Bill's dummy city government. The city had to have schools, didn't it? The price was now $18,000. A cinch. The taxpayers would be taken for a $15,000 ride.

But Old Doc knew a few things, too. Knew the city didn't need another school. No, sir-ree. An' he knew that a passive, boss-ridden bunch of citizens wouldn't do anything to stop it, even though the deal smelled to heaven, unless—well, unless the land smelled too. It sure did. It was a swamp. The State Board of Health said it was a pesthole. Fathers an' mothers, no longer easygoin', got very busy. The steal was stopped!

"A taxpayer," says Old Doc, "will pay an' pay an' pay, but he won't give the life of his child to make a grafter's holiday."—*Ambrose.*

WHO WANTS FASCISM?

BOSTON, MASS.—I have just finished reading with great interest and concern Mr. Macfadden's editorial Who Wants Fascism? (April 15 Liberty.)

I must say that I feel he has the attitude and spirit of our pioneers, and I, for one, would be very pleased to see an organization instituted, with the name the Constitutionalists, dedicated to the theory that our Constitution is a sacred document, and pledged to the upholding of same, the only by-laws to be that in safeguarding the Constitution it would be the duty of all to avoid desecration, alteration, and violation of that sacred heritage of our forefathers.

I feel that in times like these such an organization is imperative, and I am sure that there are many millions of people in this country who have the same thought.

Therefore may we appeal to Mr. Macfadden, as a leader of men and a man with vast resources, to start something along the above lines?—*M. L. Neustadter.*

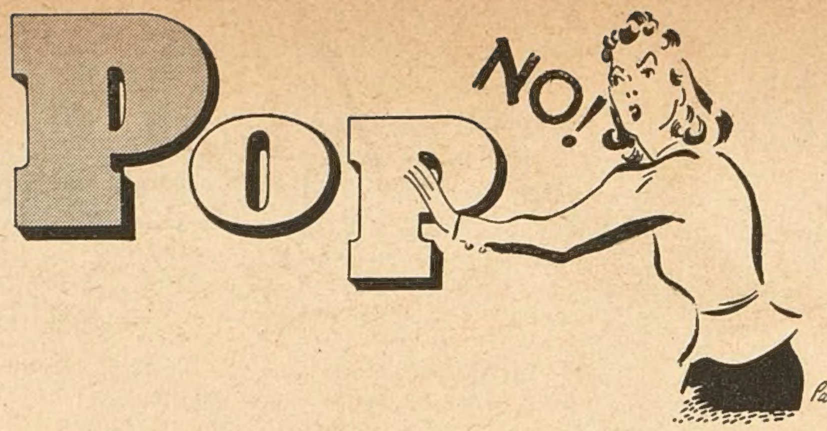
IN A JAM, AS 'TWERE

MONITOR, ORE.—"We don't know where Mom is, so we keep Pop on ice." (April 22 Vox Pop.)

I know. We have Marm'laid in the cupboard.—*Z. M. Chase.*

GIRTH CONTROL

BUTTE, MONT.—To L. N., the writer of Corset for Bay Window (April 8 Vox Pop), I should like to say: Throw out your chest and your bay window will take care of itself. Stand correctly and that is all



you will have to do. Pull in your belly!—*Minnie Richards Smith.*

SUCH FACE SLAPPING!

WISHEK, N. D.—What interests me most—one of the most enthusiastic readers of your magazine—is the anti-Nazi propaganda stuff, the best of it unquestionably I Married a Nazi. I must admit I could hardly wait for the next issue to tell the town what a "barbaric Nazi German" this Eric was. And now, at the very end of the story, I have to apologize because—Eric is a Jew!

In all the world, how could Mr. Schisgall make such a slip, slapping us "pro-Jewish anti-Nazi propagandists" right in our faces? I am afraid that the intent of his fantastic story has failed.—*Eric Littlecamp.*

TRY TOUGHER BABIES

LOVINGTON, N. M.—Betsey Barton's symposium, "We Won't Fight," Say College Youths, is certainly illuminating. Now that we know that, in case we need saving, we can't expect much help from the college boys, let's try something. While the men who have fought in times past to save the country for the goldfish-gulping collegians turn over in their graves, why not send out your same questionnaire to some of our youth who haven't had it quite so soft?

Let's send a similar questionnaire to the CCC boys, to the boys in the vocational and industrial schools, and to the unfortunate young chaps who, through their own misdeeds or economic misfortune, are in durance vile in the state and federal reformatories. At least these kids have had the guts to get into trouble in trying to support themselves independent of dad's purse.

I venture to say that the tabulation of replies from these young men who know something about difficulties will be entirely different. Why not have your Miss Barton try that out?—*Noel Morton.*

JUNIOR POLICE DATA

PORTLAND, ORE.—Liberty's February 4 article regarding the Boston Junior Police has brought into the National Junior Police headquarters here a flood of inquiry regarding how to organize, and much controversy concerning which was the first to organize, the largest, and the best equipped.

For the benefit of your readers may we state that, with our assistance, many new Junior Police corps are being organized in the United States, Canada, and Mexico, and it will be thirty days before we can intelligently settle this controversy. According to records in this office, the Boston corps is still the largest; but the boys must watch out, for the police matrons have become interested in organizing Junior Girl Police corps.

Might we add, for the information of your readers, that Mr. Joseph F. Timility is National Commander of the National Junior Police.—*Grace Howell, Executive Secretary, National Junior Police.*

ADD TO GREAT QUOTATIONS

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Add to the great quotations of history the statement recently made by a member of the British Parliament:

"We shall not be able to enjoy ourselves until Franco's widow tells Stalin on his deathbed that Hitler has been assassinated at Mussolini's funeral."—*R. Estelle Ferguson.*

MORE POWER TO MR. LENZ!

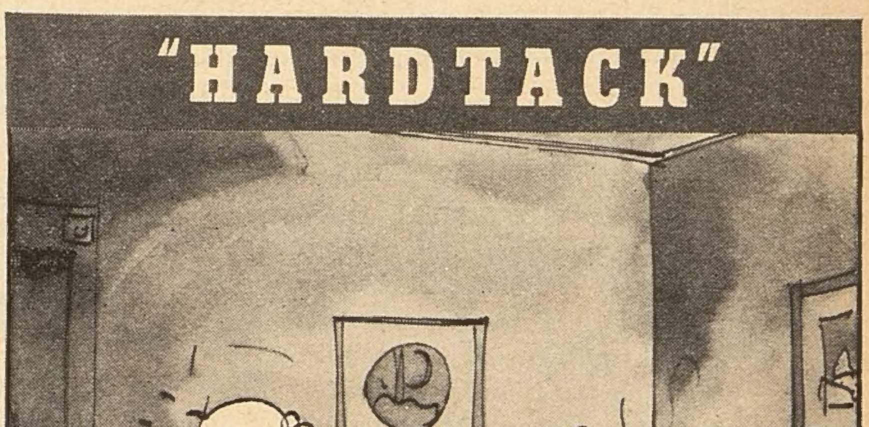
NEW YORK, N. Y.—Unlike most writers on bridge, I have always contended that a bridge player is a human being first and a bridge player second. That is why I feel you are to be congratulated upon the extremely entertaining form of bridge presentation which you have been getting from my old friend Sidney Lenz.

He is showing a very rare combination of faculties in managing to present expert bridge which is just as expert as can be written, and at the same time presenting fiction which is just as readable to even a non-bridge player as other fiction.

More power to you and to him, and may that series continue without end!—*Shepard Barclay.*

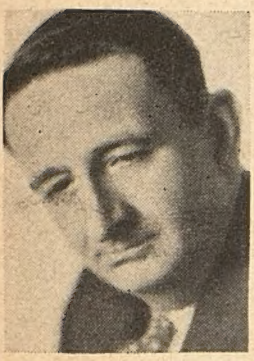
APRIL VOX POP SCORE

NEW YORK crept up on California in the number of our correspondents, taxation being their chief subject. And Ohio, Louisiana, Illinois, and Kansas joined in the chorus of tax revolt. . . . The vote for the Ludlow Amendment continued overwhelming. . . . I Am a Lady Lobbyist brought in a bale of letters from the fair sex, violently denunciatory for the most part, but many wanting to get a job of the kind! . . . Kentucky, however, was 100 per cent against the "vile female." . . . Youth from twenty states, especially Colorado, took a fall out of Elsie Robinson, declaring she knew nothing of their problems and offered nothing creative. . . . Helen Robison got a regiment of rejection-slip authors on the trail of Mr. Oursler, apropos of his advice to those who burn to write. . . . The discussion on men wearing corsets reached a hornets'-nest stage. Dozens of gentlemen, old and young, confessed that they wear 'em and like 'em. . . . Spankers turned up again in Iowa, New York, and Illinois. They agree that more hot paddlings would lower the divorce rate. . . . Flocks of post cards hurtled at us from Missouri, Michigan, Texas; and some of the writers have taken to the series idea, a message being strung along eight or ten cards. . . . This in revenge for our serials? . . . A number of requests came in for the alleged Benjamin Franklin speech against the Jews, and we advise all to watch future issues of Liberty for full disclosure of the facts. . . . I Married a Nazi continued to win encomiums from East, West, North, South. Rooters for it want it on the screen. . . . There were many requests for reprints of Mr. Macfadden's editorials and Berton Braley's poem, Well, Aren't You? and George Palmer Putnam's Lady with Wings. Also, the Allen County Chapter of the American Red Cross, Lima, Ohio, asked and received permission to put ten of our Short Shorts and two other stories into Braille. . . . Staid Massachusetts was in a flip mood most of the month, while Iowa found little good in us. . . . Utah ignored us. . . . But Minnesota told us how wonderful we were. . . . Sokolsky's articles on the Jews were approved 9 to 5, even Arkansas sending a bouquet. . . . Quite a number of fans wanted Bernarr Macfadden to write editorials on health by way of variety. . . . Incidentally, we received sure cures for asthma, hiccoughs, arthritis, ulcers of the stomach, and baldness. . . . Now what will May bring to our merry-mad ring?—VOX POP EDITOR.



"Can I borrow your pants, pop? I'm takin' that tall Jordan girl to the dance."

Battlefields Red with Alumni Blood



FULTON OURSLER

WE HAD A shock the other day. A tabloid paper came to our desk printed in blood-red ink with headlines like these: Twenty-two Former Students Killed in American War Service; "War Horrors Surpass All Human Belief," Says Former Johnny War Correspondent; Buy Liberty Bonds—America, Win This War! Jim Roche Killed Smothering Bomb on Fighting Front; etc., etc., etc.

Doubt it as you may, the date on this publication was 1939. The publication was the Record, official newspaper of St. John's University in Collegeville, Minnesota. A leading editorial stated: "This Record was not written to horrify, frighten, nor amuse its readers. . . . Such disaster as is contained within these pages could happen here and will happen here unless we form a united Christian American front against war."

The effect of such a purposeful hoax was certainly gruesome. It reflects a growing apprehension in this country against our being drawn into a foreign war.

THE SUREST WAY to prevent war is to prepare against it. There are two ways of doing that. One is by arming for defense; the other is by spiritual rearmament of the people. . . . Two articles in Liberty next week show the way to these great purposes. One is by Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, who discusses the need for a reawakened spiritual faith among the young people of America. The other, having to do with our own defenses, is called Can We Trust Hawaii? by a naval officer who knows what he is talking about, Rear Admiral Yates Stirling.

Next week's issue of Liberty is especially well balanced, with an article on racketeering by telephone by Rupert Hughes; an excellent article by David Wark Griffith, An Old-Timer Advises Hollywood; Are Modern Weddings Pagan? by William L. McDermott; The Man with a Hundred Hobbies, an interesting article about the president of the National Broadcasting Company, by Frederick L. Collins; and More Best Gags, by Harry Hershfield. There are two excellent short stories: Disturbance on Detler Street, by W. H. Temple; and Too Much Youth, by Alec Rackowe; as well as generous installments of Kings and Brothers: The Story of George VI and Edward VIII; The Man Says "Yes"; and Filthy Rich; the current serials.

MORE ITEMS for the Can Such Things Be? Department:

FROM ARTHUR E. DAVIDSON, New London, Ohio:

You are right. It is incredible that any city, county, and state today will license any supernaturalist. I am a spirit medium.

Can such things be?

FROM AN ANONYMOUS correspondent in Washington a strip of ads from a Washington newspaper advertising messages from the dead, served up with homemade cake, ice cream, sandwiches, and coffee, with the legend: "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted."

I can imagine nothing more comforting than to meet the dead face to face while enjoying ice cream and sandwiches.

Can such things be?

To A. M., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania:

I read your letter, and I think I can give you the answer. But I make it a rule never to reply to an anonymous communication. If you will sign your letter like a man, I shall answer it.

FROM MY OLD FRIEND Isidore Witmark comes a copy of the book he has written in collaboration with the late Isaac Goldberg, called From Ragtime to Swingtime. It is the history of a changing half century written in music notes, the story of the popular song in the United States, told better than it ever has been told before. More important, it is the story of the Witmark family, and that is something we can all take pride in; for they were wonderful American citizens—from the father who was an officer in the Civil War, through his remarkable sons, who brought to millions of Americans the only kind of beauty they could receive and opened in their hearts vistas of a larger vision.

I had a good time, too, with Chautauqua Caravan, by Marian Scott, who played Shakespeare under canvas and had a most wonderful time.

We have told you several times of the excellent publications which are issued by the inmates of various prisons. The Presidio, published by the inmates of the Iowa State Prison, is another on the list—and very good, too.

☆

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.
FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty
for Liberals with Common Sense

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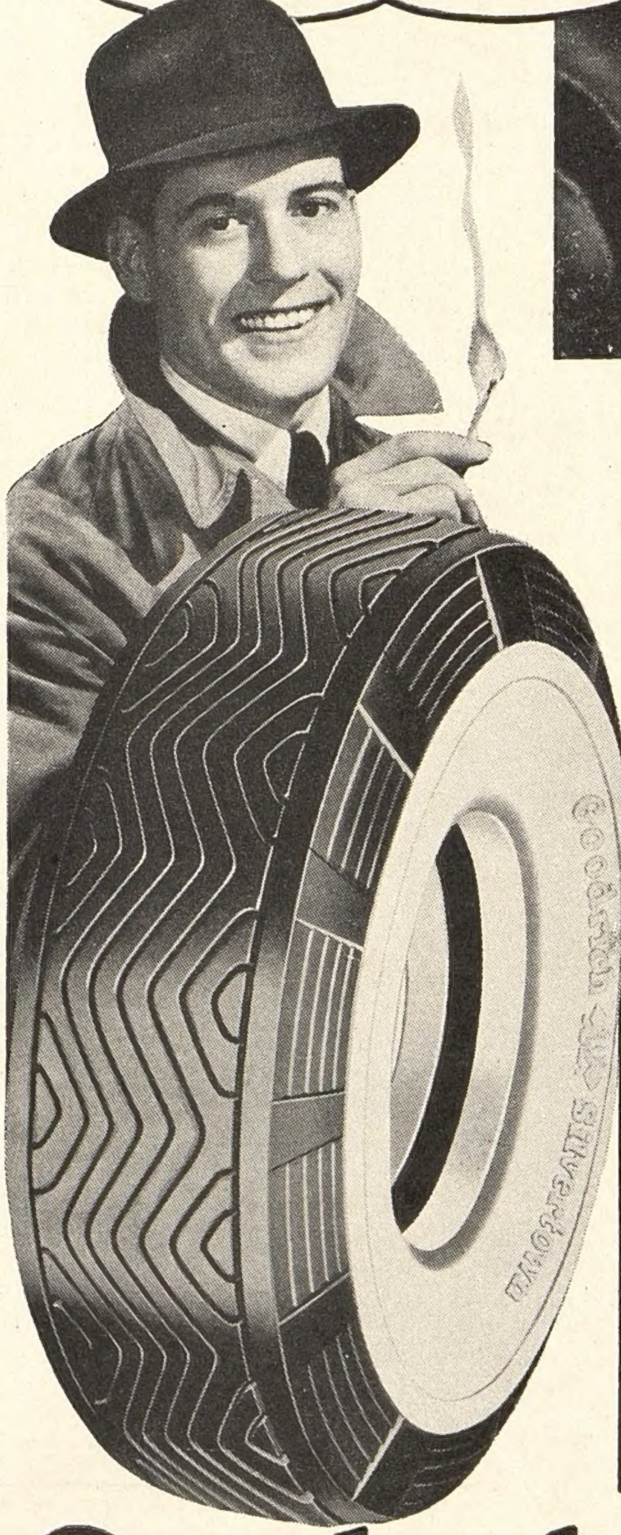
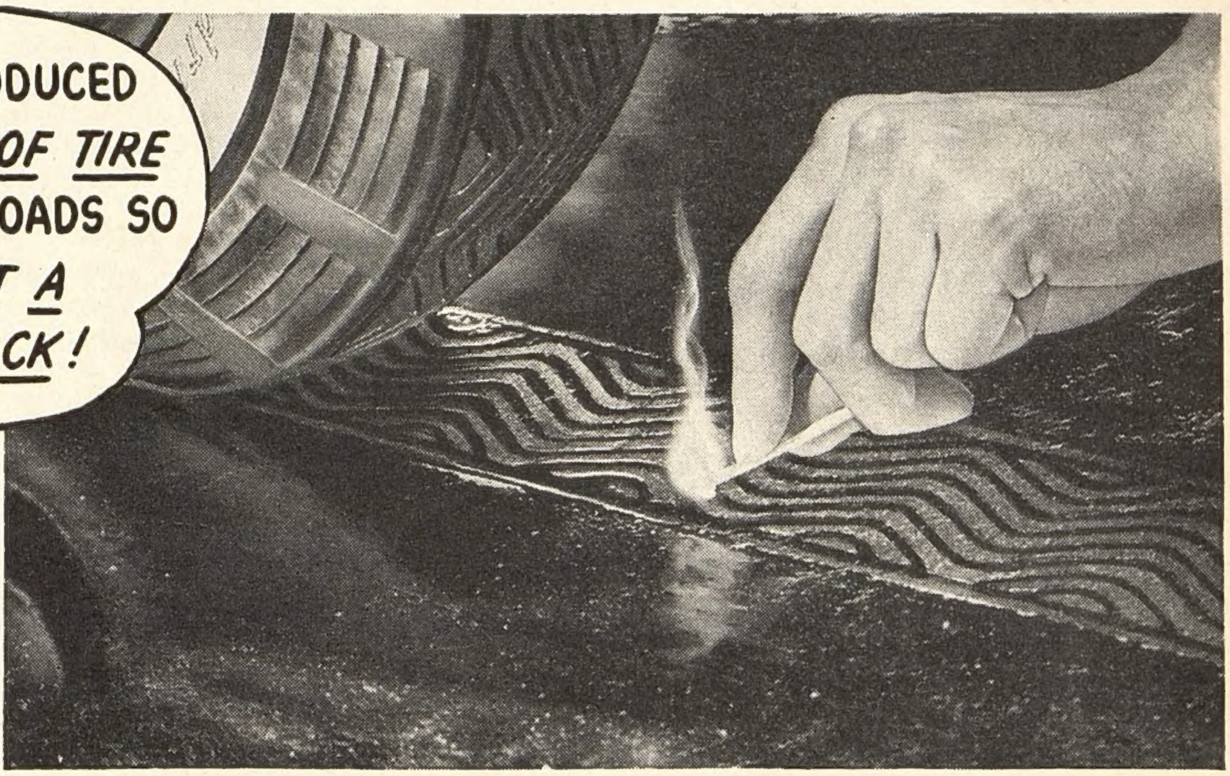
COVER BY
PAUL DUVAL

I Found Out How to Get the *Quickest* Non-Skid Stops


A SIMPLE TEST INTRODUCED ME TO A NEW KIND OF TIRE THAT SWEEPS WET ROADS SO DRY YOU CAN LIGHT A MATCH ON ITS TRACK!
Goodrich Silvertown



READ HOW THIS NEW TIRE GIVES YOU TWO GREAT LIFE-SAVING FEATURES AT NO EXTRA COST!

● Wet, slippery roads. Bad going "underneath." Sudden emergencies where the difference between a *quick stop* and a car-spinning skid might easily be the difference between safety and tragedy. These are the spots when you'll be mighty thankful for the protection you get from the new Goodrich Safety Silvertown Tire.

Note the specially designed tread. It's *broader, flatter, deeper*—gives you maximum contact with the road. It's called the Life-Saver Tread because that's what it is—a life-saver! Those never-ending spiral bars act like a *rapid-fire* series of windshield wipers—sweep water right and left with every turn of your wheel. Instead of a "skid trap" under your car there's a DRY TRACK for the rubber to grip. And you can *prove* that it's dry by *lighting a match on it.*

Remember, this new skid-protected Silvertown also gives you the famous blow-out protection of the Goodrich Golden Ply. Thus the lives of you and your family are safeguarded *two* important ways—against *both* skids and blowouts . . . AT NO EXTRA COST!

Your Goodrich Dealer or Goodrich Silvertown Store wants to give you a *free* demonstration of this new kind of tire in action. So why not go in and get first hand the thrilling experience of a SILVERTOWN STOP. And remember, for safety *tomorrow* get Silvertowns *today!*

HERE'S THE PROOF!

In two series of non-skid tests of *regular* and *premium-priced* tires of America's six largest tire manufacturers, including new tires which have just been introduced, Pittsburgh Testing Laboratory reports:

> "The new Goodrich Silvertown with the Life-Saver Tread gave greater skid resistance than any other tire tested, including not only the old established tires of these manufacturers—some listed at 40% to 70% higher in price—but also the new tires which were recently tested under the same road conditions."
>
> **Pittsburgh Testing Laboratory**

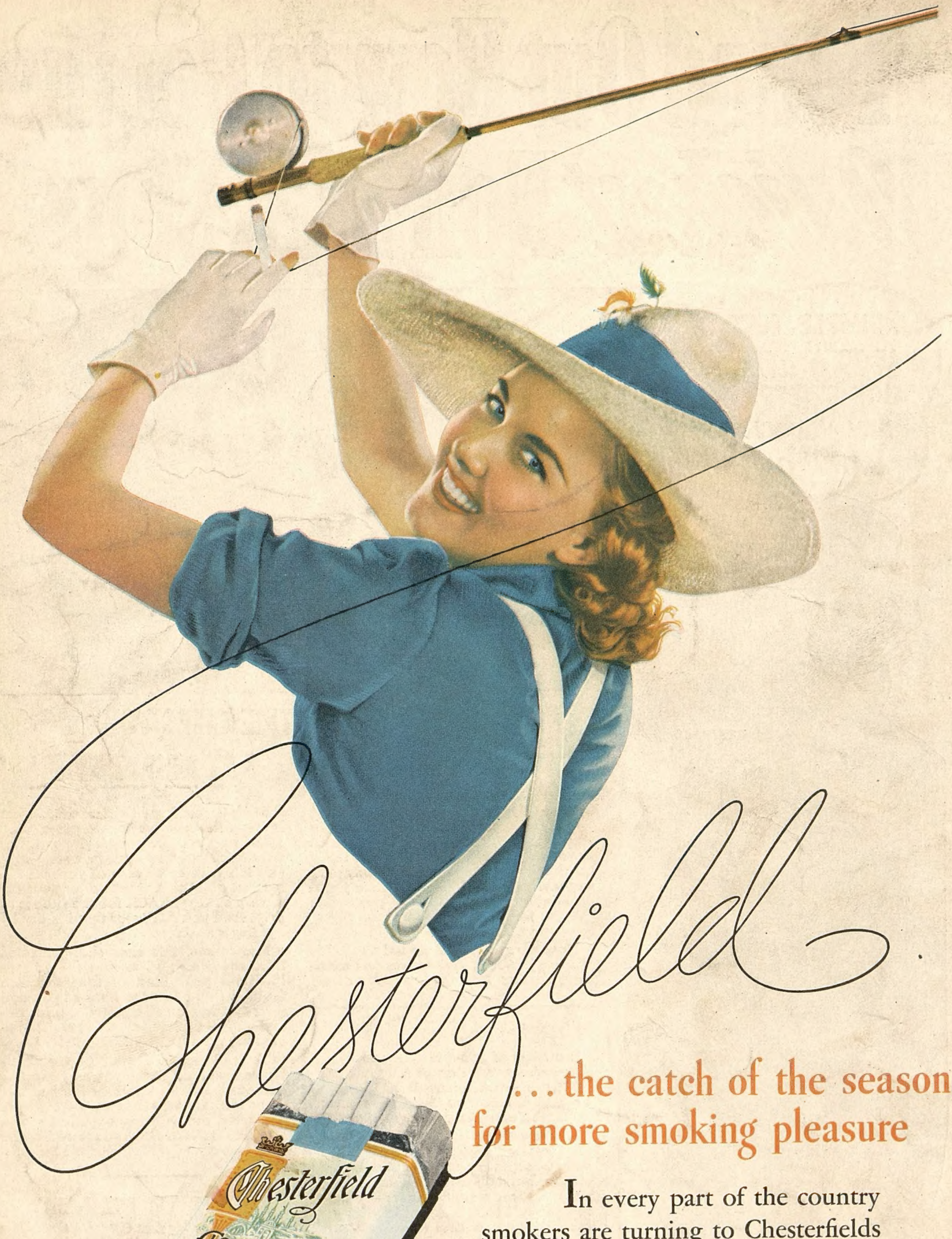
GOING TO THE FAIR?

Don't miss the big free Goodrich thrill show featuring Jimmie Lynch and His Daredevils at New York.

★

Visit the Goodrich Exhibit "What's New in the World of Rubber" at San Francisco.

Goodrich SAFETY Silvertown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In every part of the country smokers are turning to Chesterfields for what they really want in a cigarette . . . *refreshing mildness . . . better taste . . . and a more pleasing aroma.*

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